JOHN BULL NOVEMBER 24, 1934

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LVI.
1484.

LAST DAYS OF RECORD XMAS OFFER SEE PRIZES ON PAGE 47

JOHN BULL

Home Made XMAS FARE

'ATORA' Beef Suet saves time and labour and removes uncertainty. Your puddings and mince pies will be dainty, delicious, and digestible.

These famous recipes are from the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send postcard for a copy, post free from Hugon & Co., Ltd., Openshaw, Manchester.

Christmas Pudding.

¾ lb. Self-raising Flour, or
¾ lb. Flour and 2 teaspoons Baking Powder.
1 lb. Shredded 'Atora.' ½ lb. Currants. 2 lb. Raisins.
1 lb. Sultanas. ½ lb. Candied Peel. ¾ lb. Sugar.
2 oz. Sweet Almonds. Rind and juice of 1 Lemon.
6 Eggs. 1 lb. Breadcrumbs. ½ Nutmeg. 1 eggspoon Salt.
Milk—sufficient to make right consistency. ¼ pint Rum.

Clean currants, stone raisins, put all the dry ingredients into a basin, blanch and chop almonds, add eggs, well beaten, grated rind of lemon, and the juice strained. Mix all thoroughly, put into greased pudding basins, cover with greased paper and steam 6 hours. Sufficient for 4 puddings.

Mincemeat.

1 lb. Shredded 'Atora.' 1 lb. Currants. 1 lb. chopped Apples.
1 lb. Brown Sugar. 1 lb. chopped Raisins. ¾ lb. Citron Peel.
½ lb. Candied Orange Peel. 1 Lemon. ¼ lb. Candied
Lemon Peel. ½ Nutmeg, grated. 2 oz. Sweet Almonds,
blanched and chopped. ½ teaspoonful Salt. 1 lb. chopped
Sultanas. ½ pint of Brandy or Whisky.

Dry the sultanas and currants after washing, mix all dry ingredients together after chopping. Lastly, add the grated rind and strained juice of lemon and the brandy or whisky. Mix all thoroughly. (Ingredients can be put through small mincing machine instead of being chopped.)

Hugon's
'ATORA'
The Good BEEF SUET

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8/- DOWN

brings immediate delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table, carriage paid, on 7 days' free trial. Play your billiards at home. It's cheaper and it keeps the family together on winter nights. Write today for Art List showing cash and easy payment for "Home" Billiard Tables and "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables.

Rileys are the largest makers of full size Billiard Tables in Great Britain.

32 FREE Billiard Tables send for details.

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AMAZINGLY REDUCED

18/- CASH

2/-

FREE STEEL BRACING. 250 MILE FREE LORRY DELIVERY.

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	Cash.	Down	12 pts.
10ft. x 7ft.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
14ft. x 8ft.	[illegible]	[illegible]	11/11

SUPER GARDEN SHEDS.

	Cash	Down	12 pts.	Floor
6ft. x 4ft.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
8ft. x 5ft.	[illegible]	5/-	[illegible]	11/6
10ft. x 7ft.	[illegible]	5/-	[illegible]	[illegible]

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TRIAL CASE of 2 full-sized bottles sent Carr. Paid for Six Shillings

Wholesale Price List of Wines & Spirits free.

Estd. 1882

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Two Smart British pure White All Wool Blankets of lovely texture, with neat borders, whipped ends: 68 x 88in: 7½lb pair; Two All White luxury Fleecy Blankets with whipped ends, 60x90in, 6lb pr; Two pure White Pillow Cases, 20 x 30in; One Bolster Case, 20 x 60in; Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets, 70 x 90in, 4lb pair; One Alhambra Quilt, 72x94in. Complete, Carriage Paid. 3/6 Now, 3/6 Monthly. 42/-

Drapery Catalogue Free.

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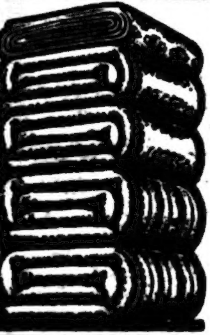

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Test for 1 Month

and you will be absolutely convinced that the VIBRAPHONE is the best-by-test of all appliances for the relief of

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So revolutionary is the principle of the Vibraphone that it has gone from success to success in every country of the world. Quite safe, non-electrical, practically invisible. No batteries, or wires, or any other attachments. Used by professional men. Write, 'phone or call for Booklet and details of 30-Day Trial Offer. VIBRAPHONE Co., 14, [illegible] House, 123, [illegible] Street, London, W.1. Tel.: Regent [illegible]. Consultations 9 till 6.

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ALL THE RAGE! ROLL COLLAR SWEATERS

British Woollen garments, well made with roll collar and long sleeves. Cosy and hard wearing. Usually 3/6, in Royal, Black, Navy, Brown, White, Canary, Maroon, Green, Greys, Fawn. Each 2/9

Postage 4d. or C.O.D.

Boys' sizes 3-6, 2/- post 3d.

2 FOR 5/6 POST FREE

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FROM THE MILLS AMONGST THE HILLS
YORKSHIRE BLANKETS
ALL
ALL WHITE
FROM SHEEP TO SLEEP

One Pair Sent by Return for 3/6 Deposit Carr. Paid and Promise to Pay 3/6 weekly for [illegible]

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5/- DOWN

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GARAGES from [illegible]

Carr. Paid in Eng. & Wales

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J. THORN & SONS LTD., [illegible]

ORCHESTRAL PIANO ACCORDIONS ON THE EASIEST OF EASY TERMS

10-GN. MODEL FOR £4. 12. 6

Magnificent White Nacrolaque Body. 16-fold Metal Bound Bellows. Finest Steel Reeds. Complete with Shoulder Straps. 21 Piano Keys, 8 Basses. Send only 5/- Deposit. Balance payable 7/- monthly, until 92/6 is paid. Write for Fully Illustrated Catalogue of Models with 25 Keys 12 Bass, 25 Keys 24 Bass, 34 Keys 48 Bass, 41 Keys 120 Bass, etc., etc. All on equally attractive terms.

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ACCEPT THE ADVICE OF [illegible] DELIGHTED PURCHASERS AND LET ME SUPPLY A 5 Gns. HOME-MADE LAYETTE FOR

Modern Short Lengths or usual Long clothes. 75 delightful garments for Winter or Summer Baby. Silk and Wool Shawl, Bath Robe, Lawn or Winsey Day Gowns, L'Cloth, Flan. or Winsey Nighties, Best Wool Vests, Bath [illegible] Hand Knit Woollen [illegible] Mat. Coats, Binders, Turk. Bibs, Turk. Napkins, etc., etc.

[illegible] PURCHASER WRITES: "You are at liberty to [illegible] offer any prospective customer to me, or use this letter of appreciation as you wish. It is a bargain worth recommending."

SEND 2/- FOR [illegible] APPROVAL. Bal. Cash or Terms. Mrs. J. B. HOWARD, 60, [illegible] Road, Portsmouth.

AN opportunity to obtain a really high quality Piano Accordion.

21 PIANO KEYS; 8 BASSES. Nacrolaque finish. Nickel-Plated fret. Complete with Strap. Tutor Free.

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£2-16-0 PROFIT ON 5/6

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2 Woolly Blankets, size 70 x 90
2 Twill Sheets (approx.) 70 x 90
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20/- POST FREE

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[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	2	12	0	5/-
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	3	16	0	6/5
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4 BLANKETS FOR £1 AND 4 BLANKETS AND BEDSPREAD GIVEN FREE

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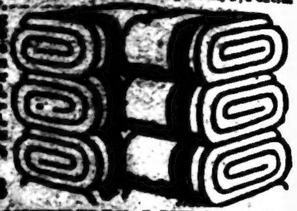

Customers sending 10/6 only for 4 Blankets will receive 2 EXTRA Blankets and White [illegible] Case Free—C.O.D. 9d. extra. Money returned if not satisfied. This [illegible] offer is open for [illegible] so send NOW to

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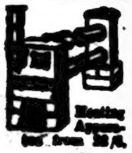

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Free Delivery by Lorry or Rail. [illegible]

Heating Apparatus from 32/6.

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Poultry Houses from 22/-, or 3/- down

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BATH'S [illegible] ST., [illegible], LONDON, W.C.2.

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Any style. No extra charge for large pads.

Best Elastic Webbing. For Rupture.

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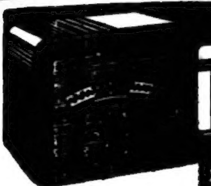

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All British Construction, Mullard Valves, Metal Chassis, Balanced Armature Speaker, Gramophone Pick-up, Selectivity Tappings, Illuminated Tuning. Walnut Polished Cabinet. Complete with 90 H.T. Battery and Accumulator. All British and Foreign Stations powerfully received. 12 Months' Guarantee. Delivered ready for use. Cash 79/6, or 5/- monthly. Write for Illustrated List.

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Not an ordinary small mouth-organ, but the full-size instrument (80 reeds) now so popular on the Continent, where real Harmonica playing is the thing. The beautiful rich full tone of this new instrument is the nearest approach to that of a first-class Piano-Accordion, yet it can be learnt in a few hours. Great for community singing, solo playing, dancing. Take it wherever you go and

THE CONTINENTAL HARMONICA

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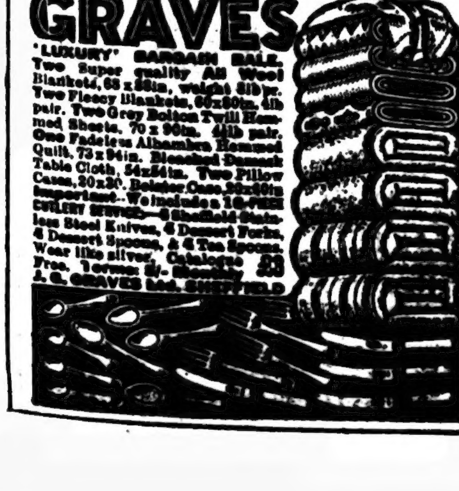
GRAVES



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ALL ROUND VALUE
A SQUARE GUARANTEE
FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

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A MARVELLOUS BARGAIN: 2 Heavy White Blankets, with Blue borders and whipped edges. Size 66 in. x 86 in.; 2 Heavy Winter Blankets, special double-weight; 2 Unbleached Twill Sheets, 70 in. x 90 in.; 2 Hemmed Pillow Cases; 1 Full Size Bolster Case. 2 Turkish Towels; 1 Sateen-finished Wadded Quilt in selected floral design; 1 Embroidered Jaspe Bedspread; 2 Embroidered Art. Silk Table Covers (large and small size); 1 Handsome Art. Silk Embroidered Tea Cloth with 4 Serviettes to match.

FREE Oak Canteen (34 pieces) Cutlery and Plate to every purchaser.

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Illus. List Free.

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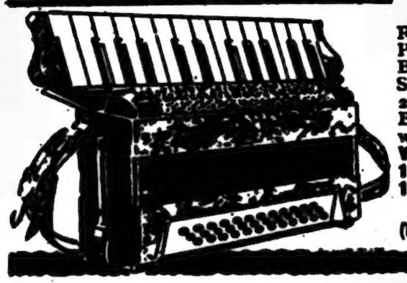

Real Piano Accordions at Specially reduced prices. Piano Finished Cabinet, Steel Reeds, Metal Bound Bellows, Triple Chord Action, Complete with Shoulder Strap.

21 Piano Keys, 8 Basses. Send only 3/- Deposit, Balance payable 5/- Monthly until 52/- is paid, or Cash within 7 days 48/6 only.

Write for fully illustrated list of Models with 25 Keys 12 Bass, 25 Keys 24 Bass, 34 Keys 48 Bass, 41 Keys 120 Bass, etc., etc. All on equally attractive terms.

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Absolutely unheard-of price. Guaranteed perfect quality Heavy-weight Imperial Blankets, bordered and whipped edges. Will wear a lifetime.

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30/- value for 11/9

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The "SOUTHERN ISLES"

UKULELE BANJO

You can play this delightful instrument with very little practice with the aid of our Free Lightning Tutor. Brass Fretted Finger Board, sweet mellow tone, solidly built; highly polished finish.

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This Milanese Bracelet FREE.

Send 1/- NOW

for this world-renowned "AIRCRAFT" shockproof watch, Handsome Chromium-plated case. Fitted with famous Aircraft non-magnetic, shock-and-vibration-proof movement. Silver Chrome dial or Plain, Luminous. Swiss jewelled movement. Fitted with recoil spring to prevent over-winding. 10 years' written guarantee. Lies flat and neat on wrist. Timed to a minute a month. Send 1/- now. If to satisfaction, forward 2/6 within 7 days and 2/6 or more fortnightly until only 18/- in all is paid. Cash price 16/6. Superior model with unbreakable glass, 22/6; same terms. FREE to Purchasers.—Latest fashion Gent's broad U.S.A. pattern adjustable Milanese Chromium Bracelet. On and off in 3 seconds. 7 Jewelled Chrome Dress Pocket Model, 22/6, same terms. Ladies' Solid Silver Model (with Free Gift of Solid Silver Bracelet), same price and terms. Immediate Dispatch.

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And Make Big Profits.

Shopping by post is spreading like wildfire. Everywhere traders, both large and small, and even business people of limited means are using this modern method of trading with lucrative results. If you wish to start a profitable mail order dept. write for details of the Hand method originated by Chas. Hand, Founder of World-famous Mail Order House of Hand & Co., who, without previous experience, made £1,720 net profit in first year (certified by Chartered Accountants). One small advt. brought in £343. Fascinating, easy way of selling all kinds of goods from your own business or private address without calling on or seeing a customer. Send for intensely interesting folder "How to Start a Mail Order Business." It is free if you mention "John Bull" and enclose 1½d. stamp for postage. No obligation. Chas. Hand, 186, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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BIG WEEKLY CASH PRIZES

(OVER £1,200 TO BE WON EVERY WEEK)

DIRECT SERVICE FOR GOODS

You only sell cards and draw High Commission. We do the rest.
YOUR CUSTOMERS GET FULL VALUE IN GOODS.
START NOW TO MAKE MONEY. WRITE FOR COMPLETE DETAILS.

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COMPETITIONS FOR AGENTS. WEEKLY CLUB NEWS.

COUPON

To AMBLER, PRICE & COLE, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Amprico House, Acton Lane, London, N.W.10.

Please send me details explaining how, as your Agent, I can make substantial sums in my spare time.

NAME ....
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Post in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp).............................. J.B. 123, 24/11/34.

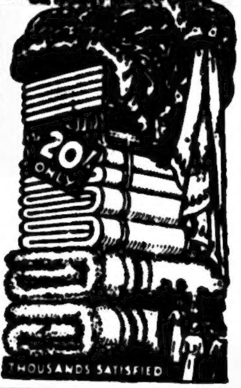
CONTAIN HUNDREDS (THOUSANDS) OF WONDERFUL BARGAINS OFFERED ON EASY TERMS. SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED LIST POST FREE OF PLATINUM SET DIAMOND & GEM RINGS, WATCH BRACELETS, GENTS POCKET & WRISTLET WATCHES.

£5.5.0 Value for 52/6. Yours for 1/- Deposit. Solid gold. English hall-marked Wrist Watch. Fine quality jewelled movement, opal dial, timed to a minute a month. Fitted Milanese mesh bracelet, adjustable to any size. 10 years' warranty. Sent for 1/- deposit. If satisfactory, 2/- payable on receipt, and 5/- monthly until 55/- is paid, or full cash 7 days, 52/6 only.

DAVIS & CO., Dept. J.B.14, 94-104, Denmark Hill, S.E.5.

NOV. SALE! SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK

2 WEEKS ONLY



2 White Woolly Blankets	90x70
2 Good Strong Sheets	90x70
2 White Pillow Slips	30x20
1 White Bolster Case	50x20
1 Art Printed Bedspread	90x70
1 Pure Linen Hand Towel (Everlasting Wear)	22x40
3 Dainty Handkerchiefs	

also

1 Ladies' Knitted Jumper
Long sleeves, fancy lined

Special for Winter Wear

CARR. FREE 20/- If C.O.D. 1/- extra

FREE LOVELY WADDED DOWN QUILT

PATON MILL Co., Dept C., 73-75, Cannon Street, MANCHESTER, 4.

THE YOKOHAMA One-String FIDDLE

YOURS FOR 1/- DOWN

AS MELLOW AS A 'CELLO

A delightful instrument

There is no easier instrument to play. No tedious study, no delicate handling or fingering, yet entrancing music can be produced in an hour's practice by any novice. Full instructions how to play presented free to every purchaser. Complete with handsome bow and resin. Send 1/- to-day and delight your friends. Then send 2/- weekly (13/6 in all) or 12/6 cash with order within 7 days.

T. A. DICKESON.
4, Moor Lane, Rickmansworth, Herts.

REAL LEATHER GAUNTLETS

Made from Soft Supple Skins lined warm fleece. In Brown, or Black, all sizes, Ladies' or Gent's. Worth 7/6. Post 4d. Sale Price **3/6**

Real Sheepskin Mitt Gloves. Lined Real Thick Sheepswool. All sizes, Ladies' or Gent's. Worth 8/6. Post 4d., on two pairs 6d. Sale Price **3/11**

For one week only, Free 2/6 Discount Coupon to every purchaser. Send P.O. now or sent C.O.D. Money back guarantee. Catalogue sent free. WINNERS LTD., Dept. J.23, 15-19, Goldhawk Road, London, W.12

DIRECT MAKER to WEARER

THE GOWN ONLY 12/9

THE GOWN ONLY 10/9

EXCLUSIVE AFTERNOON GOWNS in 100% Art Moracain as sketch. New self-tucking tie, novel Empire waist line, long sleeves, contrasting tie and cuffs, self buttons. New style hip panel skirt. Lengths 48 and 50 ins. Shades: Moss Green, Wine, Nigger, Lido, Saxe, Navy, Black. 100% value for money. Price 12/9, Post Free.

EXCEEDINGLY WELL-CUT EVENING GOWN in new soft Art Taffeta Plaid, as sketch. Newest shades: Vintage, Nigger, Saxe, Royalist, New Green, and Black. Lengths 50 and 54 ins. A charming, exclusive design. To-day's finest value. Price 10/9, Post Free. Also Lace Evening Gown, as above. Price 8/9 Post Free.

HARRIET'S OF QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, Wakefield, Yorkshire.

ALL RUBBER UTILITY BOOT

WATERPROOF. WARM. For all engaged in wet or mud, garden, golf, fishing; an ideal all-weather boot. Thick flexible rubber uppers, with a thick hard-wearing rubber sole; moulded in one piece; waterproof tongue to top; impossible for water to penetrate when ankle deep.

Cosily lined throughout with warm thick fleece. Most comfortable and warm, and suitable for men or women. Sizes 6 to 11.

7/9

Post 9d. or C.O.D.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

NUTTALL, 1, GOODMAYES, ILFORD.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

BIG MONEY FOR YOU.
Cochrane & Sons help you to make money. Ladies' Knickers, 5/6 doz. Sell at 9d. per pair. Overalls, 4/11 doz. Sell at 8½d each. Gent's Wool Socks, 4/6 doz. 1/ line for 8½d. pair. Hundreds of other bargains. Come and see us or write for Free Catalogue.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

FREE ILLUS. PRICE LIST to dealers and beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL, every kind, for Spare-time Agent and Shopkeeper. 176-page Catalogue free.—MAY (125), Birmingham.

HOSIERY & UNDERWEAR. Write or call to-day for Illus. Winter Catlg. of wonderful Bargains. Bigger profits without risk. Beginners instructed. —RAYON SILK CO. (J.), 9, Friday St., E.C.4.

76-PAGE Autumn/Winter W'sale Drapery Catlgs. Post Free. Perfect and repeatable goods of quality and value. Keenest prices. All Depts. Ladies', Men's, Child's, Household. Boots and Shoes. Satisfaction guaranteed. Wholesale only. Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd. 7, Trinity St., Leeds.

BUY LADIES' SILK STOCKINGS to sell again to friends and others. Big Profits. Catalogue and particulars free.—EMPIRE HOSIERY CO., Empire House, London, E.C.1.

DRAPERY, Hosiery, Underclothing. Highest Quality. Lowest Prices. Send for list of Bargains. —B., Dept. 3, Harris, 5, Duke St., Aldgate, EC3.

BIG PROFITS ASSURED.—Send for Wholesale Price list of 600 Keen Lines in Hosiery, Smallware, Toilet Goods, Flashlamps, Stationery, etc.—Fox Bros., 36, Thomas St., Manchester, 4.

THE SHOPKEEPERS' SAVIOUR! Grocers, Hardwaremen, Newsagents, General Shops, etc. Send for list FREE of everyday Sundries. Lots over 150% profit. Supplementary Xmas list now ready.—Kay Bros., 21, Cannon St., Manchester.

FREE.—Illus. 1934 Cat. and 1935 Supp. List. Haberdashery, Hosiery, Razor Blades, etc.—M. RADNAN, LTD., 103, Shudehill, Manchester.

EARN BIG MONEY selling Hosiery, Underwear, etc.—Write/call for latest catlg., J. Chapper & Son, Ltd., 13, Church Lane, Whitechapel, E.1.

FREE. New 1935 Catalogue, value and cut prices, drapery, hosiery, underwear, wholesale only. Otto Bros. & Co., 38, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

A BACKING of £50 PRIZE may be yours. 10/- in the £ Comm. on a £5 book. Greatest Novelties in private Xmas Greeting Cards and Calendars. No experience. No outlay. Make £20.—Desk 6, The Sunshine Publishers, 8, Sycamore Street, London, E.C.1.

FREEMANS

STILL THE BEST

SPARE TIME AGENCY!

Men in regular work invited to act as Agents. Generous terms, every support, samples supplied, no outlay, experience unnecessary.

Finest value in Drapery, Clothing, Boots, Household Goods, Jewellery, etc. 400-page Catalogue. Write for full details.

FREEMANS,

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON, S.W.

LATEST PATENT TIE.—Ideal Xmas Present. Agents wanted, 10/- in 20/- comm. Send 5/- for Samps.—Mordaunt, 21, Ashbourne Rd., Liverp'l.

A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN.
If YOU want to make extra money, get into the money-making tea business. Everybody drinks tea, and everybody wants a good cup of tea. Imperial Teas give satisfaction. For the smallest possible outlay you can start a business of your own. Tea in your own-name bags if required. FREE ATTACHE CASE (Value 5/6) to all new Agents. Send postcard now for full particulars.
IMPERIAL TEA AGENCY
Dept. J.B., 71, Milton Street, London, E.C.2.

EARN BIG MONEY
as Agents for all-the-year-round firm specialising in Clothing, Footwear, Jewellery, Fancy and Household Goods. Liberal commission and bonuses paid and cash prizes. Send at once for particulars post free.—Ambler, Price and Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Amprico Hse., Acton Lane, N.W.10. See our large announcement on page 3.

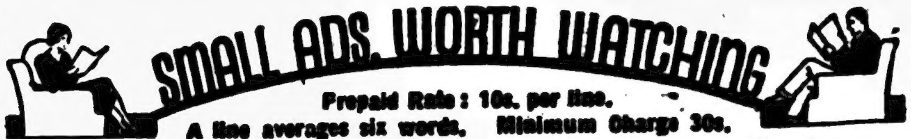
EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS.—THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING. Largest National training and employment Organisation for Motor Drivers. Call (9-7) or write for details of training: 5, Coventry St., Piccadilly Circus, LONDON; or 283, Deansgate, MANCHESTER; or Sheepcote St., Broad St., BIRMINGHAM. 90,000 successful pupils.

A PAYING Profession. Become a certificated Chiropodist.—Write partics. Home Study Course, 3, School of Surgical Chiropody, Leatherhead.

POLICE RECRUITS.
For free details of entry to all forces write B.T.I. (Dept. 602), 29, Oxford Street, Ldn., W.1.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (No experience required.) Commence £4 per week. Age 17-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of entrance Exam., B.I.E.T. (Dept. 527), 31, Oxford St., W.1.



SMALL ADS WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line.
A line averages six words. Minimum Charge 30s.
Advertisements must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue.
Address: The Advert. Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

WHY NOT be a salesman? You can prepare for this healthy, interesting and well-paid work by spare-time home study of the Wallace Attwood College MASTER Course, after which you will be introduced to firms. Send for 28-page brochure, "The Profession of Salesmanship," to the WALLACE ATTWOOD COLLEGE, LTD., 26T, Bedford Row, W.C.1.

CUSTOMS & EXCISE. Attractive careers offered to keen young men aged 19-21. Commencing pay, £3 6s. The Entrance Exam is not difficult. For full details apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 801), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

TELEPHONY, RADIO and MOTOR ENGINEERING are expanding rapidly. There are lots of vacancies. Our postal courses will make you eligible. Advice on all careers Free.—DEPT. 149, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES. The 1934 Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, Entrance Exams., etc., for all branches of the Service (either sex), ages 15 upwards) are advized to apply for this free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

WALLPAPERS from 2d. ROLL. NEW 1935 Designs. Patterns Post Free.—BRUCE AND HALL (J.B.), SOUTH SHIELDS.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances. Hats, Balloons, Novelty Musical Instruments, Masks.—List JB1543 free.—Dudley's, 451, Holloway Rd., N.7.

WRITE for free Catlg. of Watches, Jewellery, etc., offered in the SAMUEL advt. on p. 32.

✡ *The week's star bargain again appeals to thrifty men. You'll find it on page 2 marked with a star. Look for the star bargain every week!*

DANCE NOVELTIES and Advertisement Balloons. List free.—NOVELTY SUPPLY STORES, 228, Mile End Road, LONDON.

BABY'S
BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES. 30/-.
75 home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robe, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready to use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/-, for parcel on appro. (Bal. cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66 DOVER RD. PORTSMOUTH.

Here's at least £2 for YOU!

WOULDN'T a regular extra income make all the difference to you? Here's the simple, easy way to get it—organise a "Worldwide" Club. No experience or capital required and you have no selling to do or samples to carry. We provide everything you need free, and you can begin at once.

From £2 up to £5 and more can be made regularly with just a few minutes of your spare time each week. Your friends benefit too. They buy direct from the Warehouse and save from 5/- to 10/- in the £ on Ladies' Wear, Fashion Goods, Gent's and Children's Wear, Furniture, Crockery and Household Goods of every description, and all on simple terms of 1/- weekly. You get a regular commission and profit-share and it's the friendliest hobby in the world.

Isn't it well worth knowing about? It will cost you only a ½d. stamp. Send to-day for the booklet "HERE'S EXTRA MONEY FOR YOU" and Illustrated Catalogue. Free and without obligation.

Associated Warehouses—J. D. Williams & Co., Ltd., of Manchester. *Established 1875. British to the backbone—60 years' reputation for honourable dealings and sending over 3,000,000 parcels and packets annually.*
Directors:
E. G. & W. P. Williams.

WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES
Charles St., Manchester, 1

SEND FOR THIS FREE CATALOGUE NOW
— if only for curiosity

To:—WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES,
Charles Street, Manchester, 1.

Please send me free and without obligation your Illustrated Bargain Catalogue and Booklet, "Here's Extra Money for You," showing how I can make from £2 up to £5 and more in my spare time.

Name M...
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address...

J.B.48 ....

(Send in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp only required.)

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

MAIL ORDER TRADERS. — Advertisements inserted in 50 provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free. Write for Prospectus 60, Buttolph & Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8113.)

PRINTING.—Cards, Memos, B'heads. 100 1/9, 200 2/6. H'bills, 1,000 7/6. Scentcards, 500 10/-. Samps.—Tice's, 11, Oaklands Grove, Ldn., W.12.

CHEAP Printing.—1,000 Billheads, 3/6. 1,000 Handbills, 7/6. Cards, Memos, etc. Samples free.—CRETEWAY PRESS, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

CARNIVAL GOODS. Balloons, Hats, Novelties, etc. Dance organisers, send for free bargain list. —"Uneedus," 70/72, Arundel St., Portsmouth.

CHINA. 120 articles. Jugs, Plates, Cups, Scrs., Mugs, &c., 10/-. 1,000 dinner sets FREE. 48 cups & Scrs., 4/-. Glass & H'dware Col. Catlg. & Guide, worth £'s, FREE. BridgeSt.Pottery.Dept.9,Burslem.

"CARNIVAL" Hats, Novelties, Balloons, etc. Illustrated Catalogue J.B. free.—Becks British Carnival Novelties, Cross Street, London, N.1.

A GOOD IDEA FOR XMAS! Save your legs, save your time and save money, too! Look into *John Bull's* "Shop Window" (pages 2 & 3) and buy your Christmas gifts direct from firms who specialise in what they sell. If you have never bought by post, just send a trial order to one of these advertisers, who are pledged to serve and satisfy you. The *John Bull* Guarantee is your sure shield against dissatisfaction.

ROLL COLLAR SWEATERS are all the rage. Get one at a bargain price. Send to The Flannel King (advertisement on page 2).

A THREE-FOLD GIFT Offer to You! Turn back to page 2 and read the advt. of Aircraft Products, Ltd. It pays to study the offers in *John Bull's* "Shop Window."

FREE Bargain Catalogue: Solve your furnishing problems by filling in the coupon in the Jay's furnishing Stores advt. on p. 37. Simply post in an unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp and a free copy of this excellent catalogue, crammed full of bargains, will come by return. Address: Jay's Furnishing Stores, Ltd., Dept. J.B.248, Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

DON'T overlook AMBROSE WILSON'S Frock bargain on p. 5. 1/6 deposit secures the model illustrated.

THE cosy, luxurious easy chair offered in the BERKELEY advt. on p. 29 can be secured for 10/- down. Fill in the coupon for illustrated catalogue of all models, together with free patterns to choose your own coverings.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS, BANJOS, GUITARS, DRUM SETS, etc. Wonderful 1935 44-p. Cat. free. —Terms, OLLY OAKLEY & RAYMOND, J.B., 5, LAURENCE POUNTNEY HILL, E.C.4.

GRAMOS., Radiograms, Motors, Components, repairs. 64-page list 2d. All 1935 Brands Radio 70 p. list 4d.—Regentbull, 120, Old St., London.

FREE.—Full particulars of the BUSH Superhets, all obtainable by easy monthly payments. Cut out the coupon in the advt. on p. 14, pin to a sheet of notepaper, on which is clearly written your name and address, and send to Bush Radio, Woodger Road, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12.

SEND for free list of Peto-Scott's 1935 Radio models—battery and all-mains—as advertised on p. 39. Model illus. can be secured for 5/- down.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon on p. 35 for special illustrated catalogue of full range of H.M.V. Radio Models offered on easy terms.

FILL in the coupon in the MILNES RADIO advt. on p. 33 for partics. of their Unit supplies and Superhet Sets, Speakers, etc.

TURN to the Bon Marche radio offer on p. 42. 15/- monthly secures popular superhet. Full partics will be sent free to readers who write, mentioning *John Bull.*

DON'T overlook the VIDOR Radio offer on p. 45.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T Wear a truss! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd, (482B), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive Cure by removing the cause. No fasting, dieting, or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply, or 1½d. stamp for details. — Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

BLADDER WEAKNESS, Kidney Trouble cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-, Boots, etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Samps. 4d.

ASTHMA.—VAPO-CRESOLENE gives quicker relief and restores breathing and sleep.—Write for Booklet No. 45P to ALLEN & HANBURYS, LTD., LONDON, E.C.3.

VARICOSE VEINS.
ULCERS and all Skin Complaints PERMANENTLY CURED without leaving a scar. "After suffering with Ulcers for FOUR YEARS my leg is COMPLETELY CURED by your Treatment." So writes Mrs. Woodcock, 55, Elm Park Road, London, S.W. Send 3/- for trial size, or write to-day for generous FREE SAMPLE and Booklet. —LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL CO., LTD. (Dept. N.P.), 12, Mortimer Street, London, W.1.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS. — Don't waste money on cheap quack remedies. Send for free book on the cure of Self-consciousness.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.12), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

RUPTURE APPLIANCES and Elastic Trusses from 12/6. (National Health insured persons fitted and supplied free.) Send for the list mentioned in advert. of C. A. Macbeth on p. 2.

FREE.—Don't suffer a minute longer with constipation—a generous sample of FEEN-A-MINT, the safe, pleasant, chewing laxative which banishes this distressing complaint, is offered to every reader who sends 1½d. in stamps to White's Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. F.1), 15, Thames Hse., Westminster, Ldn., S.W. See p. 30.

RHEUMATISM sufferers can obtain a free sample of URACE Brand Tablets by writing to the address in the advt. on p. 46.

A FREE booklet on treatment and diet for Rheumatism is offered in the EADE'S PILL advt. on p. 46. A free sample of Eade's Anodyne will be sent with this free booklet.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 65, New Bond St., London, W.1.

CASH Waiting for any kind old Gold, Silver, Jewellery, Diamonds, Dental Plates, etc. Highest cash per return. Est. 35yrs. Bells, Headrow Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FREE.—A specimen copy of "The Exchange and Mart." 5,000 Bargains Weekly.—Send postcard to J.B. Burt, 4, Greville St., London, E.C.1.

HOW TO DRESS WELL on 2/6 or 5/- per week. Open a Credit Account with SMARTWEAR. No deposit, no references required. Call or write for Catalogue of Ladies' fashions, also Men's catlg., to Dept. M.135, SMARTWEAR, Ltd., 263-271, Regent St., London, W.1.

DOG LOVERS! Give your pets CREMMA CAKES. They contain the vitamins for young dogs. A free sample can be obtained by writing to the address in the advt. on p. 43.

FREE.—A De-Luxe Beauty Outfit of Tokalon preparations will be sent in return for 3d. in stamps to cover postage, etc. Address: Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 422), Chase Road, London, N.W.10. See advt. on p. 45.

FREE.—Write to ROWNTREE & CO., LTD., York, for Free Gift Booklet, U.B.7, showing gifts in exchange for coupons from Rowntree's Cocoa.

35 SOLID Silver Tankards are being given away by the makers of BULMER'S CIDER in a simple competition, p.37. Send your entry now!

THOUSANDS of people owe to "Silvikrin" the abundance, health and beauty of their hair. A free sample and booklet are offered on p. 39. Fill in the coupon and post in unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp.

A SAMPLE of Kolynos Denture Powder will be sent FREE to readers who write to the address in the advt. on page 18.

EVERY reader is invited to apply for a free sample tube of SHAVEX, the modern method of shaving, as advertised on the Back Cover. Simply attach the coupon in the advt. to your name and address (write clearly) and enclose 2d. stamp towards postage, etc.

A DOUBLE gift coupon! Turn to the HARLENE advt. on p. 37. A sample tube of brushless shaving cream and a bottle of hair cream will be sent in return for the coupon. Enclose necessary stamp for postage.

END THOSE DREARY SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.

Does anything pull you down like a sleepless night! Long never-ending hours while you toss and you turn waiting to count the clock! Finally an hour or so of fitful sleep from which you wake more tired than when you went to bed. No wonder you aren't up to anything!

Yet it's only nerves: nerves which work and worry and overstrain have starved of their nourishment. And that's easy enough to cure.

Just take a glass of Wincarnis at 11.30 a.m., at 3.30, and before going to bed. You'll find relief the very first night, for Wincarnis is the surest quietener of tired nerves a doctor knows. Containing wine—the juice of 2½ lbs. of the finest grapes—meat extract and vitamin malt extract, Wincarnis is not a drug but a perfectly natural way to build up health and strength, to create new blood and restore jaded nerves.

Try this simple pleasant way to perfect sleep and perfect health to-day. Take it always when you're run down or convalescent after illness. Over 20,000 recommendations have been received from doctors for neurasthenia, anæmia, debility, neuralgia, and a host of other ailments.

Tickling Throats

Quickly and pleasantly relieved with VICK LOZENGES 6d

DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

WEAK AND SKINNY MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

Saved by Tasteless Tablets that are better than Cod Liver Oil.

Pounds of firm, healthy flesh instead of bare, scraggy bones! New vigour, vim, and energy instead of tired listlessness! Steady, quiet nerves! That is what thousands of people are getting through scientists' latest discovery—that Halibut-Liver Oil is better than Cod Liver Oil and can be concentrated in little sugar-coated tablets without any of its fishy taste or smell.

Clotabs, they're called! The new Clotabs! Even better than the tablets which worked wonders like them. A little boy of 3 who had had a very serious illness got well and gained 10½lb. in just one month. A girl of 13 in the same position gained 3 lb. the first week and 2lb. each week after. A young mother who could not eat or sleep after baby came got all her health back and gained 10lb. in less than a month.

You simply must try these new Clotabs at once. Remember, if you don't gain at least 3lb. of firm, healthy flesh in a month—get your money back. From any chemists, 1/3 and 3/- the bottle. In case of difficulty send direct to Macleans, Ltd., Gt. West Rd. Brentford, Mdx.

MARTYR TO GASTRITIS SAVED FROM OPERATION

Fancy suffering from gastritis for four years, trying nearly everything without relief, undergoing hospital treatment and when she was actually awaiting an operation finding a speedy and permanent cure for all her trouble. How grateful Mrs. M. Carr, of Durham Road, Holloway, must have been to the friend who told her to try Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, that wonderful remedy for every form of stomach trouble.

Here is Mrs. Carr's own letter:

"I suffered with gastritis for nearly four years. I tried nearly everything there is to try. I was undergoing treatment at Hospital when they decided to operate.

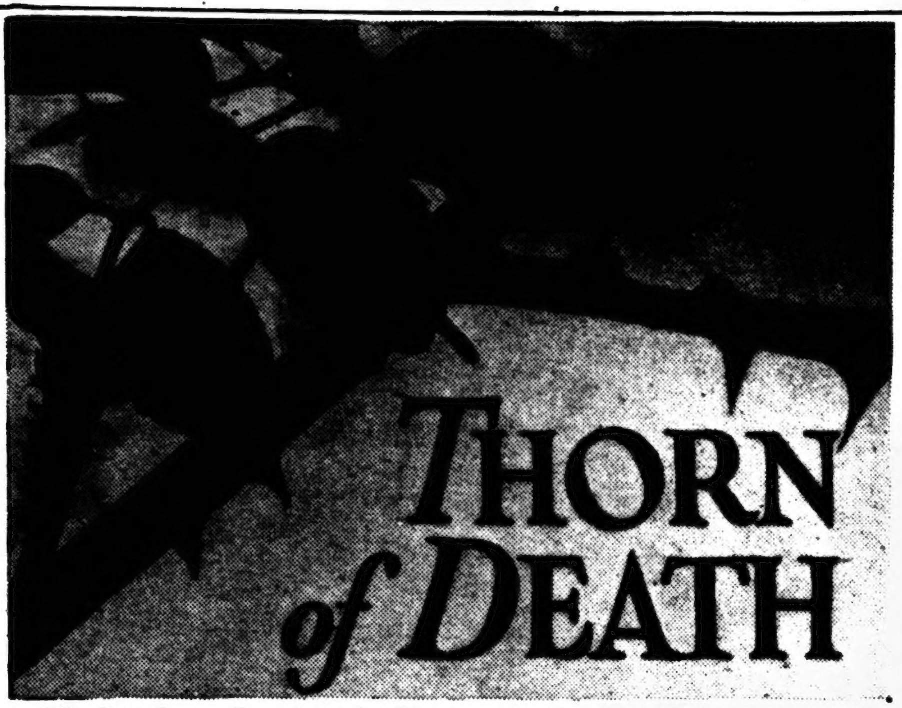
"A friend of mine advised me to try Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, so as a last resource I tried a bottle and I cannot explain the relief the first bottle gave me. Since then I have had two more bottles and I swear I would not be without it in the house."

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder will do the same for you. But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons of Powder or Tablets.

£2,000,000 Spent On Advertising

On celebrating its 50th anniversary this week, more than £2,000,000 has been spent on advertising by one of the oldest-established firms of Manufacturing Chemists and Toilet Specialists in the Country.

It is Edwards Harlene, Ltd., proprietors of "Harlene" for the hair and many other toilet articles. Mr. R. G. Edwards, the founder of the firm 50 years ago, and who is still in control, confirms the fact that he has great faith in Press advertising, and relies very largely upon the national Press.



THORN of DEATH

SHE slipped on the steps in the back garden. Quicker than thought came the instinct of self-preservation. She clutched a rose bush to save herself from falling, and felt the sharp pain as a thorn entered her hand.

She made light of this mishap. The fall had been slight and she attached no importance to the thorn. But in a few days she experienced pain in her hand and wrist. A doctor was summoned, and she began to receive treatment. Days passed, and then, in spite of medical aid doing all that could be done, her condition became critical. Desperate efforts were made to save her, but she died as a result of blood poisoning.

This, in brief, is the tragic fate that befell Mrs. Eliza Lewis, of Alma Terrace, Church Village, near Pontypridd.

JOHN BULL has hastened to send to Mrs. Lewis's husband, who is a registered reader of JOHN BULL, its expression of condolence, together with a cheque for £110, which includes the 10 per cent. Bonus added to every benefit paid to readers who have been registered for three months or more.

Under its Great Free Family Insurance Gift, JOHN BULL provides generous Benefits against many of the common perils of everyday life—Accidents in the Home, and Garden, on the Sports Field, Burglary and Children's Accidents, to mention only a few. In addition, JOHN BULL'S Insurance Gift contains Benefits which are absolutely unobtainable in any other newspaper Insurance Offer—Fire, Storm and Flood Damage and Sickness Benefit.

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PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 24/11/34

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Reader's Signature.

Age ....

Address ....

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Name and Address of Newsagent ....

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Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 24/11/34

£1,050 and 59 Xmas Hampers Won in Crossword Competition No. 282

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following five competitors who share the £850 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £170 will be sent:—

Miss G. Byard, Matlock Road, Ambergate, Nr. Derby; P. Catchpole, The Garage, Whiteleld, Hascombe, Surrey; Mrs. R. Chappell, Caister Road, Market Rasen, Lincs; J. Lynch, Shanacrane, Dunmanway, Co. Cork; W. Smith, 73, Berridge Road, Sheerness.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, December 4, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 54 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error, and who will each receive £1 17s. 1d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

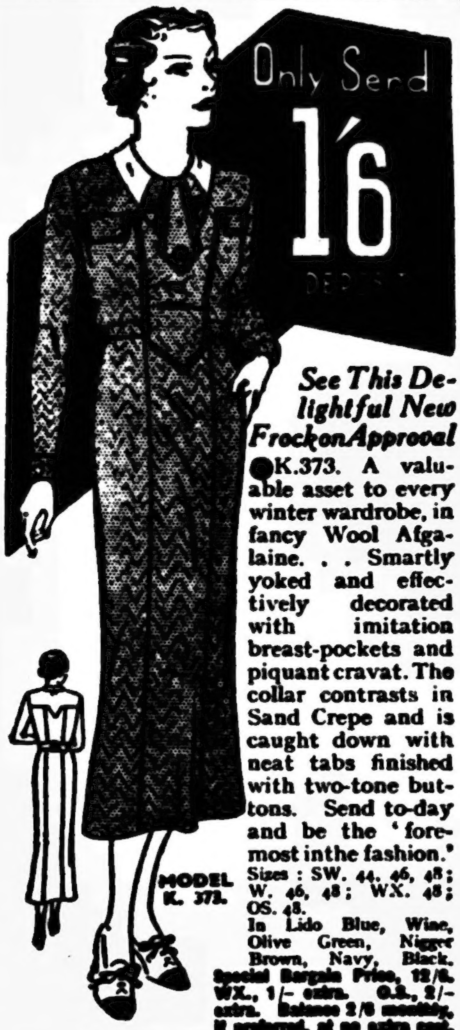
In addition to the above awards, the five competitors sharing the First Prize and each of the 54 sharing the £100 for Runners-up will receive shortly before Christmas an extra award of a Christmas Hamper.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 280.—Eighty-four competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered, and payments of £1 3s. 10d. have been despatched.

An Amazing Crossword Offer with a First Prize of £500 in Cash and a Pension of £5 Monthly for Life, or one lump sum of £850, together with £500 to be divided between Runners-up, and a Wonderful Hamper to every Prize-winner, appears on page 44. Try your skill now!

JOHN BULL'S Xmas Gift to You!

SEE PAGE 45



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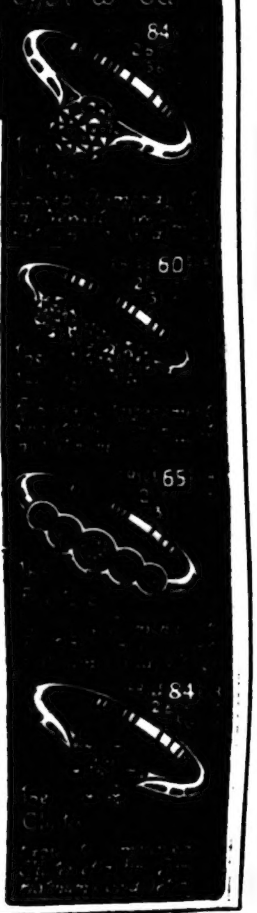

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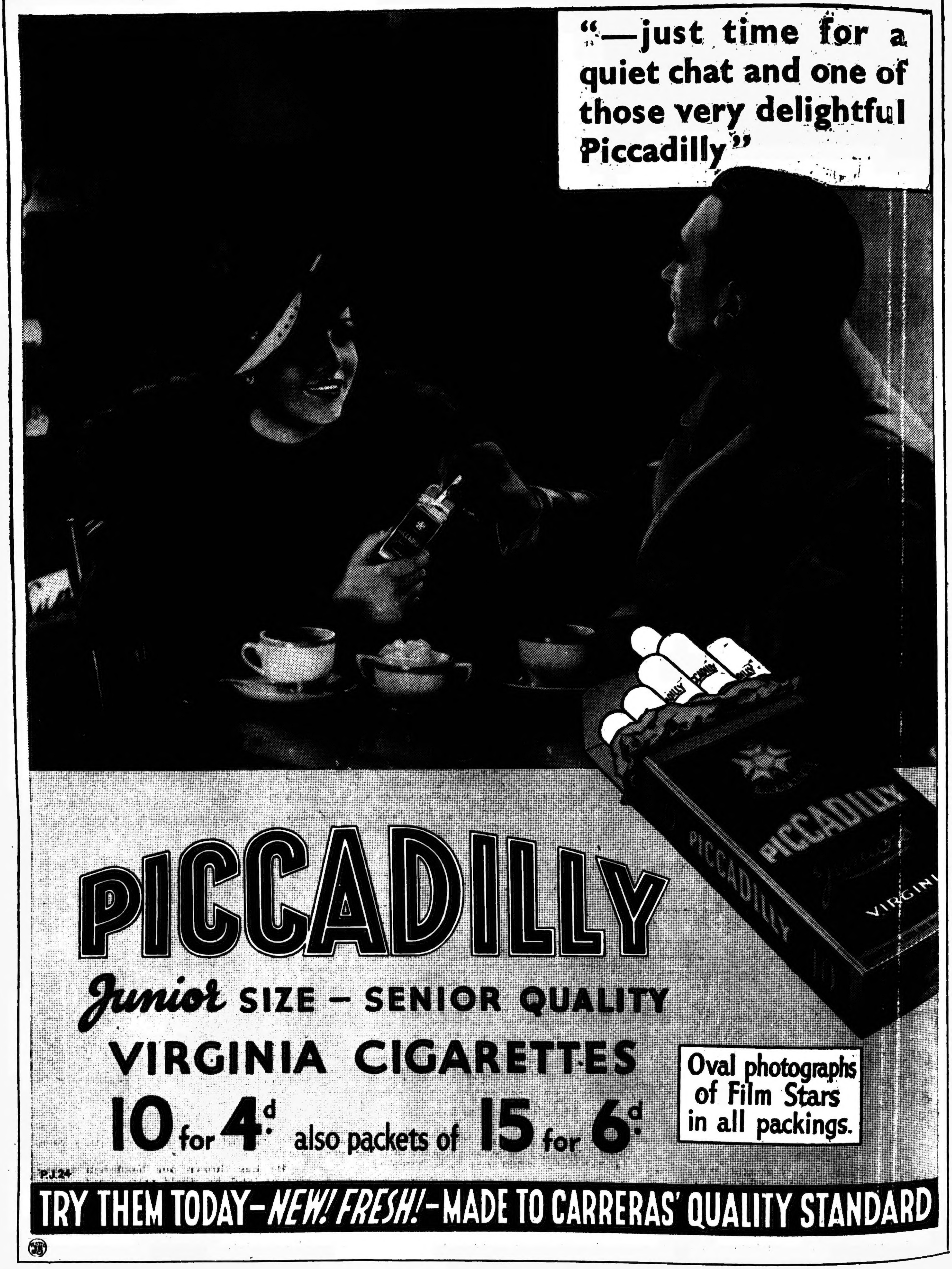
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P.J.24

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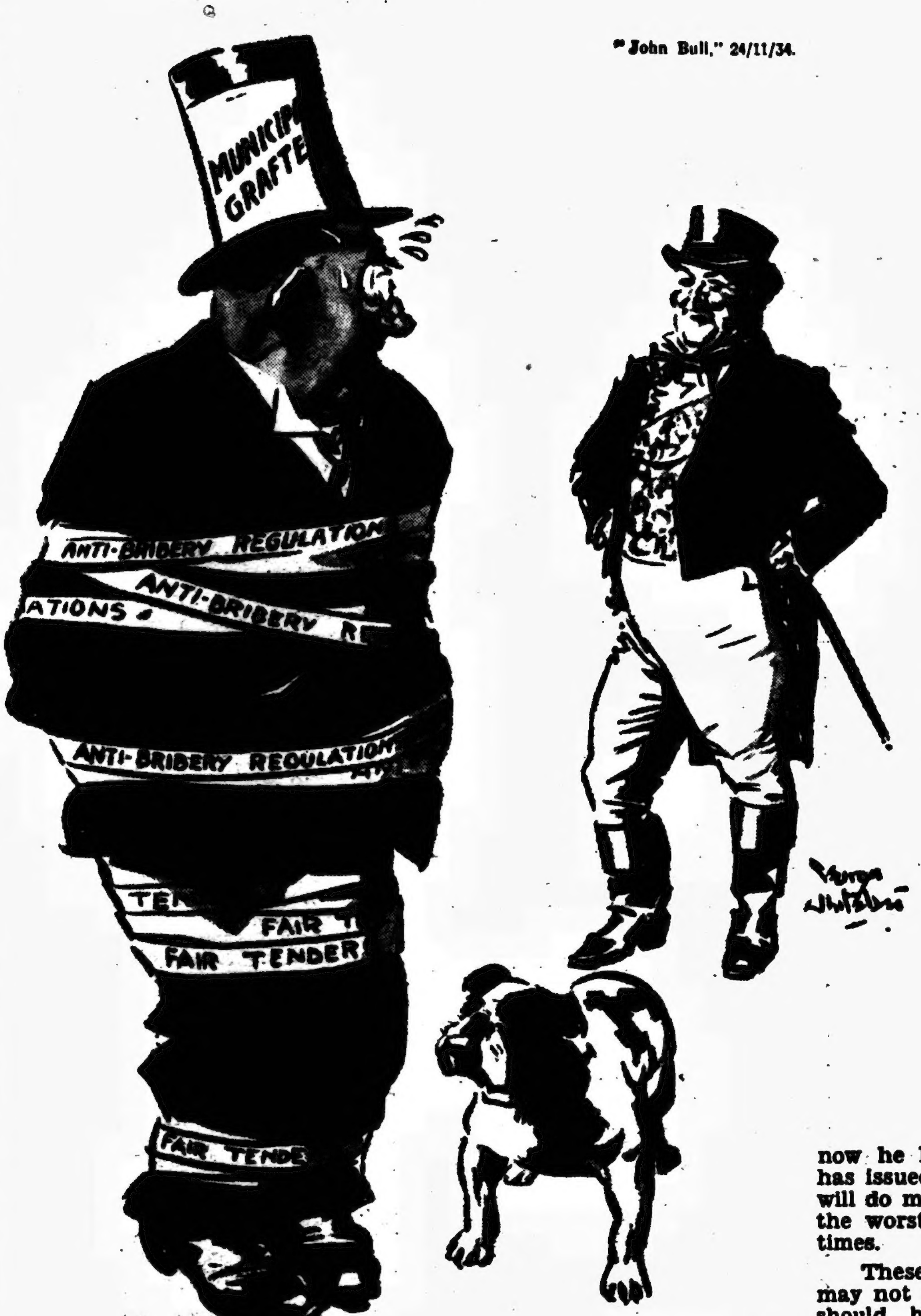

Won't the GRAFTERS Hate Us!

—A Government Bombshell

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

A STAGGERING blow has at last been struck officially at the Graft octopus that has for so long corrupted our municipal life far and wide.

We publish this good news with great satisfaction, because while the blow has been delivered by the Ministry of Health—the Government department chiefly concerned with municipal administration—the sensational disclosures that inspired it were made in the columns of JOHN BULL.

At the beginning of this year our Special Investigator toured the country in search of this hidden monster in our midst. His travels took him over a nation-wide field, to centres in the North, South, East and West Country.

In addition, several Metropolitan areas engaged his attention.

We demanded that firm official action be taken to stamp out this bribery and corruption from our public life.

The effect was surprising. Officials of the Ministry of Health held several conferences at which our articles were discussed. Several investigations have since that time ensued, and penalties in some cases have been imposed upon men found guilty of abusing their positions of trust.

◆ ◆ ◆

In one case that was thoroughly investigated it was found that the issue reflected gravely on the administration of one of the biggest municipalities in the land. The facts which emerged had all been previously disclosed in these columns.

We urged the Minister of Health to act, and now he has done so. He has issued regulations that will do much to end one of the worst scandals of our times.

These new regulations may not go as far as they should, but they are certainly drastic. The most important among them concerns the placing of tenders. In this connection a disgraceful traffic has been going on for years past between contractors and municipal officers who, for financial considerations, have improperly voted contracts to favoured firms.

A case in point is that of a contractor who, as the result of a Ministry of Health inquiry, was found to have profited regularly over a long period through tenders which went to him because he "squared" an important official.

In another case an officer was found to have accepted bribes for years, not only from the contractor concerned but also from a number of others whom he had similarly favoured.

Enquiries made by the Minister of Health have convinced him that often tenders for the supply of goods, or for municipal work to be done, have not been advertised, and that competing firms have had no fair chance of quoting their terms or prices.

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On the lines we suggested, the Minister has now issued instructions that in future every tender must be advertised conspicuously, and that the envelopes containing tenders must not be opened until a meeting convened for the purpose of discussing them has been held.

It has been the rule in many parts of the country to have tenders dealt with upon receipt by one or two officials who, if they wish to be dishonest, know the details submitted before the tenders come up for discussion. Armed with this knowledge, numerous officials have accepted bribes for passing on this information to competing firms, enabling them to smuggle a lower tender through at the last moment with the certainty that it would have to be accepted.

Good-bye to all that! From now on tenders must all be submitted, and will not be opened at all, or seen by any single individual, until the council meeting is held at which the contents will be dealt with.

But admirable though the new regulations are in this respect, they do not go quite far enough.

One unsatisfactory regulation is that which permits a councillor or official to be associated with a firm carrying out a contract provided he discloses his interest in the council chamber. *Not enough! It should be amended to make it an offence for such a person to have any financial interest in any council contract at all.*

At present all that can happen is that he *might* be asked by his colleagues to retire from the meeting at which the contract is discussed. The fact remains that any of his friends can vote on his behalf and watch his interests in his absence!

Again, some councils allow their officials to accept presents from contractors. *That should be stopped.*

Then, relatives of councillors and officials are often given staff jobs, and a committee which considered this matter recently reported that such patronage was thoroughly irregular and objectionable. *The Health Minister should act on that finding.*

He should also do something to curb the powers of those council officials who are given too much rope in running their departments. Often they completely "boss" their councils, and, in so doing, are able to resort to corrupt measures if they are so inclined.

In one case recently investigated by the Ministry of Health huge sums of money were found to have been paid to a highly placed official by firms of contractors whom he improperly favoured.

Successive councils permitted him to have the last word in the allocation of contracts on the ground that he possessed specialised knowledge of the work and prices involved and was thus best fitted to advise them on the subject.

Result: For years he had been taking bribes.

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The Minister of Health frequently comes under our lash. For once we heartily congratulate him.

He has thrown one bombshell among the grafters and hit their most prolific source of profit—the dishonest tender. Now he must throw one or two more in the directions we have indicated.

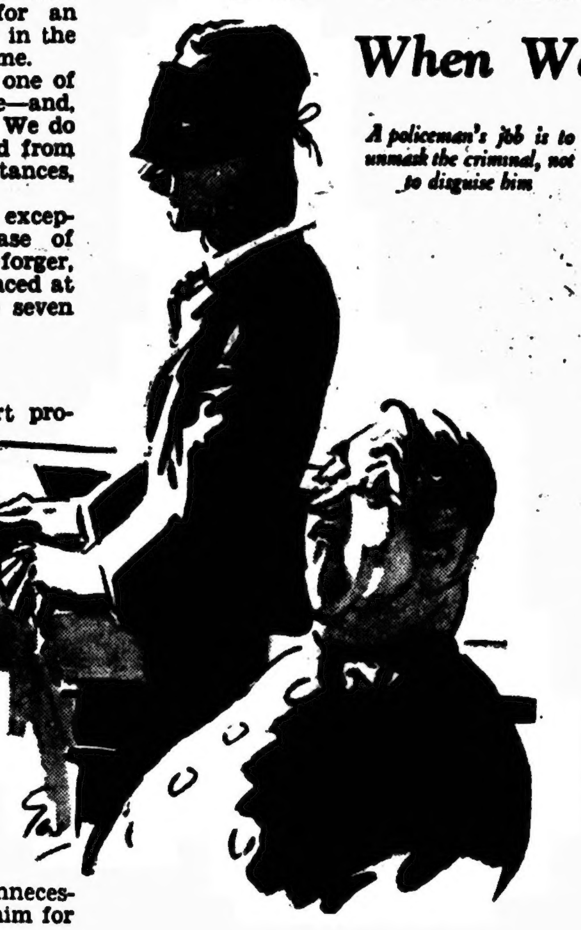
Because not until he does so will all the far-flung tentacles of the Graft octopus be destroyed

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER...

One Power the Police Mustn't Wield

Our Fire-Eating Colonels

When We Pity the Motorist



A policeman's job is to unmask the criminal, not to disguise him

As a general rule, we think it eminently desirable that when a criminal is tried for an offence he shall appear in the dock under his own name.

It seems to us to be one of the elementary axioms of justice—and, moreover, one of its safeguards. We do not think it ought to be departed from save in most exceptional circumstances, if then.

We fail altogether to see the exceptional circumstances in the case of Britain's most skilled banknote forger, Reginald Stewart, who was sentenced at the Old Bailey the other day to seven years' penal servitude.

False name

At the preliminary police court proceedings in North London the police allowed Stewart to be charged and referred to in the name of "Charles Smithers." They also suppressed his address.

This was done, they explained, "in the interests of his relatives."

The reward

The police were, of course, well aware of the man's real name, and also of the fact that he had a previous conviction for forgery.

But they pleaded that they were not only anxious to spare his relatives unnecessary pain but wanted to reward him for helping the police!

Mr. Dummett, the magistrate, at once made a strong protest against this extraordinary procedure.

"The police have acted quite wrongly," he declared. They were, he rightly indicated, taking powers into their hands that they should not possess.

Grave dangers

The danger which he stressed is a very real one. If the police are permitted to disguise an offender's identity, the temptation for lay magistrates to suppress ("for the sake of the relatives") the name of a well-known man who gets into trouble will be a strong one.

Everyone will agree that the innocent relatives of a prisoner should be spared as much as possible from suffering through his disgrace. But it is against the best interests of justice that the real names of actual culprits should remain undisclosed.

Defeating justice

Moreover, publicity is one of the greatest deterrents to crime.

Yet in this case even the magistrate's trenchant opposition failed to prevent this master-criminal, Stewart, from being "tried practically without publicity."

All the prosecution did was to submit the rogue's real name *in writing.*

Exposed by us

It may be true that Stewart is a well-educated and well-connected man, and that his wife and family were unaware of his criminal dealings.

But is that any reason why so dangerous a criminal as Stewart—whose prosecution was foreshadowed in our recent exposure of the "Great Forged Bank Notes Conspiracy"—should be provided with a mask in court?

We say frankly that the police conduct in his case must not be regarded as a precedent, but as an unfortunate lapse in the very fine administration of the Metropolitan Police.

This strange land

We are rather surprised that the Government is going to give two million pounds to help the distressed areas. Aren't you?

For we are spending twenty-five millions more on the fighting Services than in 1914, and promising them much more in the near future.

So how can we possibly afford much for those ruined industrial towns where men have no hope of work and women are gaunt with despair?

Work must wait

Of course, there's plenty of public work waiting to be done and plenty of money lying idle in the banks.

President Roosevelt, faced with the same problem, is going to use the idle money and hopes to put ten million men in work. But that's too drastic for us. After all, we have only two million odd unemployed.

Our warlike colonels

Of course, quite a lot of them would find something to do if we took the advice of Colonel van Straubenzee.

He would like all our young men to spend two-thirds of each year in compulsory military training!

And we should like the gallant colonel to spend the whole of each year in Italy, where his curious ideas wouldn't offend.

Kidding

Another soldier bitten with Mussolini's bug is Colonel A. R. Laurie. He, too, wants our youth to train for war and says angrily: "Kids at the universities say they will not fight. The young fools!"

But if Colonel Laurie really thinks we shall ever follow his plan he's more foolish than those "kids."

Impudent dignity

After that sort of folly we are almost amused at what Councillor S. Lawrence, of Willenhall (Staffs), calls a "silly stunt."

His council is actually going to spend £100 on armorial bearings, which no doubt will look tremendously dignified on the council notepaper.

Of course, the ratepayers who will have to foot the bill may think the dignity a piece of confounded impudence, but the council elections are over!

Pity the parson!

A different sort of costly pretentiousness has been worrying the Church Assembly—the big, old-fashioned parsonage.

We have told before of parsons who live in mansions but can't afford enough to eat because most of their income goes in rates; parsons who haven't had a holiday for a dozen years and whose children must go to school threadbare.

On the other hand, there are parsons who get thousands a year and have only a reasonably small house to keep up.

Behind the times

Needless to say, the Church Assembly has shied at any vigorous action in this problem of "paupers in palaces," as one of the speakers termed it.

When will the Church realise that its business methods are as out of date as its old parsonages?

Heart and head

A man who is really adapting his methods to the times is Judge Woodcock, who has refused to penalise debtors who cannot manage to keep up payments.

"I shall adjourn such cases on the debtor promising to resume payments directly he is in a position to do so," he declares.

In other words, he knows that you can't get blood out of a stone. We wish more of his brethren would bring their hearts as well as their heads to the administration of justice.

Harsh

Certainly we don't think much of the justice that has sent Stanley Gould to jail for six months, even though the charge was the serious one of causing grievous bodily harm to his wife.

The Fragrant Minute.

DAD

THIS epitaph for Dad—from a son who wants to say, "I can't help feeling sad since you have passed away. 'Tis true, of course, you had more than the psalmist's span; but still I miss you, Dad. You were a grand old man.

"All that is best in me, I feel was due to you who taught me constantly how to be good and true. Supposing I have done something to merit praise! 'Twas done because your son shaped all his thoughts and ways by patterns you supplied in daily act and word. Dear Dad, I took such pride in what I saw and heard.

"Some fathers only preach an ideal good and true. You let your actions teach what I, your son, should do. Your epitaph must be—now that your race is run—my life lived worthily because I am your son."

Wilhelmina Stitch.

"John Bull" copyright.

Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

Gould, a Plymouth ex-Serviceman, was found with his wife in a gas-filled room. He had disconnected the gas main while suffering terrible head pains due to war injuries, and a doctor expressed the opinion that the poor fellow didn't know what he was doing.

Our debt

We can find no reason for that harsh sentence. Surely he should receive instead the sympathetic care of a country for which he has suffered so much?

Why?

We marvel why our three million motorists endure so silently a lesser form of injustice—the old madness of "obstruction" summonses.

For madness it is in countless cases. Car parking arrangements are so muddled and disorganised that very often the driver doesn't know where he may leave his car or for how long. Besides, we have known cases where a man had been given permission by one policeman—only to be summoned by another.

Do-nothing towns

Even in London the position is bad enough. But there are some provincial towns which are entirely without official parking places—but which have no scruples about grabbing a large revenue from motoring fines.

When *will* motorists combine to fight this scandal?

Red light

That prompts us to warn women motorists of a neat little trick that is now being worked with much success.

A man informs the woman driver that the rear lights of her car are out. When she leaves her seat to discover what's wrong she finds the lights are all right.

She also finds, a moment later, that her handbag is missing from the car!

Truth lags behind

We wonder if you see anything familiar in the story of the Wimbledon girl of nineteen, charged with petty theft, who gave a tea-party in her mistress's drawing-room to impress her girl friends?

Or in the plight of the Bordon soldier, also aged nineteen, who borrowed his officer's clothing because he wanted to look smart at his cousin's wedding?

If you do, it's because dozens of novels and plays have been written round such ideas—and real life has at last caught up to them.

Truth may be stranger than fiction, but it usually lags behind in time.

Prince Charming

And there are children in Newcastle who are quite entitled to believe that fairy stories sometimes come true.

For in that city is a man who, when he encounters ill-shod youngsters, buys them boots and shoes and disappears without waiting for a word of thanks.

Not so glamorous as the Kind Prince of fairy lore, we grant you—but a good deal more practical.

Ruin for many

What will be done for those small shopkeepers and others who have been utterly ruined owing to slum clearance?

Our exposure of the hardship inflicted on tradesmen in Manchester has been followed by a deputation to the Minister of Health from the Manchester Shopkeepers' Organisation.

Sir Hilton Young has promised his careful consideration and we await his action with interest.

Step by step

The sort of action we like is the Cabinet's decision to end bridge tolls and prevent any further "ribbon building" along the great arterial roads.

What we regret is that we should have had to plead so long for these very obvious measures. Why must our rulers always be so belated in action?

Shameful

We related last week the shameful story of the manner in which Westminster City Council had not only driven out a blind street seller from his pitch opposite the Houses of Parliament, but also seized his stock of sweets and given it away to workhouse paupers.

Since then the Council has successfully defended its action at Bow Street by pleading an ancient Act of Parliament and sending eminent counsel and a train of high officials bearing a small library of law books to the court.

The poor blind vendor was overwhelmed by this costly display of power.

Such harrying of the humble and defenceless is a travesty of civic administration, especially when practised by a great corporation like that of Westminster.

Ten Million Mothers INSULTED

by Ellen Wilkinson

THE film had been more than usually syrupy . . . all about grey-haired mothers, mothers with babies, mothers who sacrificed all for their sons.

"We poor spinsters don't have any sort of a show on the films these days," I laughed to the friend who had accompanied me, herself the mother of three active youngsters.

"But you get more than your share in everything else," she replied bitterly. "It makes me mad, all this sentiment about mothers and how we rule the world. But if we really want to do anything to make the world better for our children, we are treated as mental defectives. Only spinsters need apply. . . ."

We were passing a pleasant building. "Look at that," she went on. "It is an infant welfare centre. The women who are put on its governing committee by the borough council are two spinsters and one childless widow. When I wrote suggesting the co-option of a married woman with young children they sent a polite note saying that it was felt that such a mother could not spare the time. If we have the time for tea-parties, we can find the time for public affairs. But the prejudice against appointing married women is terrific."

THIS grievance was new to me. "But surely," I protested, "married women are the darlings of the law."

"Of privileges and protection," said my intelligent young friend, "we get more than is really fair these days. But it's all part of the general theory of treating married women as though they were a race apart, needed looking after, and can never stand on their own feet. When the married woman wants to strike out on her own and be a citizen, then she is up against this wall of prejudice, particularly if she is not wealthy or with an influential husband."

I have always thought it a pity that we have never had a working-class mother, or one of moderate means, in Parliament. All the mother M.P.s have been wealthy, with a retinue of governesses and servants.

Not that fine young mothers have not tried. My friend, Mrs. Wallhead-Nicholl, daughter of the well-known M.P., who is a magnificent speaker, would certainly have been in Parliament if it had not been for the definite feeling in the constituencies against selecting a mother with young children as candidate. Yet what a wealth of experience of just the kind that is wanted in the House of Commons is thus kept out of discussions like those on housing and infant welfare.

MISS JENNIE LEE, who has demonstrated her value as an M.P., said to me when her engagement was announced, "My hardest fight at the next election will not be against my political opponent, but against the prejudice at voting for a young married woman." She is a shrewd judge.

There are certain obvious arguments about Parliament, which is rapidly becoming not merely a full-time job, but a time-and-a-half job for the conscientious M.P., but these cannot hold good against occasional work in the public service.

The Home Office has recently appointed a committee to consider social work in relation to the police courts, and among other things to report on the advisability of having some kind of conciliation machinery at the courts to deal with marital disputes. It is felt that wise advice in time might prevent tiffs between husband and wife from developing into serious quarrels involving judicial separation or even divorce.

In its wisdom, the Home Office appoints to this committee five men, and two women both spinsters!

Now, really, that is an insult to the ten million married women in Britain. If *they* do not know all the ups and downs, the inside difficulties of married life, can a bachelor woman tell them? At least, I should not like the job.

But that is so like the official mind. "It's a nuisance," says the official male, "to have women at all. If we must, let's appoint those as near like ourselves as possible."

With that adaptability which is one of woman's strongest characteristics, a class of officially minded bachelor women comes into existence—suitably discreet, cool and detached, not likely to fly into a passion about things, as the married women of Manchester did over the Molly Taylor case, where a young mother was so coolly handled by officialdom that she died.

It is to be hoped that the new conciliation courts will not be staffed by bachelor or even childless married women. Their influence, if they are, will be nil.

My sister-in-law, who is a parson's wife, and is the head of a large mothers' meeting, told me of a very charming and intelligent young minister's wife who helped in this work. "She simply had no influence at all with the women until her baby came. Since then, they have accepted her advice without question."

This remark might be pondered by those who will nominate the members of the conciliation courts, for it goes deep into the heart of the married working woman with whom the courts will be concerned. It is curious how deep is the prejudice against appointing a mother to positions in public life. There have been only two women governors of the B.B.C. Both of them have been childless women.

Now she will have to fight a prejudice—wedded Jennie Lee

Electricity in the home is one of the really worrying problems of many housewives to-day, particularly those with families. But to the advisory board, the recently appointed representative of the L.C.C. is a bachelor woman.

Within the last few weeks in London there has actually had to be a law case to secure a judgment which would allow the wives of householders in one of the London squares to sit on the committee of the gardens in which their children play.

The problem of the eligibility of married women workers for unemployment benefit is one of the ticklish problems of the whole unemployment insurance scheme.

Bitter controversies have raged round the subject since 1927. The problem has now been handed over to the new Unemployment Insurance Board to settle.

There is only one woman on that board. She is a spinster, and an elderly and wealthy one at that.

How can such a woman have any real understanding of the problems of the independent married women, say, of Lancashire, who have always earned their own living in the mills, and feel they are as much entitled to benefit as their men?

I have just looked through the lists of the women appointed to public bodies and committees of various kinds for the whole country. I find, for example, that while the number of women appointed to Watch Committees is far too small anyway, the majority of the women members are bachelor women.

YET if all the talk about motherhood means anything, it should surely secure that in all the matters pertaining to the police courts, to the so-called "criminal" children and young girls brought there, the advice and influence of the mother should be available.

A solicitor friend of mine tells me that there is a strong tendency to let off married women called for jury service if they can produce any kind of reasonable excuse—or if certain types of cases are to be tried. But surely there is nothing that can happen to a sister-woman that a married woman ought not to be allowed to hear, if by doing so she can help the sufferer.

Only mothers can break down the prejudice of everyone connected with the law courts to prevent women knowing too much about the seamier side of the law.

Unless she be a medical practitioner, the officials have an obvious weapon against the unmarried woman who insists upon her right to be present. It is easy to create an embarrassing atmosphere . . . that the unmarried women ought not to know that such things exist. Against the married women those insinuations cannot be made. Reforms bring queer and unexpected changes. When all women were confined to the home, the married woman was all-important; the unmarried, an old maid, an object of derision. Now that so much public life has been opened to women, the emphasis is too much the other way. This is not good, either for the mothers, or the State.

Of course, many mothers have no desire to leave their homes to sit on committees, but that is no reason why the keen woman who can arrange her household duties to fit should meet with such strong discouragement when she desires to take her part in public affairs. After all, a man's business takes up a great deal of his time, but no one would demand that only professional politicians should be appointed to these important advisory committees. . . .

My friend of the film has just read this article. She hands me a Press cutting of a committee on the pre-natal care of mothers. Its membership consists of five unmarried women, two elderly widows, and one childless married woman. "But no one will believe it," she said bitterly.

No. 10 DOWNING STREET—

The Prime Minister must knock on that knocker when he wants to go home—they don't allow him a key

NOW that at long last the Government is telling local authorities to do something about their slums, it can turn its attention with advantage to slums of its own about which it is doing nothing.

There are its slum offices in Whitehall, rat-ridden, insanitary, shockingly ventilated and heated, and a standing menace to the health of their occupants. JOHN BULL has already had something to say about these slums.

The name of another will come as a staggering surprise to everybody. It is no less than Britain's own "White House," the most famous home, not reckoning Buckingham Palace, in the British Empire. We refer to No. 10, Downing Street.

A hundred years ago Prime Ministers were saying of this dingy old Home of Premiers that it was neither healthy enough, restful enough, nor comfortable enough to be used as a residence for anybody.

To-day, when in many respects it would fail to reach the standards imposed on council estates by our Ministry of Health—one notable example of which is that in many of its private rooms there is such a lack of windows through which light and air can percolate that the electric light has to be kept on day and night—it is still the only residence we have to offer to whoever holds the highest office in the land.

The word "offer" is used advisedly, for Mr Ramsay MacDonald has joined the long list of Prime Ministers who at one time or another have refused to live in it.

It is no secret that one of the reasons of his several breakdowns in health has been this gloomy, depressing old house, with its eye-torturing semi-darkness and its health-ravaging lack of air. And now that it has been announced that he will use it as his office only in future, taking up occupation again of his house at Hampstead, it can be revealed that it is on the orders of his doctors that he has taken this step.

Why, No. 10 is not even safe!

It is notorious that it has suffered more from the ravages of time than its sister house next door. No. 11, now in the occupation of Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, and the fact that even No. 11 is regarded as structurally unsound for a building of its size was shown only last week.

Mrs. Baldwin, anxious to help one of those many charities for which, as JOHN BULL readers know, she works so hard, tried to arrange an "At Home," which she knew hundreds of people would be anxious to attend.

She was informed that it would be dangerous to issue more than eighty tickets, and that even that figure is regarded as the danger-line for the old floors.

What would you say?

Eighty non-dancing people represent twenty dancing people in the shock they impose on a building, in the opinion of a surveyor consulted by JOHN BULL. How many readers of these words would purchase even a £750 house if the builder advised them that it would not be safe for more than twenty people to dance on its floors on the occasion of a children's party or a daughter's wedding?

No. 10, Downing Street is well known to most people who have visited London. Seldom does one go by it without noticing a group of people staring up at it, a group that varies so little in size and appearance that it might consist all the time of the same people, rooted there by dint of long standing.

All they see is a gloomy building of small windows and squat attics that might have been plucked out of the heart of respectable Bloomsbury to be made to look more grimy and insignificant by comparison with the stately-looking Foreign Office across the way.

"The door-knocker is the most interesting thing about it," said one of its secretaries. And certainly this heavy and cumbersome moulding of a lion's head in iron is worth a second look.

Spectators get a certain amount of joy out of seeing a Prime Minister arrive and use that knocker with slow, methodical strokes. For Prime Ministers are not allowed to have keys of their own, and all Mr. MacDonald's efforts to obtain one have failed.

Until the war, in fact, a Premier had to open his front door by pulling a greasy piece of string that hung through a hole in the door, and which, by means of a simple mechanism such as is to be found in many a hen-roost, raised the latch inside.

Curse that fire!

But if the exterior of No. 10 is forbidding, its interior is even worse.

Even the points that a house-agent would make most of if he were trying to let or sell it to you are attractions that would soon lose their appeal if you lived in the house for long.

Remember that No. 10, Downing Street represents the very height of ambition for any man with aspirations towards statesmanship when you weigh these points.

First of all there is the huge and cheerful fire that crackles in the hall, blazing you a welcome as you enter the door. There are many reasons why the occupant of the house curses that fire.

A not inconsiderable one is the problem of storing the coal necessary for it. When Mr. Baldwin was Prime Minister he tried to lay in an ample supply of coal, only to find that the only space in which it could be put was filled with coal held in reserve for various Government offices.

Successive Prime Ministers have had to waste a lot of their time telling permanent officials that surely they are entitled, as occupants of No. 10, to a little of its coal-storage space.

Rooms like caves

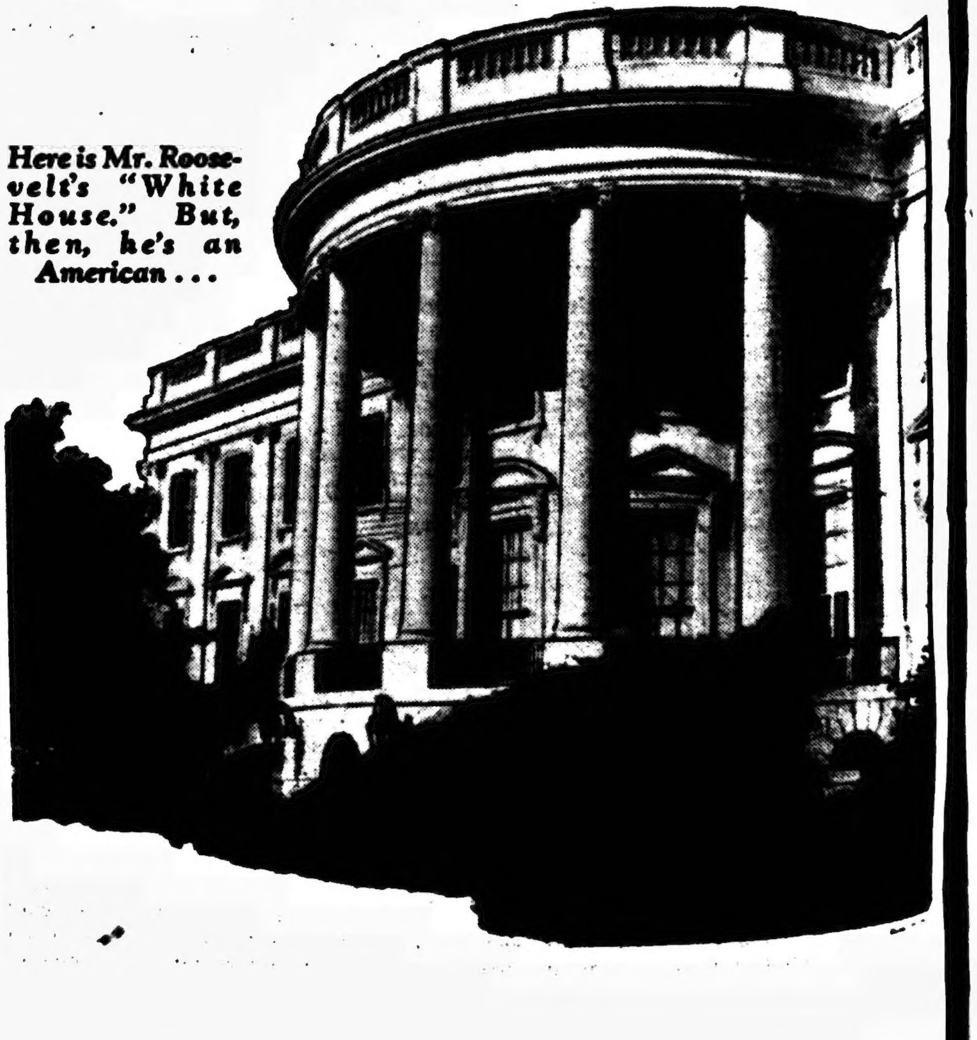
Then there is the way that cheerful fire upsets the domestic accounts of a Prime Minister.

Until five years or so ago the Government supplied free coal and light to the two bottom floors of the Premier's house, and the occupant had to make his own arrangements for heating and lighting the top part. There was even a separate meter on the third floor to ensure that no secretary lit his way to bed at the nation's expense.

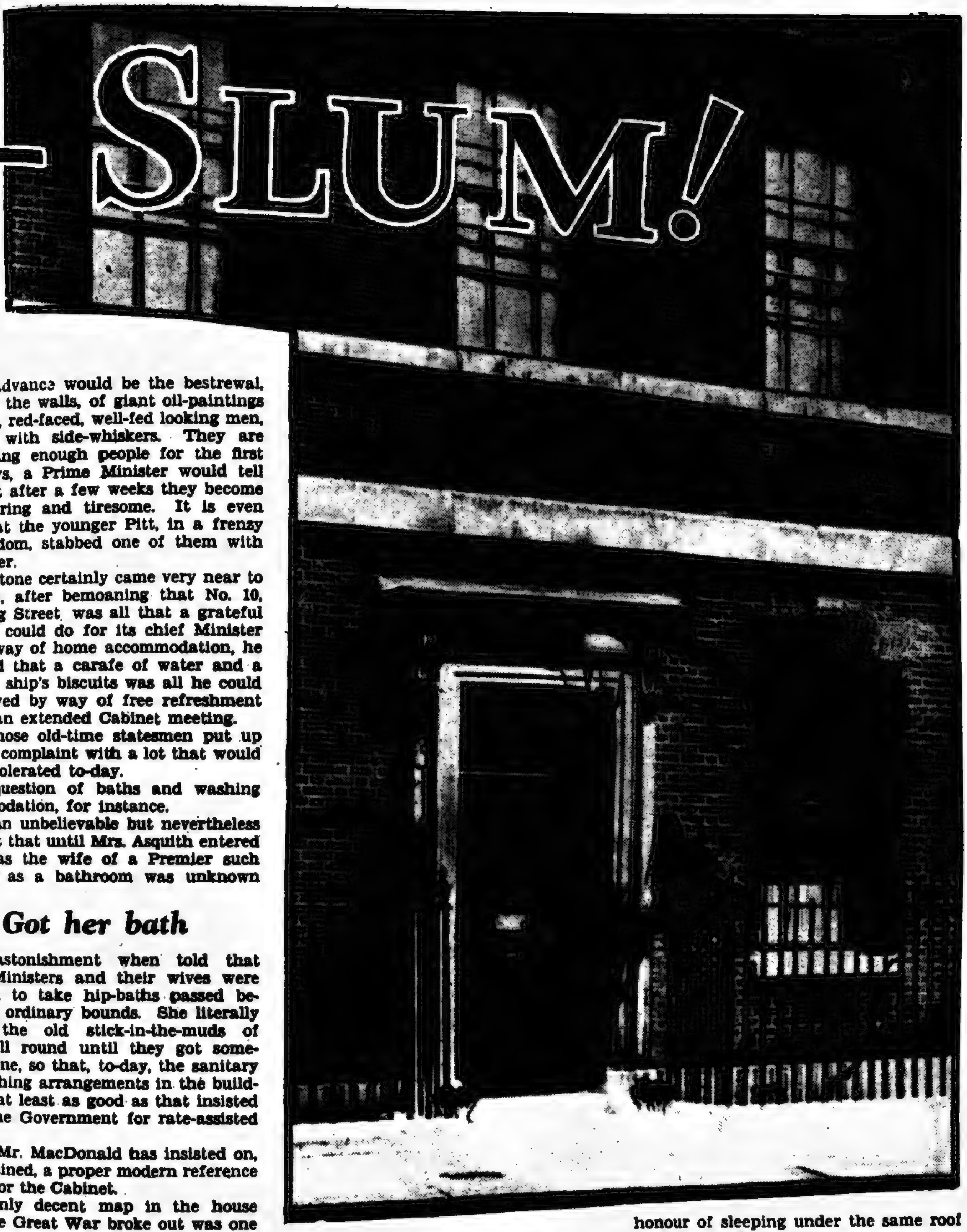
To-day a Prime Minister is allowed free lighting and heating as long as it doesn't exceed £200 a year, and that giant fire in the hall, a great kitchen range in the basement capable of cooking barons of beef for five hundred people, other tremendous fire-places, and the cave-like rooms and labyrinths of gloomy passages that would serve as photographic dark-rooms without recourse to curtaining, soon make a hole in that allowance if the statesman is in permanent occupation.

Another sales point that a house-agent

Here is Mr. Roosevelt's "White House." But, then, he's an American . . .



—SLUM!



"No. 10"—the structurally unsound, dark and dismal Home of Premiers

would advance would be the bestrewal, all over the walls, of giant oil-paintings of stout, red-faced, well-fed looking men, usually with side-whiskers. They are interesting enough people for the first few days, a Prime Minister would tell you, but after a few weeks they become very boring and tiresome. It is even said that the younger Pitt, in a frenzy of boredom, stabbed one of them with the poker.

Gladstone certainly came very near to it when, after bemoaning that No. 10, Downing Street was all that a grateful country could do for its chief Minister in the way of home accommodation, he was told that a carafe of water and a plate of ship's biscuits was all he could be allowed by way of free refreshment during an extended Cabinet meeting.

Yet those old-time statesmen put up without complaint with a lot that would not be tolerated to-day.

The question of baths and washing accommodation, for instance.

It is an unbelievable but nevertheless true fact that until Mrs. Asquith entered No. 10 as the wife of a Premier such a thing as a bathroom was unknown there.

Got her bath

Her astonishment when told that Prime Ministers and their wives were expected to take hip-baths passed beyond all ordinary bounds. She literally chased the old stick-in-the-muds of Whitehall round until they got something done, so that, to-day, the sanitary and washing arrangements in the building are at least as good as that insisted on by the Government for rate-assisted houses.

Then Mr. MacDonald has insisted on, and obtained, a proper modern reference library for the Cabinet.

The only decent map in the house when the Great War broke out was one that had been used to enable Ministers to follow the fluctuating fortunes of the war with America, and the long shelves of books were old and useless in the sense that they were too out of date for modern use while being too modern to have any value as antiques. At least to-day's Cabinet wouldn't have to send out to find out whether a particular spot in the Pacific was an island or a headland, as one pre-war Cabinet did.

But make no mistake about it, those useless, dreary old books are still there. It is next to impossible for a Prime Minister to get officialdom to throw away a single stick or page of the rubbish of No. 10, Downing Street.

Hard to sit on

Many efforts have been made to get rid of the medallions in relief high up on the walls, works which have no particular historic value and certainly little artistic merit to commend them. If you stand on the floor you see so little of them that you can't understand them. If you mount a step-ladder to get closer, you understand them even less. But they are the landlord's. And the landlord is the State. And the State is very chary of getting rid of anything.

There is the furniture, for instance. That belongs to the landlord, too, except where the temporary tenant has been able to crowd in one or two of his own treasured possessions. (Not so easy a job as it may seem, by the way, seeing that one Prime Minister of this present century put his grand piano in the Cabinet Room, as the only possible place!)

The chairs, sofas, carpets, tables, desks and bookshelves are well made and valuable in their way, but if you knew how incredibly uncomfortable are those designed to sit on, you would be sorry for the tenants of No. 10

It is fortunate that the kitchens have ample room for the few small saucepans and kettles which Ministers choose to bring from their private houses—otherwise boiling enough water for a cup of tea would be a job of hours' duration. The kitchen utensils are massive copper affairs, all stamped with the letters V.R., that appear to have been made for the giant's castle in "Jack and the Beanstalk."

Despite all this, the worst feature about Britain's "White House" is its lack of accommodation, which is such that if reasonable bedroom accommodation is given to secretaries there isn't a single bedroom in the house for a guest.

Every Prime Minister during the last fifty years has known what it is to have to send out to an hotel some distinguished visitor from abroad whom he would have liked to have had as his guest, and who undoubtedly would have liked the honour of sleeping under the same roof as Britain's Prime Minister.

Room after room has been stolen from the private part of the house until there are only two floors that can be used as a home. Even the room now used by private secretaries for the reception of visitors was once a bedroom.

No bed of her own

The result is—No. 10, needing five more servants than the average Prime Minister requires in his own house, so uneconomically is the building planned —that the problem of providing sleeping accommodation is always a pressing one. Why, it is hard to find a separate bedroom for a Premier's wife should she desire one—a very real hardship, seeing that statesmen often have to keep very late hours, and, what is more, often have to be wakened during the night. And as for private dressing-room accommodation, it is out of the question.

The history of No. 10 includes the account of how one Prime Minister was called upon by a King's Messenger after he had gone to bed.

The Messenger, taken up to the Minister's bedroom door, shouted out the nature of his mission. Whereupon the Prime Minister, barking out all his criticisms of No. 10 both as a home and as a building, informed him that he could come in as long as he had no objection to seeing a woman in bed!

And so, with the Prime Minister and his very drowsy-looking wife in bed, and a very shamefaced and apologetic King's Messenger at the bedside, the business of the State was duly transacted.

More than 260 years have gone by since No. 10 and No. 11, Downing Street, were built. So unimportant were the early years of the property that there is still a great deal of doubt as to who did the work. The buildings are therefore older than both Mayfair and Belgravia, in which are to be found many similar buildings, erected a hundred years or so later, that are already out of date and merely waiting for offers from the builder.

No. 10 and No. 11 were temporarily out of use long before they were a hundred years old, because the tenants thought they were pretty poor as residences. In fact, from 1742 to 1770 they were without an occupant.

"Cold and dismal"

Then, from 1835 to 1877, they were merely used as the offices of successive Prime Ministers, and might never have become residences again but for the fact that Beaconsfield, finding his asthma getting worse and worse, decided that the stairs of his private town house were too much for him. And so he made No. 10 his home, though he called it a deucedly uncomfortable, cold and dismal place.

What would he have called it to-day, when modern standards of cleanliness, comfort and sanitation are so much higher than they used to be?

No one can pretend that No. 10, Downing Street is a home of Premiers of which the nation can be proud. The Government should pull it down and build in its place a home fit for its chief Minister to live in Or, failing that—if it thinks it should be preserved as an historic monument or museum—it should find suitable "alternative accommodation" elsewhere for Prime Ministers.

Then, when visitors want to be guided to the British equivalent of America's White House, we should be able to point to a building that is at least worthy of the name.

Shattered Dream

HULL, the famous fishing port, on the mouth of the broad, smooth Humber, is where disaster, sudden and unexpected, shattered the dream of a child of seven, the other day.

It happened at bedtime; when father, home from the rough and tumble of the day's work, had bid good night; when mother was getting the supper ready.

A kiss to right and left, and our reader's daughter went to her own little room on the landing, mistress of all she surveyed. She lit the gas, and folded her treasures away: she opened the window, and drew down the blinds.

There were the plans for to-morrow to think over. When one is at school there are so many things.

But Christmas is coming, and Santa Claus will soon be here. There are fairies on guard in the bedrooms children occupy. One must say one's prayers, too.

The child was actually kneeling down when a bright light blazed from beneath the gas mantle, and the curtains went up in flames. Not only the curtain, but the frock on the peg. Danger threatened. Fire is the deadliest enemy of all pretty things.

The child was terror-stricken. She didn't know what to do. She was, for a moment, tongue-tied, numb. It seemed an eternity before she could utter the cry that brought father up the stairs at quick time.

It was father who put the fire out.

Father in this case was a registered reader of JOHN BULL and eligible for benefit under our free insurance scheme.

It's well to be on the safe side—turn to page 5 and become a registered reader without delay.

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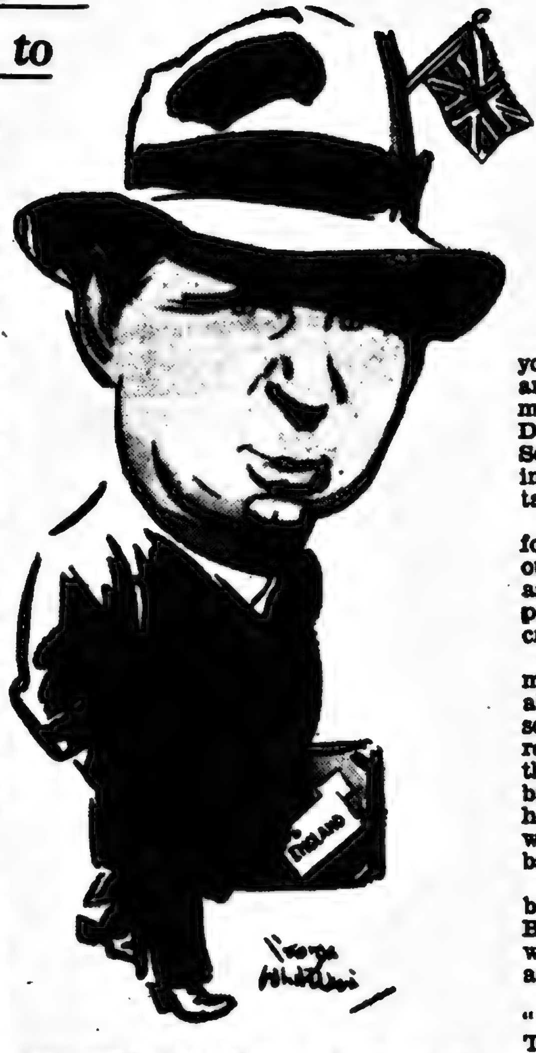
Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to FOKKER

It's SAFER with You on OUR Side!



MY DEAR FOKKER,—So you are Big News again. You are coming to England to make aeroplanes for the British!

Well, Civilisation is moving on. The great British people who, for centuries, have boasted how they have exercised. on the world, influence for amelioration, progress and peace, who have spent millions of pounds in sending missionaries to dark continents to Christianise "blacks" and "browns" and "yellows," have already got you on their side for the next little war.

Last time, you were on the German side. Now you are on OURS.

We must offer up thanks to the God of Battles—OUR battles, I mean. We must praise Him because you are on the side of the British Empire now, and not working for those whom Kipling called "lesser breeds without the law."

Now we can look proudly into the sun again. Now we can stare up at the heavens unashamed. Now we can sing, at Christmas, "God rest you merry, gentlemen, let nothing you dismay."

All is well. Civilisation is saved.

When next they sing, "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform," all those military minded parsons who regard Armistice Day as a day for national pride and not a day for national humiliation, all those bishops who bless military colours, and all the vicars and curates who wore medals on their surplices, will really think that God has moved so that now, through you, we shall have a more expensive and a more deadly air service.

* * *

You can scarcely believe it, can you?

Why, during the war, you, a Dutchman, a neutral, went to Germany and designed there for the "Huns," as we used to call them, the "cruel Boches"—yes, and for the accursed Kaiser—a very fast single-seater aeroplane. Yours was very much faster than anything we had. The Fokker was dreaded, for a long time, on the Western Front. Its very name sent a shudder along the Home Front.

Then, engineering genius that you are, you designed the first efficient machine-gun that fired through a propeller. Your name became a byword in this country, something that was used with an expression of bitterness and hate.

But now, still being a neutral—that is belonging to a small country which cannot very well afford a great air fleet—you have come to England, where you are starting an aeroplane factory in our midst, to manufacture, here, high-speed Douglas 'planes for commercial purposes. So, I read "The Air Ministry is watching Mr. Fokker's movements with a certain amount of pleasure."

You have designed military machines for Holland, you say, and already pointed out that the Douglas machine, if adapted as a heavy bomber, would give a better performance than any of the bombing craft now being bought for Europe.

These machines, it is stated, can be more easily adapted for bombing than almost any type of aeroplane. They are so fast that, as I have already told my readers, I recently travelled in one of them from New York to Chicago and back at 200 miles an hour. "Flying hotels," they call them, the newest, which have beds in, yes, and a shower bath!

It is awful to think that, and remember it was largely the fault of the British Government that aerial warfare was not scrapped altogether at the Disarmament Conference.

We wanted aeroplanes with which to "police" the Indian frontiers, you see. That, in cold blood, meant that if some wicked natives did anything that the very good authorities thought was wrong, we wished to reserve to ourselves the right of dropping a bomb on the very wicked people.

"Authorities" urged that we used them for beneficent purposes, that, instead of being angels of death, they were often angels of mercy. And so all the Powers agreed that aerial bombing should be a part of the next war, whenever it came.

Mind you, I am not blaming you. I am not one of those who go out of my way to condemn armament manufacturers any more than anybody else.

If countries agree that they want arms, that their manufacture is legal, I do not consider it any more wicked to make them for sale than building a motor-car which, for all you know, may run over somebody.

* * *

I blame the entire system of things. All over Britain, now, there is going up a protest from the little people of the land.

"Save us from the next war," they plead. "Save us! Save us!"

"Authority" must hear it, but it does not heed.

This cry is not going up only in England. It is going up all over the world.

Meanwhile, if we cannot make peace, we must have aeroplanes, we must have efficient ones, fast ones, powerful ones. That is the curse of it.

At some future time, in the days that are to be, when Man, having become civilised, having cut out his greed and the hatreds that spring from it, has long since decided to disarm, people will look back on this age—on 1934 and the next few years—as the Age af Barbarism.

In this age, unfortunately, air armaments are necessary. We should blame, not you but ourselves—we, the people who, assured that war is wrong, convinced that armaments do not stop wars but create them, are not so insistent upon the Governments that we send to office that we do not force them to our point of view.

Meanwhile, we shall hope that the God of Battles is on our side. But we shall *know* that you will be.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Mrs. SEATON TIEDEMAN,
Secretary, Divorce Law Reform Union

DEAR MADAM,—At the mass demonstration you are holding next week, I should like to see and hear every M.P. who stays away from Parliament when divorce reform is being discussed.

I wonder how many would have to confess that they haven't the courage of their convictions?

For your difficulty is plain enough. It isn't the great majority of the public that is opposed to the long overdue reforms, but a determined minority that intimidates our legislators.

JOHN BULL.

LORD HUGH CECIL,
Hatfield, Herts

MY LORD,—You don't want the school-leaving age to be raised because "if industry can't have cheap labour, industry will suffer."

Really? The same was said when the public conscience became uneasy about five-year-olds working fifteen hours a day in mines and cotton-mills.

Can't you think out a new argument?

JOHN BULL.

THE COUNCILLORS,
Minehead

GENTLEMEN,—You will be risking a 300-year-old curse if you pull down Quirck's Almshouses and build new bungalows for the aged inmates.

Go ahead and risk it. It won't hurt as much as the curse of having to live in such ancient homes.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN,
Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR NEVILLE,—Next month you will be thinking of paying another £15,000,000 debt instalment to the United States. I hope you will think also that much more good will be done by keeping the money in this country.

So just offer a further "token payment" of £1,500,000, and let there be no more full payments until the debt has been put on a fairer basis.

JOHN BULL.

MASTER TOBY,
Bapchild Vicarage, Kent

DEAR PUSS,—You're such a clever cat that, though you are only two, I expect you can read this.

So let me tell you how much I admire your spirit and determination. Meeting another cat in your new home, you stalked out and was not heard of until four months later—when you were found in your old home in Cornwall, three hundred miles away!

You know, your name should be changed to Felix.

JOHN BULL.

WILLIAM PAWSON,
Parkhill Road, Birmingham

PAWSON,—You were found to have removed bricks from a partition in the hope of seeing your woman neighbour in the bath.

For which you have been bound over. Well, you are lucky to have escaped so lightly—but you're unlucky to have such a dirty little mind.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. G. GARCES,
Birmingham University

DEAR SIR,—I am not shocked to hear that in South America (where you were born) Sir Francis Drake is considered a great scoundrel, owing to his pirate raids.

One man's meat is another's poison—and one country's hero is another's villain

But if your words stop our reciters from intoning verses about Drake's Drum, with much slapping of chests, I shall be much relieved. JOHN BULL.

Mr. C. W. ILIFFE,
Coventry Coroner

DEAR SIR,—"It seems a terrible thing," you exclaimed when told that a man had lost his job because he had taken time off to report his son's death to the police.

"Seems"! It is a revolting piece of tyranny, and I greatly regret my inability to publish that detestable employer's name to the world.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. CHARLES LEWIS,
Blackwood Institute, Cardiff

DEAR SIR,—Moved to pity by the unhappy plight of seventy workless single men, who stay at the institute from morning until it closes at night rather than be a burden on their landladies, you have started a weekly dinner entertainment.

You are an ex-artilleryman who lost a limb in the war. This explains a good deal to me. JOHN BULL.

Captain R. N. STUART, V.C.,
S.S. "Empress of Britain"

DEAR CAPTAIN,—In a few weeks' time you will be taking your fine ship on her fourth world cruise. Meanwhile you both deserve a rest.

For you have taken her across the Atlantic sixteen times in sixteen weeks, without danger or mishap, and keeping time to a second—a feat that entitles you to the *real* blue riband of the seas.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. FRIEDRICH BERGIUS,
London, W.

DEAR DOCTOR,—So you don't know why money is poured into doubtful ventures concerned with oil-boring and mine-prospecting when sound new industrial processes are starved of capital.

Well, you may be an eminent scientist, but perhaps you have never seen that language of the modern sharepusher which can make a dustbin appear to be a gold mine! JOHN BULL.

THE TOWN COUNCIL,
Alton, Hampshire

SIRS,—When you refused to buy a fire brigade siren for £23 the brigade shamed you by buying it themselves. Now you have decided to reimburse the brigade—after some of the most valued members have resigned.

It's a pity you didn't see before that service is a thing well worth buying.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. C. H. HATTERSLEY,
Fishmongers' Company

DEAR INSPECTOR,—There seems no end to the trickery in foodstuffs.

It is quite common, you say, for poor types of haddock to be sold as hake—with an extra profit of 200 per cent., and for catfish too be sold as rock salmon.

That is a mean form of fraud which should be stamped out by heavy penalties. JOHN BULL.

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD,
Postmaster-General

DEAR SIR KINGSLEY,—I'm glad there will be no more post office queues, now that all counter clerks are to sell stamps.

A little thing, maybe, but it will save a lot of bad temper!

And that is a saving of which any man might be proud. JOHN BULL.

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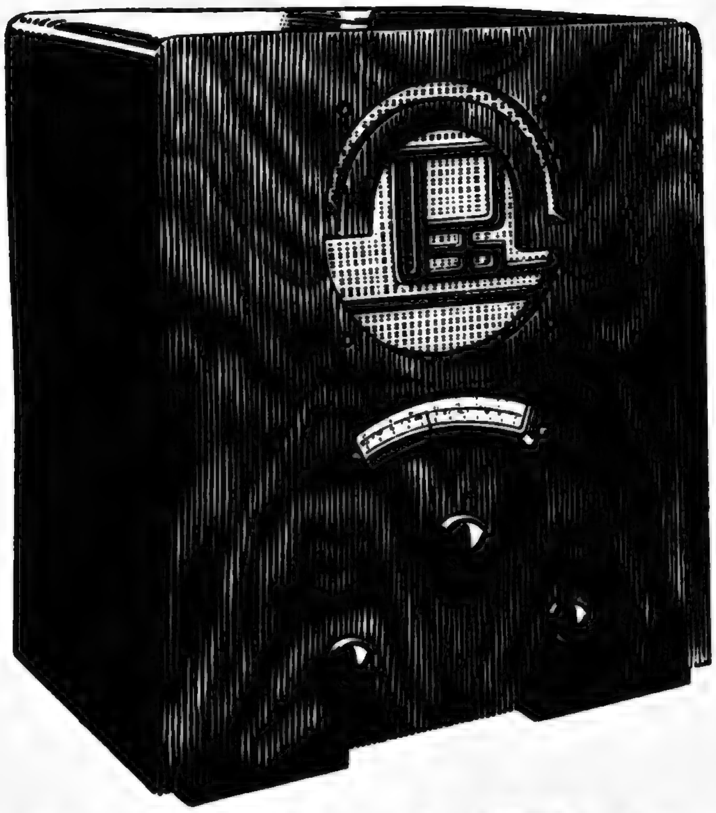

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royds

I Talk SUGAR to Women

by

A. G. GARDINER

The manoeuvres of the Sugar Ring are the grave concern of every housewife

IF in this article I address myself particularly to the women, it is because they know best the importance of sugar in the family economy. And the poorer they are the better they know it. For as income shrinks the more the cost of that essential food bulks in the weekly budget.

Those of us who have vivid memories of the war years will, I think, agree with the statement of Sir Arnold Wilson, the other day, that the lack of sugar during those years was the cause of more hardship and discontent than the insufficiency of anything else. He might have gone further. It was the cause of more physical ailments, especially among the children, than anything else.

For this reason, the threatened sugar monopoly is, above all else, a women's question, and if they do not bring their influence to bear upon their Parliamentary representatives in the matter they will have themselves to blame for the consequences.

Notorious failure

Let us see how this threat has arisen and what it means. In the course of a year this country consumes, in its jams, sweets, canned fruit, tea, confectionery, and other ways, the gigantic total of 2,000,000 tons of sugar. Until a few years ago all this came from abroad, mainly from the West Indies. Even to-day three-fourths of it comes from abroad. It cannot be grown here economically.

But some years ago, with the idea of helping the farmer, the Government encouraged the growing of beet sugar by granting a subsidy out of the taxes. In all, the subsidy and remission of excise duty amounts to some £6,000,000 a year, and since the scheme was introduced it has cost the taxpayer £40,000,000. Its failure as an economic enterprise is flagrant and notorious. If we bought the sugar it produces from abroad and paid all the displaced workpeople for doing nothing, we should still be in pocket.

That by the way. Wisely or unwisely, the Government sticks to the scheme. But it does not like that unpleasant exposure of the cost to the taxpayer appearing in the Budget. Why not transfer it directly to the consumer? Clap a levy of 2s. 4d. per cwt. on sugar and not only will the subsidy disappear from sight, but the total bounty to home-grown sugar will be increased from £6,000,000 a year to £7,000,000.

Now the consumer is already shamefully taxed on his sugar. Before the war the duty on sugar was 1s. 10d. a cwt. To-day it is 9s. 4d. More than half the price of every pound of sugar you buy is duty. And every pot of jam or packet of sweets or plum-cake you buy is similarly laden with duty. With the proposed levy that duty will be raised to 11s. 8d. a cwt. Nearly two-thirds of the total cost of your sugar will be duty. All in order to spoon-feed an industry which in all its activities employs only 37,000 people.

Ring of iron

But the cost to the consumer is not the worst of the business. In order to carry through this scheme it is proposed to create a great Sugar Monopoly. It isn't called that. Monopoly has an ugly sound. It is called a Sugar Marketing Scheme. That sounds much more innocent.

But it is a monopoly all the same. And a monopoly of the most brazen kind. It is proposed that the whole sugar industry shall be controlled by a board consisting—of whom? Not of the consumers. Not of the sugar-users. Not of the public. Not even of the sugar growers. It is to consist of the refiners and manufacturers!

And not only are these privileged firms to be Dictators of the Sugar World. They are to have the sole monopoly of the trade. No manufacturer who was not selling sugar prior to 1933 is ever to be permitted to compete. No one not in the ring will be allowed to build a factory or start in the business.

When I add that of the 22 firms in the industry, one owns £5,000,000 of the total capital of £5,500,000 invested in it, the character and magnitude of this gigantic monopoly will be apparent.

For two centuries monopolies have been forbidden by law as contrary to public policy and the right of the subject to exercise his trade. But here is a monopoly of a staple food of the people which it is proposed to vest in a narrow group of existing interests.

Who is the author of this amazing proposal? It is put forward by the refiners and manufacturers themselves. But Sir Leonard Lyle, the chairman of Tate and Lyle, in an interview published in the *Daily Herald*, says that the initiative came from the Ministry of Agriculture, who asked his firm to come into "a marketing scheme to assist the beet sugar interests and to unify the industry."

It certainly "unifies the industry," and it may "assist the beet sugar interests." But it unifies the industry at the sacrifice of the liberties of trade and the rights of the public, and it assists the beet sugar interests at the expense of the interests of all the users of sugar.

Grave alarm

The prospect of being placed under the heel of the Sugar Ring has spread the gravest alarm throughout the multitude of trades dependent on sugar for their prosperity.

For every workman employed by the sugar refiners, scores and even hundreds are employed in the sugar-using trades—jam makers, confectioners, fruit canners, cocoa manufacturers, and so on.

These trades are already handicapped by the excessive duties. They have, of course, no subsidies from the State, and already they have a taste of the kind of mercy they may expect from a Sugar Ring. It was stated at a gathering of the sugar users last week that "*British refiners have been selling sugar at 2s. a cwt. less than the price to English manufacturers after deducting duty.*" How can British industry compete with the foreigner in the face of such facts?

And it is to this Ring, with all the statutory powers of a Government monopoly, that it is now proposed to hand over the whole of the sugar-using trades. The effect of such a proceeding could not fail to be disastrous to those trades, productive of unemployment in all the subsidiary industries, and the cause of higher prices to the consumer and a reduction in the consumption of a staple food of the people.

Monopoly's canker

But it is not these considerations, important as they are, which constitute the graveness of this business. It is, as Professor Barker has pointed out, the attack on the fundamentals of English liberty that is the most serious aspect of the matter If, after two centuries, the canker of monopoly is to be reintroduced into British trade, the whole commercial fabric of this country will be menaced

This must not happen, and Parliament must see to it that it does not happen when Mr. Walter Elliot raises the question of the beet sugar subsidy. If that subsidy is to be continued, let it be paid honestly out of the Exchequer, and not disguised behind the manœuvres of a Sugar Ring.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

Dear Doctor Eve

WHEN you're feeling ill (or nervous)
And you think you need the service
Of a doctor, and you're free to pick and choose.
Do you pick a cheerful party,
Always jovial and hearty,
Who informs you that you've merely got the blues?
Or perhaps you much prefer to
Have a man who will defer to
You and then endorse your pessimistic views?

There are patients (chronic cases)
Who like doctors with long faces
Who seem doubtful if they'll ever pull one through;
Some don't find a bully hateful,
While there're others who are grateful
To the doc. who tells of funny yarns a few:
But my guineas I'll surrender
To a woman doctor tender,
Who will mother me as mother used to do!

And, believe me, I am not the only boy of the bulldog breed who takes this attitude. For Miss Victoria Sackville-West's statement, made to an audience of girl University students, that "the great majority of women would prefer to employ a man from the professional standpoint" has brought forth some interesting revelations from women doctors.

Not only do they deny the alleged preference of the female patient for the male practitioner, but they declare that quite a few gentlemen prefer blondes when suffering from an attack of symptoms.

"It would come as a surprise to many people," says one prominent female medico, "if they knew how many men are patients of women doctors." This, she explains, is due to the fact that women doctors "mother" their patients.

This, for many patients, is a pleasant change. For, roughly speaking (an expression used by gifted writers who are determined to ignore praiseworthy exceptions), men doctors can be divided into two classes.

There are those who wag gloomy heads and give you the impression that yours is an exceptionally serious case (an attitude much appreciated by some patients), so that when your ailment is cured you are expected to look upon it as a medical miracle—and would feel a mean hound if you commented on the size of the bill!

The other sort barges into the sick room, offensively full of beans, asks you if you have heard the one about the young man of Calcutta, takes a perfunctory glance at your tongue, assures you "We'll soon have you on your feet, my boy," and rushes off to enter in his diary: "To professional attendance: 10s 6d."

Having sampled both these types, is it any wonder that some of us are only too ready to throw ourselves (metaphorically speaking) into the arms of a woman doctor?

Though woman in our hours of ease
Is often coy and hard to please,
When we are feeling glum and ill
It's nice to profit from her skill,
That is, if she should chance to be
A fully qualified M.D.

While some men are too shy or weak
A woman medico to seek,
Others declare 'tis worth the fee
To have a sympathetic she
Who puts cool fingers on your wrist
To feel your pulse—yet is not kissed!

Oft have I yearned for a romance
With my M.D., but miss each chance;
For when her head droops to my breast,
And all I feel might be expressed
In tender speeches, fervent, fine—
I merely murmur "Ninety-nine"!

John Bull.

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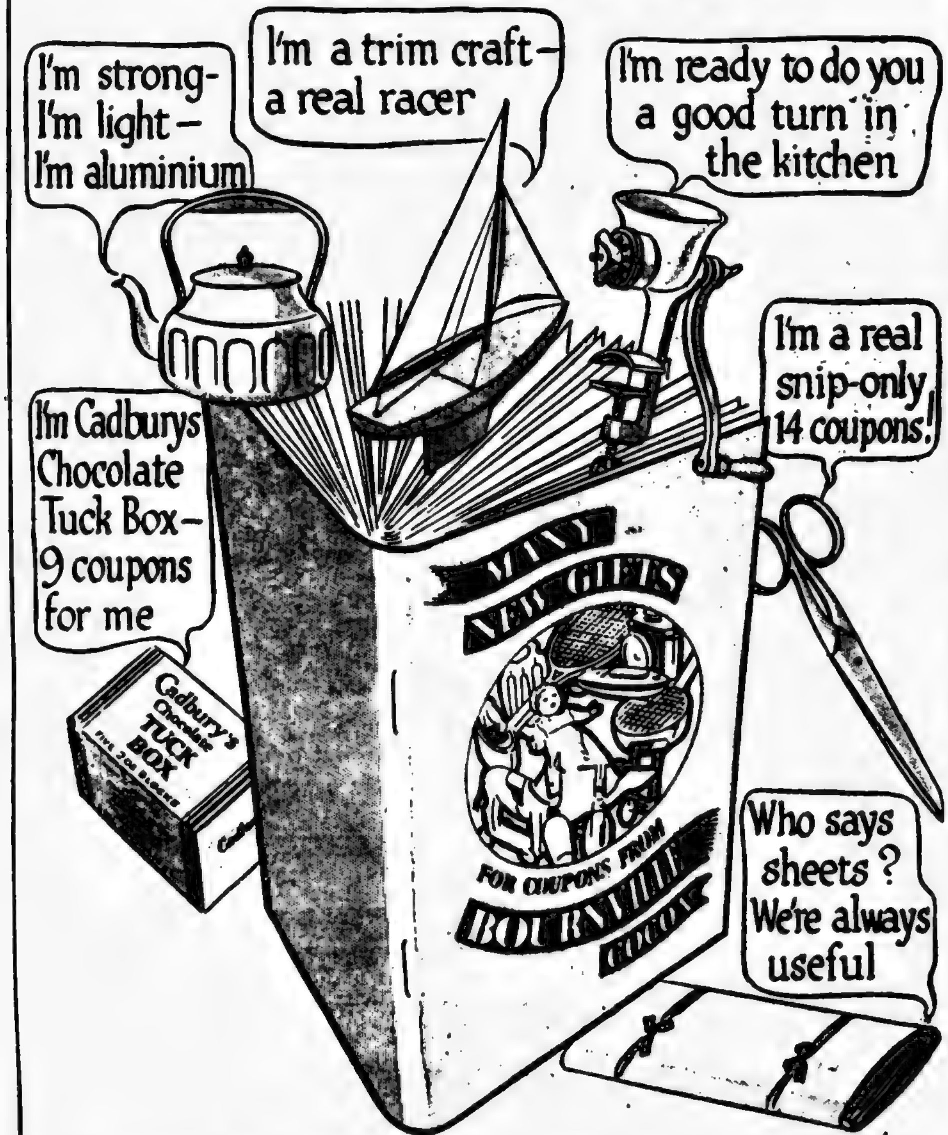
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HOW ARE YOUR NERVES?

"PHOSFERINE WAS ALL I NEEDED!"

Mr. E. Hesslewood writes:

"Starting at a rather hard job in a mass production factory I was surprised to find that my nerves seemed to go all to pieces. I was subject to attacks of trembling accompanied with giddiness. My heart began to pump at an alarming rate, and I was forced to rest for a few minutes. When I went home at night my meals held no relish, and I became moody, irritable, and short tempered. Also I could only sleep in dream-haunted fits and starts. I decided to take Phosferine, and **after a few doses** I noticed a difference, and when that bottle was gone I purchased another. **That was all I needed.** Now I can go cheerfully to work and wade through the day's labour secure in the knowledge of a cheerful evening spent with my family, followed by a sound, good night's rest." *77 Ravenscroft Rd., Canning Town.*

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PHOSFERINE TONIC WINE is a very pleasant medicated Wine of highest quality. It is specially valuable during convalescence, after influenza, or other illness. 3/9 large bottle.

Too many fags. Throat that's rasping.
Smoke your gaspers free from gasping.

"Go—suck a ZUBE"

ZUBES

3D. & 6D. In flat tins 2½D. Per ounce

ZUBES ARE BEST FOR THROAT AND CHEST

VAPEX WILL STOP THAT COLD

THE MAN WHO takes in Everybody

He casts his shadow over the globe and the world is his oyster— so he'll tell you . . .

THE crook who has toured the world, and who takes in everybody!

This is a befitting description for a rogue who is busily engaged at the present time in plundering people in all parts of the country.

He changes his name and his tales at will, and has latterly been operating as "Thomas Robinson."

A plausible fellow, with a muscular strength which he does not hesitate to exploit whenever it suits his purpose, he is well educated, possesses a pleasing, genial manner, and, owing to his intimate knowledge of various parts of the world, might well be nicknamed "the geographical crook."

Financial reasons!

His chief pose, indeed, is that of a globe-trotter, and the favourite story he tells is that he traverses the world for two reasons—one for the love of adventure and the other for purely financial reasons.

A born adventurer, he has an uncanny genius for raising money—and often quite substantial sums—on the strength of the most incredible stories. Many people have been astounded at his cleverness in this respect.

In a provincial town, recently, he called at the premises of a well-known provision merchant.

He politely requested a private interview, at which he unfolded the most remarkable story.

He announced, with some apparent pride, that he was walking round the world "for a wager." A famous North Country solicitor, whom he claimed to have known for years, and who is noted for his keen interest in sporting matters, had, according to his story, promised to pay a large sum of money if he succeeded in completing this journey in record time.

One of the principal conditions of the wager was that Robinson was to finance his "walk" until it was completed, and travel by sea only when it was absolutely necessary.

Balderdash

Robinson, by some means best known to himself, had found that the client in question was a friend of the solicitor whose name he mentioned, and was therefore ready to listen to the graphic details of the tale he spun.

According to his narrative, the solicitor had stipulated that he was to conduct his world tour without any great financial resources, and was only to spend money whenever it was absolutely essential to do so.

A more idiotic lot of balderdash would be hard to imagine, but it says much for Robinson's cleverness that on the plea of temporary financial embarrassment he often succeeds in obtaining substantial loans which he promises to repay within a few days.

He did not, of course, rely solely upon his rhetoric when approaching this provincial victim. He produced an amazing "dossier" of correspondence and printed matter, all of which appeared to testify to the fact that he was really engaged upon the globe-trotting event in question.

Some of the letters he produced must be numbered among the most extraordinary documents ever found in the hands of a criminal. They were signed, or purported to be signed, by the mayors of important towns and cities in different parts of the country.

Some even bore the initials—or rubber-stamped signatures—of eminent police officers, who supposedly testified to the fact that he had passed through their areas at a certain date and time!

When the tradesman discovered some days after Robinson's visit that he had been duped by a well-told romance he made a few enquiries with still stranger results.

He found that Robinson had caught several other people locally during his temporary stay, and that he had lived extremely well at a local hotel, afterwards departing without paying his bill.

Journalist, too

The victim gathered, too, that complaints were rife all over England about this adventurer's exploits in different names, and that the whole of his story was a tissue of lies from beginning to end.

Robinson is, in fact, a rogue who dupes everybody he meets, Sometimes he drops his globe-trotting story and poses as a journalist.

In specially confidential moments he talks of the various missions he has to undertake as a newspaper man, but all are absolutely mythical, and only serve to enable him to obtain money from further spellbound dupes.

Some of his victims are women. To the fair sex he mostly poses as an author, and, complete with the names and addresses of the heads of famous publishing houses, represents that he has negotiated with them the sale of his memoirs which are supposedly in the course of preparation.

He is particularly notorious at Stockton-on-Tees, where he was born nearly forty years ago, and where, incidentally, he has figured in criminal proceedings brought against him for fraud.

His record, we may add, is particularly well known to the police of this town, who regard him as a blatant impostor.

In his present "globe-trotting" ramifications he tells vivid stories of his various sojourns in China, Australia, Japan, France, Germany and Roumania. It was in the last-named country that he states he had to give up an earlier world tour two years ago owing to being stricken down with malaria after having walked more than 5,000 miles.

His sudden and dangerous illness lost him his wager, as he had to go into a Roumanian hospital for several months, and barely escaped with his life.

The truth is that he was not really ill at all, and actually only relates this dramatic little story to cover up a period during which he was in jail in this country for obtaining money by false pretences!

He is really a worthless scoundrel, who would stoop to any despicable trick to obtain money. And, if his victims do not rise to his bait readily, he very often becomes most abusive and threatening in his manner.

Quite recently, because a man upon whom he had fastened his unwelcome attentions refused to hand him any money, he put up fight and the other was forced to seek police protection.

His mastery of every kind of bluff may be gauged when we add that he has even marched boldly into police stations and, playing the part of an "informer" with "inside" knowledge of a recent local crime, has actually obtained money with which to pursue his supposed secret enquiries in the interests of justice!

His criminal record is a very bad one and he is regarded officially as a thorough waster and as a persistent thief.

His credentials are all false, and, far from being any of the things he poses as so successfully, he has been constantly to jail for larceny, false pretences, and other offences.

Often, when it suits his purpose, and he wishes temporarily to "disappear," he uses one of his aliases, gives a false address, and feigning illness, contrives to get admitted to hospital. There he remains until he thinks it is safe for him to roam at large again.

The most dangerous part of his stock-in-trade is that he is armed with the official-looking documents which are supposed to have been issued to him by different police authorities, and which bear the alleged signatures of chief constables, members of different Watch Committees and others.

Victims everywhere

In view of this it is not perhaps surprising that at Plympton Police Court, Devonshire, where he was once sent to jail for obtaining money by false pretences, the magistrates remarked on the astounding documents which he had passed off as credentials, and ordered them all to be confiscated.

His victims are to be found everywhere and, though he contrives to make everybody believe that he is a romantic globe-trotter with high literary distinctions and connections, he is actually one of the worst and most dissolute impostors at large.

It is more than time that his impudent activities were brought to an end.

"JOHN BULL'S" CHRISTMAS GIFT TO YOU—see page 45

A MYSTERY MEDICO

AVOID "Doctor" John Bullpit, D.O., Ps.D.U.S.A.! He is seeking educated youths, to whom he offers instruction in manipulative surgery, with a prospect of assisting him with his local practice in Brighton-by-the-Sea.

But before he makes an appointment with those who respond to his advertisements, he wants to know whether or not fifty guineas will be forthcoming. His pupils are expected to find that sum and to give all their time to study.

According to himself, "Doctor" Bullpit was formerly in practice in Montreal. He got his training in Chicago, and he usually charges anything from three to ten guineas for a course of his treatment. But he says he has received as much as thirty pounds.

An astonishing number of young men have responded to the advertisement "Doctor" Bullpit has inserted in a Sussex newspaper under the mysterious designation "E.Y.4."

He assured one caller at 31, Tisbury Road, Hove, that he had received as many as twenty-five applications for the opportunity. Another enquirer was assured that upon being set up in a "surgery" he would be able to "practice" within a month or two.

Swift upon the heels of an interview, the "doctor," carrying a stethoscope in his leather bag, went to a reader of JOHN BULL with the object in view of collecting the stipulated fifty-guinea premium.

When the worthy "doctor" found that this was not forthcoming, he went as far as to offer tuition in his craft for a mere five pounds.

Bullpit indicated with pride the certificate granted him by the Chicago College of Psychology in the year 1919. He talked with a flow of semi-medical jargon that might easily puzzle any qualified British practitioner.

* * *

But his "degrees" are an unknown quantity in this country; for he is neither a registered medical doctor nor can the Chicago College of Psychology be traced among educational institutions recognised in the United States of America.

How it comes about that his practice in Brighton is so extensive as to warrant this calling for assistants, only "Doctor" John Bullpit, D.O., Ps.D. U.S.A., can explain.

WHATEVER THE PLEASURE
PLAYER'S
COMPLETE IT

The game progresses and the 'ivories' click merrily over the green cloth . . . 'break' following 'break' . . . skill matched with skill in friendly rivalry . . . every minute enjoyable, with another 'Player' in the intervals to round off your pleasure.

John Player & Sons

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES · PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED 5 FOR 3D 10 FOR 6D 20 FOR 11½D

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. N.C.C.256H

VARIED THEIR WAYS TO WORK – BUT NOT THEIR SHAVING CREAM!

This clerk travels by the 7.46 – and he always catches it, thanks to Palmolive's **quick lather.**

But the factory foreman lives in sight of his work—so he has time to enjoy Palmolive's **long-lasting lather,** never drying on the face.

Bill, the bricklayer, goes to work on his bike—Palmolive's **small bubble lather** does a good job on his tough beard.

While the judge on his daily drive to the Courts recalls the pleasure of Palmolive's rich refreshing lather, **multiplying itself 250 times.**

And the young apprentice—catching his morning tram—is thankful for Palmolive's **olive oil content,** so soothing to a tender skin.

So five men set off on their daily round—all travelling different ways, but all five the happier for a perfect shave ; thanks to **Palmolive!**

Prices do not apply in I.F.S.

There are many shaving creams which give you one, two or perhaps even three of these desirable points. But only Palmolive, with its quick, long-lasting, abundant lather, and pure olive oil content, gives you all five!

MADE IN ENGLAND

6d & 1/-
PALMOLIVE
PALMOLIVE

X FOR FALSE TEETH

False teeth held firmly with confidence if sprinkled daily with

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

A boon to singers, speakers, clergy and business people. Sold by all chemists in patent sprinkler convenient for pocket or handbag.

FREE TRIAL: Send name and address for sample to Kolynos (Dept. F 22), Chenies Street, London, W.C.1.

A REAL COLD CURE

KOMPO FOR COLDS

Take one or two teaspoonfuls of Dr. White's "KOMPO" in either hot water, milk or tea, well sweetened.

Always keep "KOMPO" handy, ready to use at the first sign of a chill.

BOTTLES 1/3 & 3/-
OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

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A NATURAL TONIC
and Indigestion Remedy

PHILLIPS Yeast is DIFFERENT. It is PURE YEAST scientifically prepared by a special process and contains about 95% of LIVING YEAST CELLS, free from drugs. Besides being a natural and most effective remedy for INDIGESTION, ANÆMIA and SKIN troubles, Phillips Yeast is a WONDERFUL TONIC. It improves your general health, doubles your Vitality and restores Virility. Its rejuvenating and life-giving effects are most marked, and it should be taken regularly by men and women of all ages. It is perfectly safe and not habit-forming.

Of all Chemists 1/3 and 3/- in Tablets or Granules. Ask for PHILLIPS Yeast—It contains No Drug.

PHILLIPS YEAST . . . . The Yeast that DOES MOST GOOD

Doomed Girl:

ASYLUM OUTRAGE

For five years they have fought for her freedom; still she is a prisoner—Gwendoline Cable

FOR five weary years the parents of a young woman whose home is at Shepton Mallet, Somerset, have been fighting to gain their daughter's freedom.

So far the battle has gone against them, for the daughter, Gwendoline Cable, aged twenty-four, remains an inmate of Star Cross Mental Institution, Exeter, although according to experts she is perfectly sane.

The story begins five years ago, when Mrs. Cable had every reason to believe that it would be a great benefit if she allowed her daughter, Gwendoline, to go to a training school for a short period. It was admitted that she had been rather backward at school, so special consideration to her case seemed in every way desirable.

Asylum-branded

The mother and father of the girl talked things over before letting their daughter go, and they imagined that it would be in her best interests. It was pointed out that the girl's health would improve, and the training she would receive would be of great benefit to her.

Eventually the parents, quiet country folk, decided to allow their daughter Gwendoline to be taken to what they thought was an ordinary training school.

It was a few months later that they learned that their daughter had been incarcerated in a mental institution as if she were a lunatic!

The parents were naturally overwhelmed with grief when this surprising news came to them. All the pleasant hopes about their daughter being sent to a special training school for a few months, or at most a year, were rudely shattered.

"Terrified"

Gwendoline Cable was virtually a prisoner and was being treated as a mental case.

From the day that her parents realised that their daughter had been taken away from them in this misleading fashion they have been fighting to free her from the mental institution in which she has been held prisoner.

For five weary years they have fought in vain.

In August this year there was a dramatic development in this astonishing case of official bungling and ineptitude. Gwendoline Cable was released on licence from Taunton Mental Institution for a few weeks and allowed to return home to her parents at Shepton Mallet

"We were naturally overjoyed to have our daughter back home again with us," said Mrs. Cable to a John Bull representative. "My husband and I then decided that we would not send her back to that mental institution when her period of leave was up.

"Gwendoline was terrified at the thought of being taken back to the institution, and we seized the opportunity of having her examined by a mental diseases specialist of Wimpole Street, London, who was convinced that she was perfectly sane.

"Then we decided that if the authorities wanted Gwendoline they would have to find her."

A fugitive

So it was then that the parents, rather than surrender their daughter, whose sanity had been proved, sent her away to live with an aunt at Sea Mills, Bristol.

During the period of her stay in Bristol this young woman, who was a fugitive, decided that she would not be a financial burden on her relatives. She obtained employment at a Bristol café, where her services were found to be entirely satisfactory.

All seemed to be going well and for a few weeks Gwendoline Cable enjoyed her fredom. But this unfortunately was short-lived. With the assistance of the police, the authorities renewed their efforts to trace the missing girl.

Her parents at Shepton Mallet were questioned without success; they firmly refused to give information concerning their daughter's whereabouts.

But the authorities continued their search. Weeks later detectives called at the house of the aunt in Sea Mills, Bristol, but Gwendoline had by that time gone into hiding elsewhere.

Later, however, they traced her, and once again this young woman, whose sanity had been vouched for by an eminent specialist, was taken back to captivity—this time to the Star Cross Mental Institution at Exeter

And there she remains, while her parents still continue the long-drawn-out fight to win her freedom.

What possible justification the authorities have for holding this young woman a prisoner, brought in daily contact with mental cases, is difficult to understand.

To prove that there is no question about the sanity of this imprisoned girl we quote here the report of the Wimpole Street specialist in mental diseases who examined her:

"Report on the Case of Gwendoline Cable.

"This girl, whose age is said to be twenty-three, and who has been detained in a mental home for some five years, has been examined by me and I am of opinion that there is no just ground for regarding Gwendoline Cable as a mental defective as intended by the Acts relating to mental defectives.

"In my experience this case supplies but one more of many that have come under my observation, in which someone, no doubt with the best intentions, advises a mother to agree to her daughter going to a home for training, and in which the parent subsequently discovers that her daughter has been placed in a mental home.

"The tragedy of it is that when once a girl of the kind finds herself in such a home, all the efforts of the parents to secure her release prove unavailing, as is happening in the case of Gwendoline Cable."

Father's vow

This very definite report has been sent by the mother to the authorities; she has received the courtesy of an acknowledgment, but nothing else.

Mr. Henry Cable, the father, who had the misfortune to lose a leg while serving his country during the war, is now fighting hard in another war, to secure the liberty of his daughter Gwendoline.

"My wife and I have spent five years in an attempt to set my daughter free," he declares. "So far we have failed, but the fight will go on."

We urge the Board of Control to investigate the terrible case of Gwendoline Cable. She is undoubtedly sane, and to hold her prisoner is a negation of justice.

We demand her immediate release.

THE RIDDLE *without an* ANSWER

THERE is a little house, above the river, at Gateshead-on-Tyne, where a young man lies to-day in an invalid chair and looks blankly out towards a future of desperate poverty and grave ill-health.

And a few short months ago—in the spring of the year—the life of that same young man was at its brightest.

Then, at one stroke the whole foundation of that man's life collapsed. His wife lay dead. He himself was a cripple, while the fabric of his business was shattered to ruins.

If ever there was a tragedy to wring sympathy from the hearts of his fellows it is that of this young man, Sidney Layfield, of Dryden Road, Low Fell, Gateshead.

Moreover, the scandal of it all is that his present really terrible position is due to a breach of the Road Traffic Act by another individual,

* * *

This Act of Parliament was designed to safeguard people in the event of injury arising from motor accidents. How loopholes perforate the purpose of Parliament is proved by the unhappy lot of Sidney Layfield.

On March 24 Mr. and Mrs. Layfield were returning to Gateshead from Richmond, along the Great North Road, with a heavily laden motor-cycle combination that, because of the egg freight, could not be driven at more than fifteen miles per hour.

They were about ten miles short of Gateshead when disaster overwhelmed them.

A motor-omnibus, travelling south, had stopped at a regular stopping-place, and Layfield was proceeding to pass the stationary vehicle when out from behind the omnibus swerved a motor-car proceeding south at speed.

A deadly collision with the motor-cycle combination was inevitable. The motor-car actually struck the motor-cycle on its left or near side, tearing the box container clean away from its chassis, smashing it to fragments, and hurling both Layfield and his wife to the road.

Layfield and his wife were attended on the roadside by Dr. W. A. McKellar, of Chester-le-Street. Then an ambulance, summoned by the police, carried them to the Royal Victoria Infirmary, Newcastle.

The same night Florence Layfield died from the shock of her multiple injuries. The husband was snatched back from the point of death. But for the rest of his days he will be maimed and crippled, with a permanently shortened leg and a left arm which is of little service to him.

Even eight months after the accident he is still under the doctors and receiving special treatment.

* * *

Not until three weeks ago was Sidney Layfield deemed to be in sufficient strength to give evidence at the police-court proceedings which were taken as a result of the accident.

The driver of the car was a young fellow, aged twenty-four.

Before the magistrates at Chester-le-Street, on October 24, he was charged with dangerous driving and also with *driving an uninsured car.*

To these accusations he pleaded guilty.

A statement made in court established the points that *he had no authority from the owner to drive the car on the night of March 24, when the accident happened, and that the car was not insured for use at the time.*

For his twin offences this man—whose driving caused the death of a woman and the grievous injury of a man—was fined in all £7, with costs.

As a sequel to this unhappy story comes the question of Layfield's future.

He has lost his wife. His health and strength are gone for ever. He is cumbered with debts.

This young man is entirely dependent on a widowed mother over seventy years of age, who really only has sufficient for her own needs.

Yet what can be done?

The case of Sidney Layfield presents a problem which, under existing social conditions, has no adequate solution.

HERE'S A GIFT!

John Bull's Christmas Gift to its readers announced last week is sweeping all before it! As fast as applications are received, thousands of superb Writing Sets are speeded on their way. A Free 2s. 9d. Gift Voucher or a Free 7s. 6d. Gift Voucher—which will you have?

Turn to page 45 at once, cash the Gift Voucher, solve the gift problem, and put money in your pocket.

WHEN WORRY IS ADDED TO OVERWORK

—the Danger for every Woman is

NERVE CRISIS

Nerves have a breaking point, as every Doctor knows. When the breaking point is reached, you suffer a Nerve Crisis. Anything may happen.

Your nerves, through lack of essential nutritive constituents, are weak, poor and starved. Each nerve is suffering in sympathy with every other nerve. In fact, the whole of your nervous system is run down and out of gear. You have no reserve. That is why any little extra worry, any added mental strain, may cause a nerve crisis—a nervous breakdown.

DR. CASSELLS Brand TABLETS have an immediate effect on the nervous system. YOU FEEL THE BENEFIT FROM THE FIRST DOSE. Your whole system is soothed and calmed and your nerves are no longer on edge. You regain the control which you were in danger of losing. The haunting fear of a sudden, uncontrollable outburst quickly leaves you. You sleep better. Headaches and other nerve pains disappear. Your appetite improves, and with better appetite comes improved digestion. Remember that the Medical Authorities recently warned us that there were over 3 million cases of " nerves "—most of them neglected because even now it is not fully realised how important an influence nerves have on our bodily and mental health. You may be a sufferer without knowing it. Study the Index of Symptoms. IF YOU HAVE ANY DOUBTS OBTAIN A BOX OF DR. CASSELLS TABLETS WITHOUT DELAY. Take two tablets overnight and see how much better you feel in the morning.

The TRIGEMINAL NERVE with its branches is the most important nerve of the head. Agonising Neuralgia and "splitting" headaches are directly due to it. One branch of this important nerve controls the movements of the jaws while the nerve endings terminate in the teeth. The Trigeminal Nerve itself is connected directly with the base of the brain.

From Early Womanhood until the Crisis of Life has passed, you need Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS

YOUNG BUSINESS GIRLS

are very often the victims of nerve trouble in a form which is all the more serious because it is suppressed. Even the healthy, athletic type, full of vitality, suffers in this way. In all such cases a short course of Dr. Cassells Tablets for the Nerves cannot be too strongly recommended. There is an immediate relaxation of the nervous tension, and control of the nerves is quickly regained.

YOUNG MARRIED WOMEN

who have suddenly to take on the responsibility of running a home, and have cares and anxieties thrust upon them often experience a sharp and distressing nerve crisis—irritability, finally ending in hysteria, inability to sleep and extreme loss of strength. Dr. Cassells Tablets have a remarkable effect in quickly restoring both the physical and mental health of young married women who find their nerves giving way.

MIDDLE-CLASS HOUSEWIVES

are, without doubt, the greatest sufferers from nerves. It is a wonder that there are not more cases of nerve crisis and nervous breakdown. But the trouble is, in many cases, merely delayed. The monotony of the working day for the middle-class housewife is a perpetual strain on the nerves. Dr. Cassells Tablets for the Nerves have, for over thirty years, given relief in literally hundreds of thousands of cases of this kind and have saved many overworked wives from complete nervous breakdown.

INDEX OF SYMPTOMS

If you suffer from

IRRITABILITY
HEAD PAINS
NEURALGIA
NEURITIS
DIZZINESS
INDIGESTION
NERVOUS DEBILITY
HYSTERIA
DEPRESSION
VAGUE FEARS

you need
Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS
for the NERVES

EVERY WOMAN BETWEEN 40 AND 50

has, for two, three or four years, to undergo a strain which is almost entirely a strain on the nerves. She has to keep her nerves under the strongest control. The nerve nutrients contained in Dr. Cassells Tablets have been the means of three generations of women coming through this middle period without nervous breakdown.

FAIR PLAY OFFER

This is the fairest offer ever made. You run no risk. Buy a 1/3 bottle of Dr. Cassells Tablets from your chemist. Keep the carton and if you are not entirely satisfied send it back to the Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, 16, who will immediately refund your money.

Sold Everywhere

6D., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

VENO

THE GASTRIC NERVES of which this is a true anatomical picture, are here shown in relation to the stomach. As is well known, loss of nerve control or nerve crisis very often attacks the stomach. There is a special ingredient, Pepsin, in Dr. Cassells Tablets which has a direct influence on the Gastric Nerves and is invaluable in all cases of Nervous Indigestion with pain, flatulence and vomiting.

THE RADIAL NERVE The Median and Radial Nerves are the most important nerves of the arm. When they are inflamed or out of order, there is pain in the arm which becomes acute if the nerve impoverishment is left untreated. For Neuritis of the arm (much so-called Rheumatism is really Neuritis) the tonic and reconstructive elements in Dr. Cassells prescription are capable of giving speedy and permanent relief.

TO-DAY! Start a Course of

DR. CASSELLS TABLETS

BRAND

The Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE of your Trouble

LINOTYPE OPERATORS . .

POSTER WRITERS . .

ADVERTISING AGENTS . .

ENGRAVERS . .

—and all from a one-room office!

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS *reveals a—*

Wicked Trap for the Workless

FROM various sources lately reports have come to my desk concerning a firm of manufacturing stationers, printers and publishers with headquarters in a small town in the West Riding.

When the first dossier reached me my suspicions were aroused. It seemed to me that the methods of the company in the engagement of their travellers and canvassers was open to the strongest criticism.

Then other complaints about the nature of the business followed quickly, and, in consequence, I gave instructions for investigation on the spot.

Now the full result of the enquiry is before me, and I find that my early impression is completely confirmed.

Rarely indeed have I had through my hands a case which carries such cruel victimisation of unemployed men.

What is worse, a number of the sufferers are ex-soldiers, who fought and were wounded during the war.

It is a heartbreaking story that I have to tell from the point of view of the men whose savings have been borrowed by the firm in question.

The company responsible for this conduct towards its former employees goes by the name of W. Tetley and Sons, Ltd., of Town Street, Farsley, Yorkshire, and it is well to explain at this stage that the Farsley house has no connection whatever with other concerns of the same name known throughout the North of England.

Ambitious

From the letter-heading of W. Tetley and Sons, Ltd., one would imagine that the firm did a considerable amount of work in the different offshoots of the printing industry.

Their display of departments is ambitious. In addition to being printers, manufacturing stationers and publishers, they are:—Poster Writers and Sign Makers; Advertising Agents and Contractors; Engravers and Stereotypers; Intertype Setters to the Trade, with a day and night service.

The actual premises occupied by the company does not quite support this ambitious showing. They consist of an upper floor in the main street of Farsley—a settlement of working-class houses between Leeds and Bradford—let at a small rental.

The printing machinery at this "head office and works" is held on the instalment payment system.

Never was the business of W. Tetley and Sons more than a struggling one, facing a gradually increasing pile of financial difficulties.

On occasions the resources of the firm were so low that, when a cheque drawn by them was paid into their bankers, a message would be telephoned by the bank to ask if cash was likely to be paid in to cover the amount of the cheque.

Cut off

Even the telephone account was not paid promptly, and a consequent result was the cutting-off of the telephone services until the charges were met.

Ready money was a difficulty which the firm had constantly to face, for at least one of their trade suppliers would only deliver goods against a cash payment. Altogether a thoroughly unstable concern.

Yet throughout the period of their troubles, the directors of the company were constantly recruiting new travellers and collectors. *All these employees had to deposit money in order to secure their jobs.*

An advertisement was inserted at regular intervals in the local newspapers inviting application for the post of traveller.

Hundreds of replies to these advertisements were received, and as a result new travellers were appointed at the rate of four and five a week over a period of several months.

Each of the travellers had to sign an agreement, under which he was to receive a salary of £2 a week for four weeks, and thereafter work on commission only.

And there was this clause in every agreement:—

"I further agree to invest with the Company the sum of £20 for a period of not less than thirteen weeks, and in any case for a period covering the term of my employment and six weeks thereafter; such investment to bear interest at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, payable quarterly."

On the surface, it looked a sound proposition for a man urgently needing a job. He handed over £20, *which was to be returned with interest*, and, in exchange, he received work, with a definite assurance of four weeks' salary, and after that commission.

What really happened was that this company gained a steady income in cash. They received £20 from each traveller, and paid out £8.

When the time came to work on commission only, many of the travellers found that the proposition was hopeless. They could not earn a decent livelihood by securing orders for W. Tetley and Sons, Ltd. In the end they had to turn up the job in desperation.

It is interesting to note that the agreements which the employees signed were drafted by Mr. F. R. Peers, who was acting as secretary to the company.

This man Peers was rather an unfortunate choice for that position. He is an ex-solicitor, struck off the rolls for misconduct. Ultimately he was arrested for a series of frauds committed before he entered the service of W. Tetley and Sons, Ltd.

At the West Riding Assizes in July he was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment in the second division for these offences

Those of my readers who have followed the warnings I have constantly given against all propositions that involve an outlay of savings will readily guess the sequel to the foregoing outline of facts.

In cases before me the contracts signed by W. Tetley and Sons, Ltd., were found to be worthless. The poor fellows who had invested their money—on a definite guarantee of return—discovered that to get money from the company was an impossibility.

Constant applications met with no response. Calls at the offices were useless. The responsible directors were either out, or the premises were locked.

With one instance brought to my notice a cheque *was* given in repayment, but, when passed through the bank, it was returned dishonoured. In other instances, the victims cannot even secure a reply from the people who have deceived them.

A point to be remembered is that with many of the men who paid over their £20 to the firm, that sum represented the whole of their resources, and the loss of the money is a terrible blow.

Ironic

Only one remedy lies for the men who have been victimised. That is a county court claim against the company, and that would mean additional expenditure which they cannot afford.

All I can do is to recount the story in the hope that it will effectively curb any further discreditable exploits by those responsible. They deserve no sympathy after the callous way in which they have betrayed their unfortunate employees.

Finally, I would draw attention to one of "Fifty Rules to Better Work and Wages" issued by W. Tetley and Sons, Ltd., to their employees.

Ironically enough, it runs as follows:—

"No grousing or *any conduct likely to break the team spirit.*" The italics are mine.

CRANE MAN LIFTS FORTUNE

He got what he wanted

"WHAT chance has a working man like myself, struggling to keep his family on a small wage, to put by even a little for old age?"

That was the question I was asked, writes a JOHN BULL representative, by Mr. J. Costello, 24, Turnerson Street, Salford—but this man of thirty-seven years had himself provided the answer.

With four simple words, fitted together by him in a few minutes, Mr. Costello had won security for years to come, having captured the First Prize of £500, Family Week-end in London and a Christmas Hamper in *Bullets* No. 958.

As I chatted with the competitor who made up the ingenious and homely *Bullet*, IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE—WIFE "BRINGS HOME VALUE," I learned that this young crane-driver had been struggling for years to lift a big prize.

"Even though I won a number of small awards, the best of which was an Easter Hamper," he told me, "I sometimes got disheartened, for I wanted to land something much bigger. But how glad I am that I didn't give up altogether!"

Not even the winner could be happier over this great success than Mrs. Costello, who works in a cotton-mill. And since the winning *Bullet* was based upon her careful shopping and was entered only after she had helped with her opinion of it, Mrs. Costello can certainly share the credit for this £500 victory.

"You've no idea what this prize means to me," said Mr. Costello earnestly. "We shan't be able to manage the Family Shopping Week-end in London, but there are lots of things we need.

"This is our first real home after seven years in rooms, and now we can make it really comfortable. The rest of the money will go into the bank to provide for a rainy day and for the future of our two children."

At the St. George's Engineering Works, where he is employed, Mr. Costello's success has naturally caused excitement, because there are other "Bulleteers" amongst his workmates.

"They've realised now the truth of what I've told them about *Bullets*," he declared.

And what is the truth about *Bullets*?

Simply that here is a contest in which the skilful handling of words, whether by clerk, cleric, crane-driver or any other intelligent man or woman, meets with its due reward in prize-money.

On Friday, December 14, somebody who realises this fact is to receive a telegram heralding the arrival of a First Prize of £1,500, followed by £2 Weekly for Life. Enter a coupon from page 47 and the winner may well be you!

Both took a pride in their table-linen

She didn't realise it at first, but bit by bit her linens lost their first dazzling whiteness.

She always knew that week after week hers would come out of the Persil suds as bright as new.

...a glance showed which used Persil

Why is it that linens washed by ordinary methods lose their first brilliance so quickly? Simply because ordinary washing is not up to its job.

But Persil *is*. Its active oxygen suds get right inside the fabric, break up the hard particles of rubbed-in dirt, *dissolve* them, push them right away. Your things come out brilliantly white simply because they're spotlessly *clean*.

Remember—Persil acts only on dirt, not on the fabric. That's why Persil is so safe for every single thing you ever wash!

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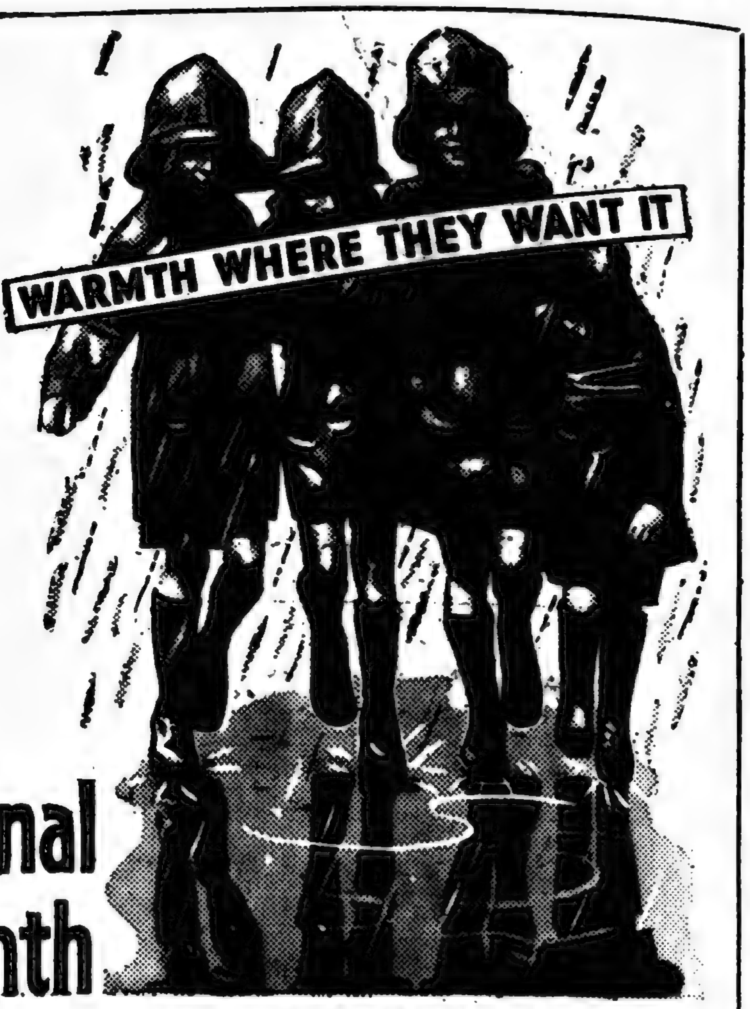
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Science says:—

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. . . means **PROTECTION** *of the Bronchial Tubes".*

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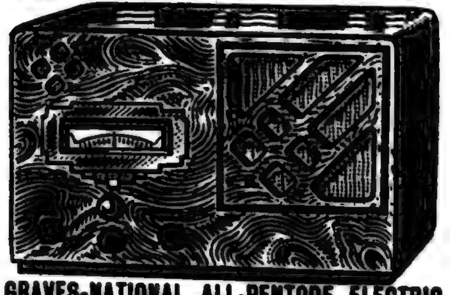

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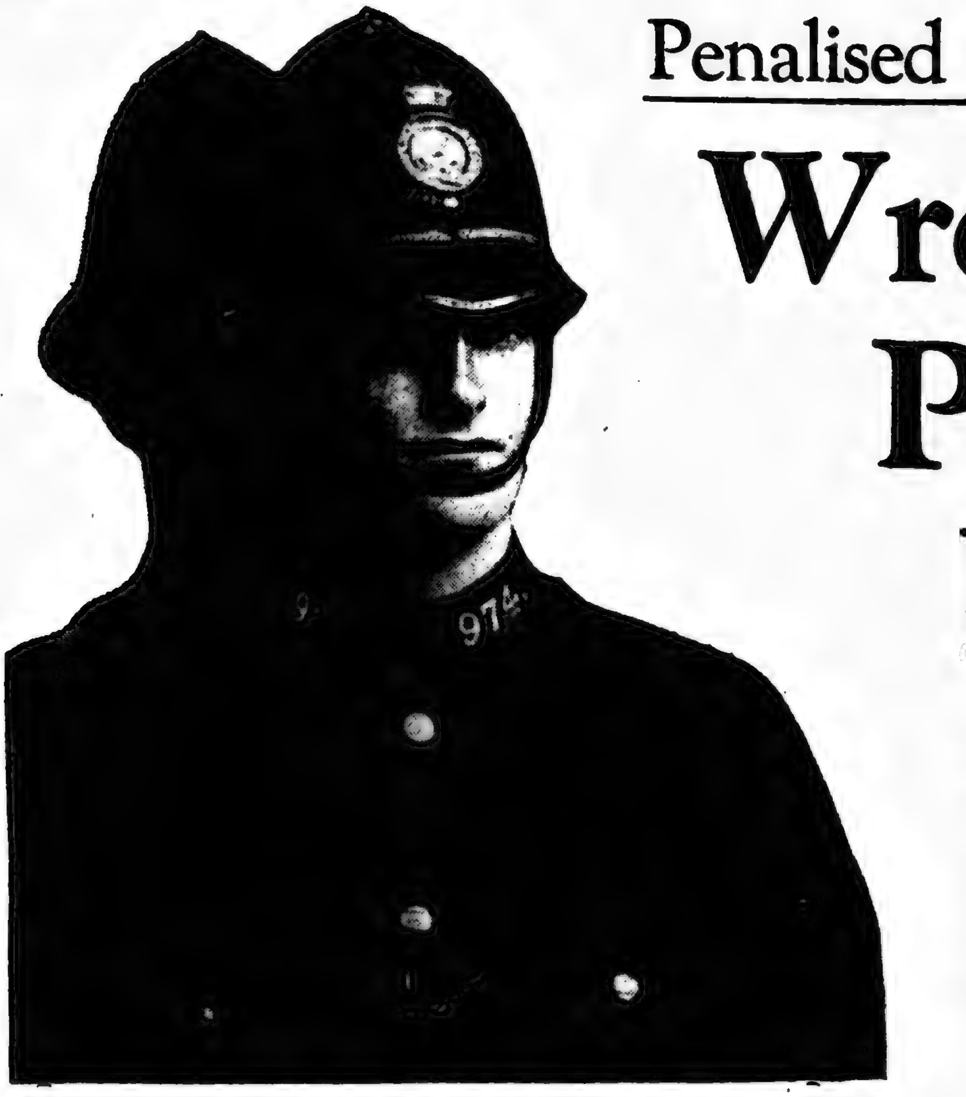


Then he was a hero—now they deny him justice: Constable Wellington

THE heroism of a young London policeman who gallantly risked life and limb in stopping two runaway horses attached to a flour-miller's van, has had dismal consequences.

The victim of a series of circumstances which began with heroism and seems likely to end in despair, is ex-police constable B. Wellington, of Court Street, Moretonhampstead, Devon.

He is a young man ruined in health and spirit, partly paralysed and totally incapacitated. Yet although his present condition is undoubtedly due to his bravery while on duty, the authorities continue to deny him the right of a pension.

This story of injustice may be traced back to a Saturday in August, 1926, when Tottenham Hotspur were playing at home, and the football ground was crowded to capacity. Near the ground two horses harnessed to a flour-miller's delivery van were standing.

The thunderous applause of the football crowd, the stamping of many feet in the grandstand, upset the two horses, who promptly bolted off down Park Lane, Tottenham.

P.C. Wellington, who was pacing his beat in that thoroughfare, heard the shouts of alarm and the sound of madly galloping hoofs. The runaways were coming his way, and right in their path was a group of terrified children.

Children saved

Unmindful of his own safety, the young policeman flung himself at the bridles of the runaways. For a time it seemed that the maddened horses could not be made to stop. Spectators expected every instant to see the constable trampled underfoot, but he clung on and eventually succeeded in bringing the runaways to a standstill.

The children in the roadway had been saved from injury if not death.

P.C. Wellington, who had been badly shaken, appeared to have been injured. His head was cut, and something had happened to his knee. He was taken into a near-by shop, and, after receiving first-aid treatment, was able to limp home.

After a few days on the sick list Wellington, who was then twenty-eight years old, returned to duty. Apart from severe headaches and occasional indisposition he was able to carry on with his police duties until May 14, 1928.

That evening, as he was preparing to go on night duty, he was suddenly taken ill in the Tottenham Police Section House. He staggered away to his cubicle and some time later his comrades found him lying unconscious on the floor.

Brink of death

P.C. Wellington was then taken by motor ambulance to St. Thomas's Hospital, Lambeth. For seventeen days he remained on the brink of death, but on the eighteenth day he regained consciousness.

Eventually he was discharged from hospital, but owing to the state of his health he was compelled to resign from the Police Force on November 29, 1928.

Although shattered in health and partly paralysed, he was refused a pension.

From that day until now this ex-policeman has been engaged in a long and dreary struggle to secure justice, which in his case means a pension. So far his efforts have failed.

There can be little doubt that when he suffered from the severe hæmorrhage on the night of May 14, 1928, and remained unconscious for seventeen days, it was due to the delayed after-effect of the injury to his head which he received when gallantly stopping the runaway horses many months before.

This is confirmed by the reports of three doctors who have attended him at various times.

The following are extracts from these reports, and the first is signed by two doctors:—

"This is to certify that we have been attending Mr. B. Wellington for epileptic fits which are Jacksonian in type.

"He also has a paralysed left arm. In our opinion these fits and the paralysis are very probably due to an injury to the head."

The other report from yet another doctor dated July 28, 1934, is as follows:—

"This is to certify that I have been seeing Mr. B. Wellington during the last eighteen months. He suffers from fits (Jacksonian in type) and has a paralysis of the left arm.

"Mr. Wellington states that he was knocked on the head eight years ago, very severely on the right side.

"There is a distinct probability that these fits and paralysis may be the result of this blow, in my opinion."

So much for the expert opinion of the doctors who have been in attendance upon this unfortunate ex-policeman. It is strongly backed up by the indisputable fact that, previous to the injury to his head sustained while stopping the runaway horses, Mr. Wellington enjoyed excellent health.

Compelled to resign from the Metropolitan Police Force owing to his shattered state, he has naturally found it difficult to obtain employment.

Yet all his attempts to obtain justice have failed. It is true that he had not served for a particularly long period in the force. Actually from August 31, 1925, until November 29, 1928, but it is definitely stated in official regulations that:—

"In the case of incapacity due to an injury received in the execution of duty, a pension is payable no matter how short the service."

Thus whether this man had served three days, months or years has no bearing on the case.

The present plight of ex-Constable Wellington is pitiful. For six years he has been practically incapable of working for his living.

It is a fact that on his compulsory retirement from the police force he was given a small gratuity, and his comrades out of sympathy subscribed money for his benefit. But this money did not last long. There have been endless doctors' bills and other expenses in connection with his long-drawn-out illness. And above everything is the bitter realisation that he is now physically incapable of supporting his wife and child.

Time for justice

"Why do the authorities quibble about my case?" he asks sadly. "The medical history of my case is known to them. There is no record of ill-health in my family. Six of my brothers are serving in different police forces in England. I come of healthy stock, and I never suffered from illness of any kind until the day I was injured in stopping the runaway horses at Tottenham.

"All I am asking for is justice and honest dealing with my case, but the authorities turn a deaf ear to my demand. Our resources have been drained by paying for medical treatment and enforced unemployment. The outlook for my wife, child and myself is hopeless."

It is evident from the facts stated that the case of ex-Constable Wellington is one that calls for earnest and close consideration by the Home Secretary and the police authorities.

This man has experienced years of misery and misfortune due to his gallantry—it is not too late for justice to be done.

Homely Wisdom—by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

TO-DAY'S MORALS

Fears for freedom —General Smuts

There is a moral slump, says Dr. Streeter

ONE of the ablest thinkers of our time, Dr. Streeter, Provost of Queen's College, Oxford, said recently that a moral slump has taken place in the civilised world.

Violence and cruelty are being ruthlessly employed in one country after another in order to gain political power. That in itself is nothing new, says Dr. Streeter, but what is new about it is that it is being proclaimed as good and right.

General Smuts has been saying something very similar in his great address to a Scottish University. He tells us that he does not expect another world war in the near future, but that he does view with grave misgiving the suppression of political and social freedom in great nations where this might have been deemed impossible.

In Dean Inge's farewell to the high position he held so long the same view of modern tendencies finds expression. The Dean asks whether anyone who was living in the closing years of the nineteenth century, when democracy seemed triumphant everywhere, could have dreamed of the reaction toward tyranny which is so plainly evident, not in one country only, but in nearly all. Democratic institutions are being treated with contempt.

For my own part, I have often wondered what Garibaldi and Mazzini would say if they could come back and see the Italy they fought to deliver from a foreign yoke now ruled by a dictator—none the less an autocrat for being a competent statesman.

Or what would Gladstone and John Bright think of the England of to-day, where doctrines of the subversion by force of the forms of popular government are openly preached?

Both of these great lovers of liberty believed that the victory of self-government both in national and local affairs had been permanently won by the people of this ancient land. They might not be so sure of it now if they could hear the proposals that are being made, that minorities should snatch domination and keep it with a strong hand, without troubling to consider the wishes of majorities or even to allow these a voice at all. Another and still more serious thing characteristic of our age is the sweeping away of restraints on conduct. A view of human nature is being taught to-day by clever men which is degrading in its effect.

Young people are being told that there is nothing essentially fine in human personality, that fundamentally we are compounded of lust and greed, and that our loftiest desires are but animal cravings disguised. God and moral responsibility, we are further assured, are but childish dreams to be laughed at and abandoned.

* * *

I am convinced that a great battle will have to be waged again as in days gone by—the battle for sacred ideals of living as opposed to mere swinishness and the cynical disregard of motives other than those of self-indulgence.

There is a divine fire that burns and glows in every human heart. Nothing can extinguish it. And I have sufficient faith in the young manhood and womanhood of to-day to be certain that there is a grand day ahead of us when the old spiritual loyalties will return to their throne, but with a wider range of vision and an invincible might.

DOG-RACING —the Big Surprise

Amazing Changes that are Coming

REVOLUTIONARY changes are about to take place in dog racing. In a few months' time its many followers will hardly recognise their sport. And I shall tell you why.

On Friday, November 16, the Government's Betting Bill received the Royal Assent, and there passed into law one of the most far-reaching pieces of social legislation in the history of this generation.

It has been a hotly and bitterly debated measure both inside and outside Parliament, but with all that—and the various points at issue—we are now no longer concerned.

We are presented with the Act as an accomplished fact. We are interested now in the future, and I, and about twenty million other citizens, are interested particularly in the consequences of one section of the Act—that dealing with greyhound racing.

The immediate future of our sport is going to be highly dramatic. There will be some violent adjustments, swift and far-reaching changes, and much controversy before the sport settles down in its new place in the life of the nation.

Come to stay

Greyhound racing must now be approached from the point of view of a permanency. It has now a standing, a recognised place, in the eyes of the law, and this altered position has happened very speedily. In seven years there has been achieved for the dog what has taken 125 years to bring about for the horse.

The new Act is not all I hoped it would be, but it is better than none at all. There are important and troublesome omissions in it, but before I discuss those, let us take a peep into the future at some of the main changes which the present Act will bring about.

First of all, greyhound racing is to be limited to a total of 104 meetings a year in each area, with no more than eight events at each meeting. There has been too much dog racing, and there are many with me who will welcome these limitations for the sake of the sport. But those imposed are too drastic. They are not elastic enough. For the moment, however, we will let that point pass.

When the Act comes into operation next July, it is almost a foregone conclusion that the racing limitations will drive more than one hundred of the present tracks out of existence. They will simply be unable to carry on.

Wild happenings

Those without "Totes" will certainly be doomed. "Totes" take a long time to instal and they are expensive. The one at the White City, for instance, cost over £80,000.

There will, inevitably and unfortunately, be additions to the ranks of the unemployed. Several thousands of the 40,000 odd persons engaged directly or indirectly in the business side of the sport will be without jobs, and there is little likelihood of these people being absorbed into those organisations which survive the upheaval next July. Most of these will need smaller staffs, not bigger ones.

There will be some wild happenings in "greyhound shares," as the number of tracks grow less and less. Crowds will be attracted to the larger concerns which survive and they, I expect, will make more money than ever. Greyhound companies are different from many other business concerns. Beyond a fixed point every additional customer represents pure profit. In addition, to this increase in crowds general overhead expenses will be less because there will be fewer meetings and fewer events per week.

Several thousand greyhounds will have to go out of the racing business. There will not be sufficient events to employ them, and at the meetings which carry on after July fewer dogs will be required.

There are about 60,000 greyhounds bred for employment on about 250 tracks, and at least a third of those tracks will vanish seven months hence! Those which remain will require fewer dogs. At the White City, for instance, after July we shall only be able to use 96 in the two weekly meetings of eight events each, or eighteen dogs fewer than usual. There will be the same situation at the other sixty licensed tracks throughout the country.

Keener competition

If the Government could have seen its way to have extended the number of permissible events to ten at each meeting, those extra two races would have enabled most of the tracks to maintain their kennel strength.

It is difficult to guess what other destiny can face the majority of these unwanted dogs except the lethal chamber. A racing greyhound is a delicate and expensive animal to keep. Even an average animal costs about £50 a year in board and attention.

The dog losses represent, naturally, a heavy financial loss to the owners. There are, for instance, 22,000 registered owners at present who have paid an average of £50 each for their dogs.

There will be a heavy slump in prices for all except first-class animals. The prices of these will correspondingly increase as the number of tracks decrease and because competition will be keener in order to attract crowds by providing the best animals and the best sport.

To go on with the apparently debit side of the immediate future, I foresee a fairly wild period of adjustment in the next seven months.

Some score of the tracks faced with extinction will be making strenuous efforts to make as much as possible while the going is good. Some will be running "wide open," cramming as many as twelve meetings into a week, with as many events as possible at each. There will be a final and violent outburst of all those undesirable factors which have crept into the sport during recent years.

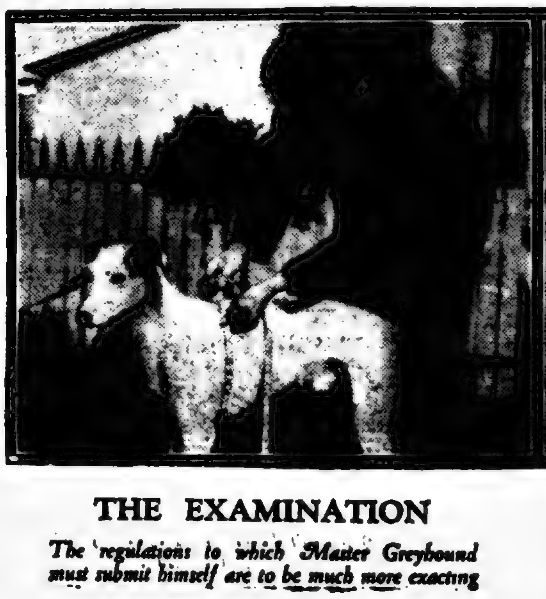
Those tracks whose operators derive their main profits by working in with bookmaking "rings" will have their last chance. The "vagabond" greyhound track which travels about the country here, there, and everywhere, dumping its tents and track machinery down in any vacant field and operating the hare from the engine of a stationary motor-car, will have its last fling.

Charity taboo

It might have been better if the date of operation of the new Act had been made earlier, and so have prevented this seven months' chaos.

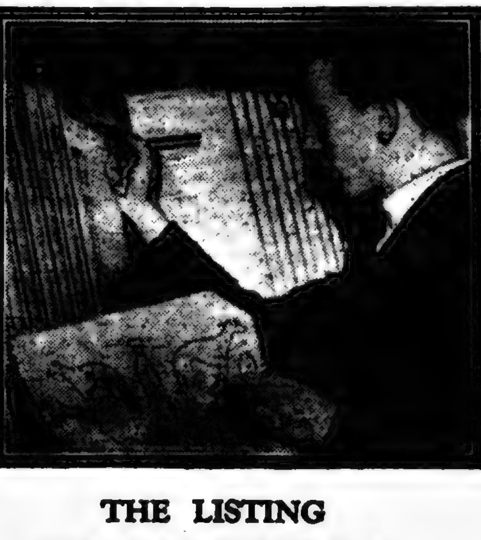
As it is, the only clause which immediately applies is that prohibiting persons under the age of eighteen from making bets or being employed in any way in the machinery of betting at greyhound tracks.

Another unfortunate consequence of the racing limitations imposed by the new Act is that charity meetings will becomo things of the past. The law allows no other meetings than the maximum two per week, which are, of course, merely enough to cover expenses and show a reason-



THE EXAMINATION

The regulations to which Master Greyhound must submit himself are to be much more exacting



THE LISTING

Greyhound Headquarters will be the canine equivalent of Somerset House

THE TRIAL

He'll have to put his best leg forward or he'll never race under the white lights

by Brig.-Gen. CRITCHLEY

C.M.G., D.S.O., M.P.

Managing-Director of the Greyhound Racing Association

able profit. It makes no provision for holding extra meetings under any circumstances.

Most track concerns have freely helped charitable causes, and the loss to the charities will be large, particularly since the number of those benefit meetings has been constantly growing.

Without blowing my own Association's trumpet in any way, I might state that this year alone, from midnight meetings, we raised £3,000, and besides benefiting hospitals we helped such causes as the Gresford pit disaster fund with over £1,500, and the Printers' Pension Fund with £1,000. Since we started greyhound racing, altogether we have raised over £30,000 for the hospitals. I mention these facts merely as an example which can be considerably added to by other track concerns throughout the country.

Many strange problems will face greyhound companies during the next few months because of the race limitation clauses in the new Act. Most of these will concern dry technicalities of finance and organisation, but I might mention one point which will be of particular interest to all followers of the sport.

There will have to be a big change in the arrangements for the annual greyhound "Derby." This event has always attracted enormous crowds, not only for the final but for many of the preceding heats, and it has drawn a constantly increasing number of entries.

In view of the limitations which come into force next July, it is estimated that it would take more than a month to run off the heats if they are to be sandwiched between events at each of the allowed meetings. That, of course, is an impossible arrangement. A dog is trained up to the point for each event, and it cannot be kept in tuned-up racing condition over a period of a month or more.

It is the public's presence, with betting facilities, which constitutes a meeting, and in that fact lies apparently our only way out of the problem in the best interests of the owners and the event.

We shall see, I think, all the once famous preliminaries of the greyhound Derby run off before empty stands with, at most, the presence of members of the Press. It will be hardly possible, I think, to admit the public because even with the "Tote" closed and no bookmakers officially present, it would be a difficult task to prevent betting, and so create an offence under the Act.

More speed!

One of our first problems is how to achieve some measure of co-ordination among those tracks which can hope to carry on. During the next seven months there will be many meetings and much tense negotiation between the many tracks to bring about this end.

In the interest of all of them, there must be closer working agreements than at present. One fact alone will drive that point home. The Act says that if all the tracks in a given area can agree on a close season during the winter months, then the local authorities are empowered to license racing on more than two days a week. Obviously, unless there is some agreement, there will be chaos here also. You will find some councils licensing meetings three days a week, because in that area the tracks have managed to agree about a close season, and prefer to use up their ration of 104 days' racing during the most profitable season, while a short distance away in another council's area there is racing only two days a week—for the opposite reason.

But if I have taken up a lot of space in discussing some of the problems and the snags, as it were, of the new Act, let me say at once that I could fill twice the space in describing the good changes which it will bring about.

I believe that in two years' time there will be barely thirty-five greyhound tracks in the entire country as against the 250 to-day. But the general standards of the sport will be immeasurably enhanced.

Competition will ensure that the maximum of sport will be given to each event. Strung-out fields will be uncommon, packed finishes will be common. The breeding and quality of greyhounds will enormously improve because only top-notchers will be required. The day of the slow greyhound, the rogue greyhound, is done.

Dogs will travel

I foresee the time, soon now, when provincial tracks will rank with the best that London has to offer in size, amenities, and sport. Many of the big open races carrying prize money of £1,000 and over will be run on provincial tracks instead of being run, as now, exclusively in London.

Instead of merely a few outstanding examples like Mick the Miller there will be hundreds of dogs whose names will be as nationally known as those of racehorses. Like horses, greyhounds will travel all over the country to different meetings.

Dog racing will never seriously challenge horse racing in size and scope and in the public favour. But it will be a far greater sport than it has been, permanently established and with standing and dignity.

There are two omissions in the Act to which I should like to draw final attention, because they each have some bearing on this desirable future I see for greyhound racing.

The first is that the law should have laid down minimum admission charges to all meetings, to make certain that tracks are not resorted to merely for gambling. Such a clause would prevent unscrupulous managers from giving away thousands of free tickets and so filling the grounds without concern for the quality of the racing provided.

It is such tactics as these which earned for greyhound racing such discreditable epithets as "animated roulette" and "open-air casinos."

One man by this method made over £50,000 net profit in one year. At his tracks, which operated twice a day, he was not concerned with either the racing or the turnstile receipts. He had complimentary tickets printed in tens of thousands and paid men to distribute them at football matches and elsewhere. His sole aim was to get men inside the grounds to bet. Then his income was assured, since he virtually controlled the betting.

The racing limitations will now check such profitable rackets, but an admission charge would have been even more effective.

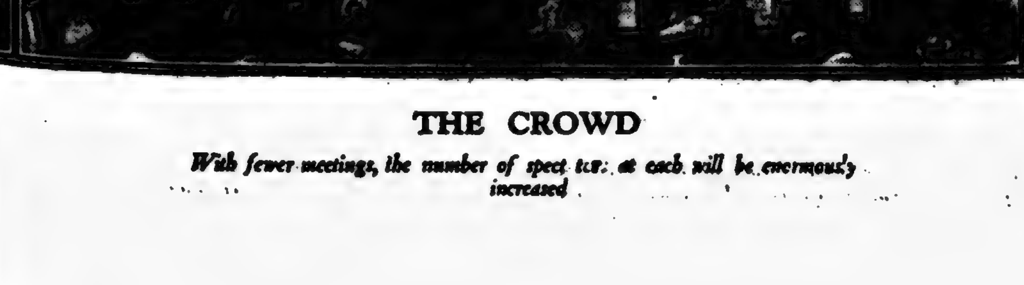
The last point is that a Greyhound Racecourse Betting Control Board should have been set up to act as a kind of Jockey Club for the sport. There would be plenty of room for such a body. It would be the proper and supreme arbiter on all matters connected with greyhound racing, and would take over perhaps such matters as adequate registration and identification of dogs. Besides that, it could speak for individual tracks in the inevitable disputes which will arise with outside bodies and have powers of conciliation and arbitration.

The best men

Such a Board is bound to be created sooner or later, but, after all, why could it not have been allowed for by the present Act? Why take two bites at the cherry?

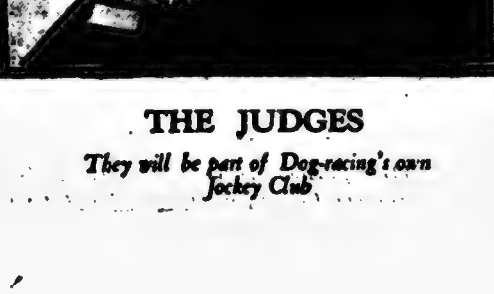
After all, too, why not have had a proper Betting Board, with powers to handle every kind of betting, including lotteries and sweepstakes? The present Government has covered itself with inglory on this gambling question, as every Government in the past. A Betting Board would have been more efficient than any Government measure, and it need not cost the country a penny. With funds raised by 1 per cent. levy on the Tote, they could get the best men in the country.

I would like to see these two desirable amendments made to the Act, but, even without them, all who have the best interests of the sport at heart must praise a measure which has at least given the sport a future—a future which we can now make secure and great.



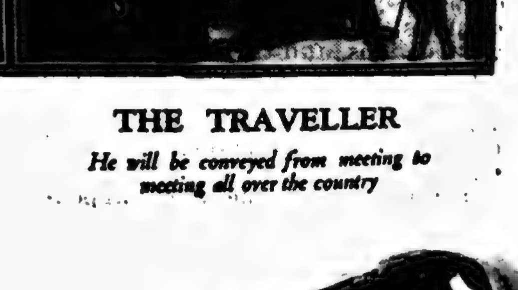
THE CROWD

With fewer meetings, the number of spectators at each will be enormously increased



THE JUDGES

They will be part of Dog-racing's own Jockey Club



THE TRAVELLER

He will be conveyed from meeting to meeting all over the country

Always at top of your form!

The surest way of building and keeping radiant health is to start every day with a delicious breakfast of nourishing Quaker Oats.

Cold breakfast foods and warm milk will not keep out cold and put health and energy in, like freshly-cooked Quaker Oats—served hot.

And how you'll enjoy the flavour—the natural, satisfying taste of the world's finest oats—creamy and delicious.

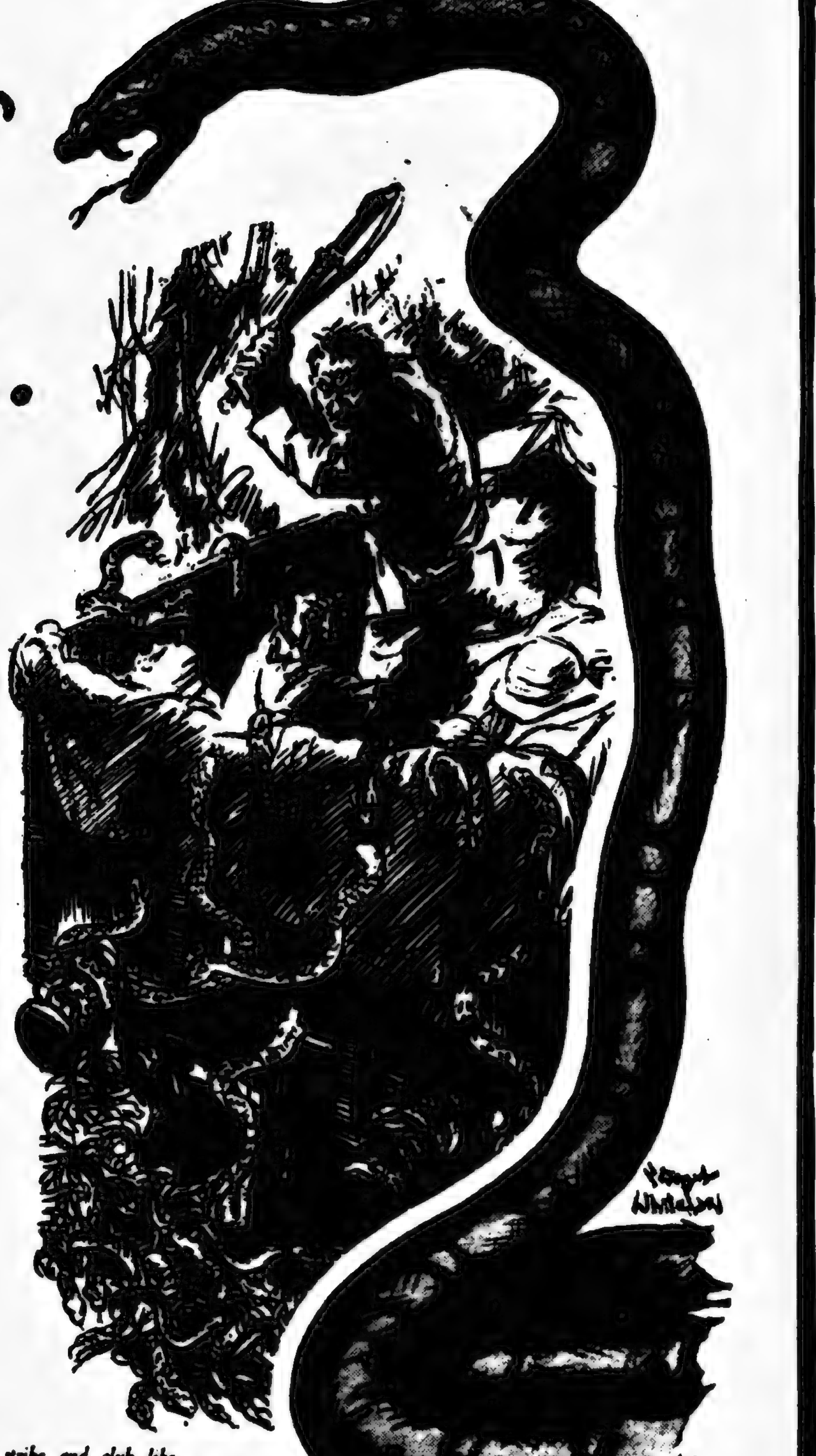
The absolute purity of Quaker Oats makes it completely digestible, promoting "regular habits" and providing ample nourishment without creating superfluous fat.

There's nothing so good so cheap—nothing so cheap so good as a Quaker Oats breakfast.

40
BREAKFASTS
FOR ONLY
8½d

In a SEA of Snakes..

JOHN BULL Readers' Stories 105



I had to strike and club like a machine, with Berker yelling and screaming and clinging to my legs

I WAS a soldier in the Royal Scots when this adventure happened. I had been sent out to Africa with a draft of fifty men—forty-three of whom were destined to die in the jungle.

It is of one gruesome experience of those nightmare days that I want to tell—the story of how we became unwilling spectators of that macabre phenomenon—a snake migration.

It was early in April, 1917, when our draft left the base camp near Mombasa, in East Africa, for a destination unknown; an objective somewhere in the vast wilderness of jungle and forest and swamp through which General Smuts had been chasing the Germans and their native Askaris.

We were mainly a party of discards from the fighting in France and Belgium, and very dubious of this land of black men and smells and mosquitoes and fevers and strange perils.

Our camp was a Hades, a place of intense, sweltering heat, polluted with insects and abounding in bad food and bad water. Most of us were sick a few days after our arrival and all were inoculated and dosed with a double ration of quinine.

Transportation was a problem in that vast country. Roads had to be cut through the almost impenetrable jungle, and the endless miles of track were laid with narrow-gauge rails; the trains consisting of decrepit, wood-burning engines and small open trucks which carried troops and supplies to the fighting forces away in the back of beyond.

Our train was two days late in arriving at the base. There was no set time for arrival or departure, and generally it was later than expected. Engine breakdowns were a daily occurrence and derailments were commonplace affairs.

The miniature trucks were covered with mosquito netting and just large enough to hold four men in each box. The seats that had been installed had been used for fuel, probably by the first passengers, as each trainload had to dismount at intervals and get firewood for the engine.

I was in the last truck, and had only one man with me, as no one wanted to be in that rear car. Slumped down under the netting, sticky with perspiration, weakened by sickness and heat, we were jolted and bumped and hustled away from our hateful camp and into the gloom of the great forest that lay beyond.

My mate, Berker, was a dark-faced taciturn fellow who had been badly wounded in the Ypres salient. He hated and feared Africa, and he cursed the powers that had sent him there. He had been a locomotive engineer in civilian life, but had been drafted into the infantry, and now had been forced to come with us.

* * *

His shell-shocked nerves made him brooding and bitter, and I saw that he was eyeing the wood-burner with distrust. "That blasted thing will blow up and leave us stranded," he said soon after we started.

Berker cursed the country bitterly and he hated Smoky, our crow-coloured engine driver, a greasy-looking individual who specialised in eating Boer tobacco and in running short of firewood. Berker feared the steaming jungle and he refused point-blank to take his turn with us in getting fuel for the rusty heap of iron that pulled the trucks.

Our greatest speed was about fifteen miles per hour, and we were days in the murk of great forests and jungles.

In the open the heat had been cruel, penetrating, blistering, and only our pith helmets saved us from sunstroke, but under the foliage it was different. There the air seemed close, suffocating. Between the rough grass of the first swamps we passed and at the edge of the forest there was no grading fringe; we passed directly from the merciless glare into a sort of green gloom that was resting to the eyes.

The silence was startling. In the swamps we had become accustomed to the innumerable murmurs of insect life, and it was as if we had entered a tunnel extending into a hushed world of unrealities. The tree trunks seemed carved columns supporting a roof of trellis work and flat, fleshy leaves as little alive as the painted foliage in a theatre.

After a few miles our eyes grew accustomed to the light, and we could discern, overhead, birds of different hue and plumage, gaudy, fantastic floaters, slipping back and forth in that maze of green, twisting, turning, wing-stretching. In the vast areas of thorny growth the sad, melancholy call of the hornbill was most disheartening.

We all hated those stops for fuel, hated getting out from under our tent-like mosquito nettings and venturing among the trees. It was a strange, gloomy place in which one gasped for air, and the soil was black and oozy and trodden with trails that seemed to wind in an aimless fashion, but their footprints filled us with vague terrors.

* * *

We watched continually the deeper shadows. In one sandy spot near a river bank we saw the spoor of lion, leopard, rhinoceros and the remains of a water buck.

Near it a buffalo had tramped about as if enraged at some happening. Beside the river edge wallowing hippopotami had made great pits.

At night the jungle awoke to fierce life. We kept our camp fires going, but Berker would never converse after the monkeys began to howl. Sometimes we saw the creatures in the day-time, their little hairy faces like old cocoanuts peering through the leaves.

The darkness would drop like a curtain at nightfall; there was no twilight. Then, often, we would see eyes, like pin-

(Continued on page 28)

Your skin will tell you —it's a DIFFERENT soap

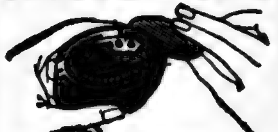
PEARS
NOW REDUCED TO 4½D A CAKE

Pears is different in many ways. It is a transparent soap—so pure that you can see through it. It is a matured soap—matured for many months until practically every trace of moisture is removed. But it is when you use Pears Original Transparent that you realize best why it has become the world's most famous soap. For you can feel its beneficial effects on your complexion at once—feel how it cleanses more thoroughly, and leaves the skin refreshed, toned up and more beautiful.

Many generations of lovely English women have proved the worth of that wonderful tonic action. Try a cake of Pears soap today and prove it for yourself.

Pears costs only 4½d. a cake now—and it lasts so long that it is the most economical of all good soaps.

ECONOMY NOTE



There is no waste with Pears Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to wafer thinness. The wafer, moistened, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake, and becomes part of it.

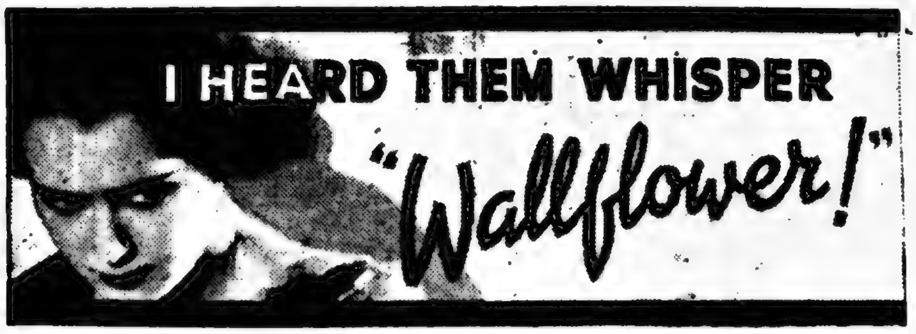
Pears

ORIGINAL

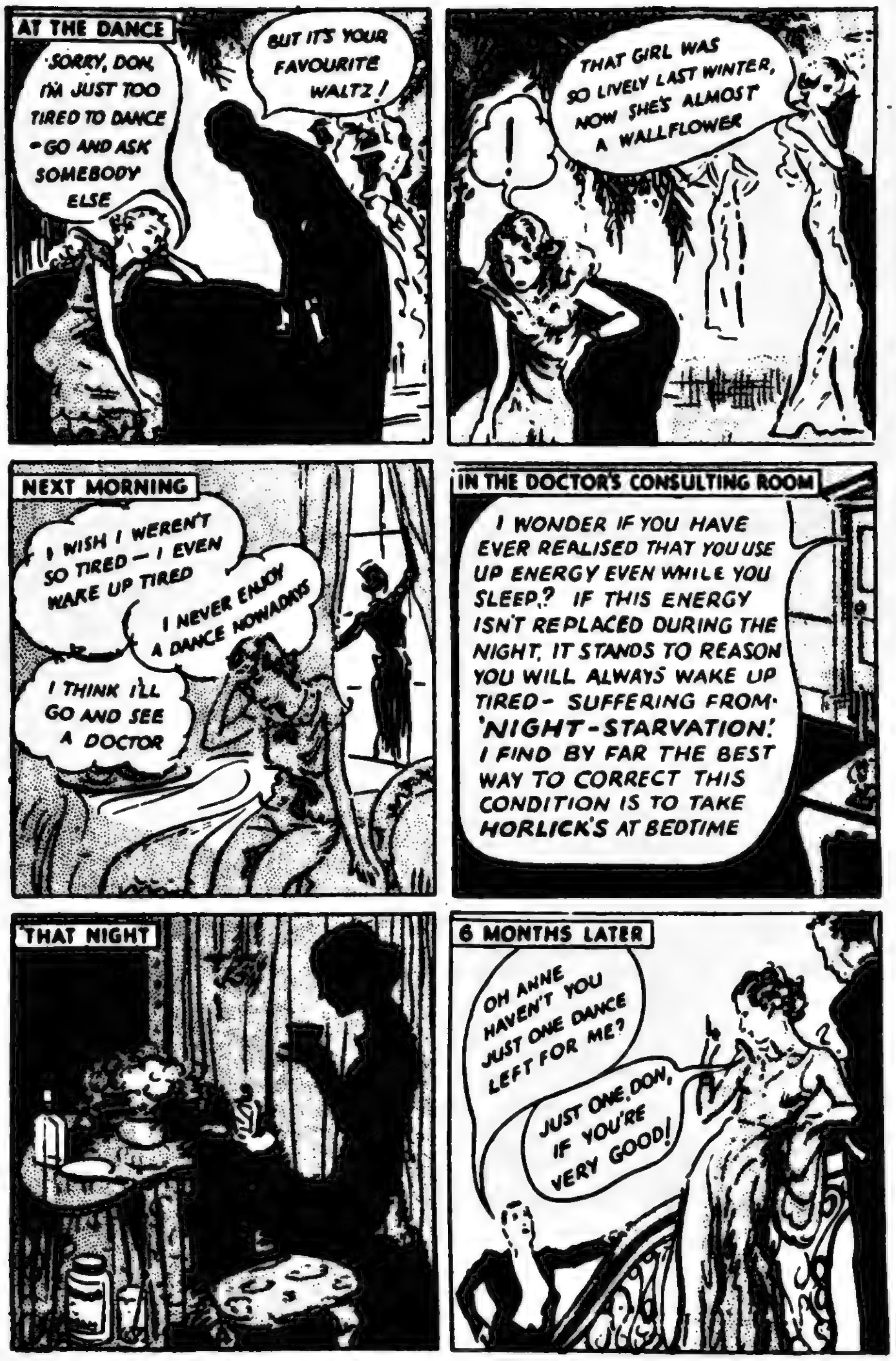
TRANSPARENT

TP/131/364

See what a wonderful lather you get from Jif FOR SHAVING Stick or Cream 6D



I HEARD THEM WHISPER "Wallflower!"


AT THE DANCE
SORRY, DON, I'M JUST TOO TIRED TO DANCE — GO AND ASK SOMEBODY ELSE
BUT IT'S YOUR FAVOURITE WALTZ!
!
THAT GIRL WAS SO LIVELY LAST WINTER, NOW SHE'S ALMOST A WALLFLOWER
NEXT MORNING
I WISH I WEREN'T SO TIRED — I EVEN WAKE UP TIRED
I NEVER ENJOY A DANCE NOWADAYS
I THINK I'LL GO AND SEE A DOCTOR
IN THE DOCTOR'S CONSULTING ROOM
I WONDER IF YOU HAVE EVER REALISED THAT YOU USE UP ENERGY EVEN WHILE YOU SLEEP? IF THIS ENERGY ISN'T REPLACED DURING THE NIGHT, IT STANDS TO REASON YOU WILL ALWAYS WAKE UP TIRED - SUFFERING FROM 'NIGHT-STARVATION.' I FIND BY FAR THE BEST WAY TO CORRECT THIS CONDITION IS TO TAKE HORLICK'S AT BEDTIME
THAT NIGHT
6 MONTHS LATER
OH ANNE HAVEN'T YOU JUST ONE DANCE LEFT FOR ME?
JUST ONE, DON, IF YOU'RE VERY GOOD!

So many people, like Miss Ward, wake so tired in the morning that they can't enjoy life. If only they knew it, their real trouble is "Night-Starvation." The energy they burn up during sleep is not being replaced. This leaves them with no vitality to face the day. Horlick's taken at bed-time restores energy as it is used up—guards against "Night-Starvation."

Horlick's has a fascinating flavour. It is economical, too, for no milk is needed—only water. Prices from 2/-. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 6d. and 1/-.

"Even my friends noticed..."

says Miss ANNE WARD, 79 *Coningham Road, London, W.12.*

'I've always had to work pretty hard — often having to stay late at the office," writes Miss Ward. "I didn't know what was the matter but I used to wake up in the morning feeling worn out, and in the evenings I felt too tired to enjoy going to dances or anywhere. It made me very depressed and worried till I found it was simply "Night-Starvation." After a few weeks on Horlick's even my friends noticed a difference in me, I got so full of pep. Nothing would make me miss my bedtime Horlick's now!"

HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

THIS MEANS YOU SLEEP SOUNDLY, WAKE REFRESHED AND HAVE EXTRA ENERGY ALL DAY

". . AND I'M THE PROUDEST MOTHER IN THE LAND — SINCE I CHANGED TO ROWNTREES'
see letter below from Mrs. Barry, 72 Seurab Street, E.1
YOU CAN'T LIVE ON AIR, KATHLEEN.. JUST FINISH UP THIS ONE PLATEFUL. DO!
POOR DIGESTION — THAT WAS MY JENNY'S TROUBLE! CHANGE HER TO ROWNTREE'S COCOA. IT HELPS DIGESTION AND MAKES YOUR FOOD DO YOU MORE GOOD...
TWO DAYS LATER
— AND NOW!
KATHLEEN IS AS FIT AS A FIDDLE NOW — CHANGING TO ROWNTREE'S HAS MADE ALL THE DIFFERENCE!

"I'm the proudest Mother in the land —"

writes Mrs. M. A. BARRY

"When I heard how doctors said that Rowntree's Cocoa made you get more goodness out of food by helping digestion, I thought I'd try it, and now I bless the day I did. Food goes further now in this house, and it's set the children up wonderfully. I'm the proudest mother in the land since we changed to Rowntree's Cocoa."

EXTRA NOURISHING — IT HELPS DIGESTION

Food goes further and does more good, when you drink this cocoa with it. Remember Rowntree's is extra-economical, too, for these 3 reasons — (1) Free gift coupons; (2) You use less . . . only half a teaspoonful; (3) Does *more* good by helping the digestion of other foods. Change to Rowntree's . . . today! NOW 5½d. per ¼-lb. tin, ½-lb. tin 10d. FREE gift coupons in every tin. Write to Rowntree & Co. Ltd., York, for Free Gift Booklet UB7 (which includes many children's gifts).

ROWNTREE'S COCOA ACTUALLY HELPS DIGESTION

In a SEA of SNAKES

— Continued from page 26

points of light, watching us from the nearest bush edge or trees.

By the end of the first week the entire party was suffering from thirst. We had entered the big game area and the drinking pools were few and far between. Stagnant swamps lined the track, and the men boiled dirty water and drank their fill as they lay in the cars and suffered from the suffocating heat. Several of them became sick.

Berker seemed to mind the heat more than I did. He kept seated in one corner, always fondling his rifle and watching the jungle. One morning, as the engine creaked and groaned around a curve in a small valley, Smoky blew the whistle.

We stood up and looked ahead. A full-grown lion stood on the track and disputed the right of way. Several soldiers fired at it hastily and the great beast bounded from sight, apparently unhurt. Berker swore and muttered to himself until noon.

All that day he would not talk to me and he seemed to be developing a fever. He tossed about at night and muttered in his sleep. In the morning we had barely started before he rose and peered over the side of the truck. I was watching him and I, too, sprang up, for his eyes had dilated and he was yelling like a madman.

The entire trainload came to life. Heads bobbed up from every truck and red-shot eyes stared at the most fearsome sight I have ever seen. We were in a sort of open with a low bank to the right, and that bank *was alive with snakes!*

It was a migration, we learned afterward, the snakes travelling a long distance without stopping; but to us it seemed that we were entering a district alive with reptiles.

There were little ones and big ones, all colours and sizes, turning, coiling, squirming, wriggling, gliding, twisting; snakes, snakes, snakes.

* * *

The sun reflected like a mirror on their slimy, coloured bodies. There were green ones and black ones, orange ones and striped ones, long, sinuous ones, short, ugly-headed, jerkily-moving ones.

A shot rang out, then another and another. In a split second every man was shooting at the wriggling mass. Here and there a larger snake thrashed the ground and entangled itself with its smaller kind, then, horror of horrors, the train ran on to them!

Berker yelled and yelled. He crouched below the side of the car, from sight of the snakes. Then his screams increased —*the train came to a standstill.*

Smoky was helpless. The engine wheels had killed so many of the reptiles that an oily mass was on the wheels and the rails, and the wheels simply spun round and slipped.

Every man fought to save his life. There was no shooting; all were clubbing their rifles, striking at the heads which rose at the truck sides.

* * *

The smaller snakes slipped under the cars, between the wheels, and were gone. The long black brutes, some of them twelve and fifteen feet in length, went round the engine or end of the train, evading us, but the others, the coloured ones, the glinting coppery kind and the orange-striped, came squirming up on the irons, and the six-footers would rear their heads up the truck sides.

I battered those vicious, evil-eyed heads without ceasing, struck them down, batted them down, for, being in the end truck and no one to help me, I had more than my share of the battle.

Berker had risen twice to look, once as a great thick-bellied monster was gliding around the end of the train, and now he was shaking and moaning with fright.

Suddenly a slim green snake shot up beside us as if propelled. I struck it fairly, but knocked it sideways, *into* the truck.

My heel was on its head before it could move, but its slender body lashed about and slashed Berker across the face!

Never had I heard such sounds from human lips as his screams. He would not stop, even after I had pitched the wriggling body overboard, but he flung himself at me and clutched me around the legs in a grip that almost tore me down, just as I faced two sinister heads at once at the fore-end of the truck.

The next few minutes are unforgettable. *The biggest of the snakes was passing and I had to strike and club like a machine, with Berker yelling and screaming and clinging to my legs.* Twice a big snake dropped over the truck side, its tongue darting, its head swaying, but I killed them both.

Fortunately for me Berker became sick. The snakes that the wheels had ground and those we had killed began to give a fearful stench that mingled with the loathsome odour of the live ones. A dozen men became similarly affected at once; nausea attacked me too, but I conquered it and kept the snakes clear.

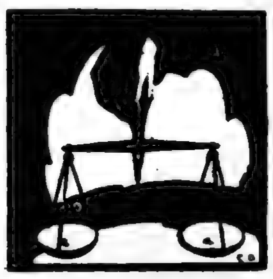
Then, finally, the last reptile had passed, and only the putrid air and the glistening bodies beside the track told us that it had been a reality and not some ghastly hallucination. Berker would not leave me and the men in the next truck had to come and help me bind him hand and foot. He was absolutely delirious—"snake-shocked."

After long waiting and a careful investigation, a few volunteers got out and shovelled earth on the rails, and shortly we were away from that vile spot.

But not as long as I live will I be able to erase from my memory that awful hour when I stood in the smothering heat, with a demented comrade clinging to my legs, and struck back long, slimy heads, ugly blunt heads, big-eyed heads, heads with flickering tongues, heads that wavered, heads that darted, heads that swayed and poised, and saw all around me big snakes and little ones, long ones and short ones, brown ones, black ones, green ones, moving, twisting, squirming; snakes, snakes, snakes.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Balancing Life



THE happiest people are those who have found a balance in life. It is not easy—probably it is not possible—to describe just what is meant by balance. Its meaning is bound to vary from person to person. What is balance to one is nothing of the sort to another.

The best we can do is to say that "balance" means ending every day with a feeling of satisfaction, a comfortable feeling that we have done our day's work well, that we have employed our leisure busily and happily, that we have really accomplished something and got on a bit further than we did yesterday.

You can, if you like, say that finding a balance in life means having a good time—but a "good time" doesn't mean racketing about in search of new excitements and new sensations. It doesn't mean "going wild."

Having a "good time" means living fully and intensively and purposely. It means satisfying yourself in all you do.

It means having fun and finding pleasure, not in one direction only, but in all directions. It means getting real pleasure out of work as well as out of play.

It can be done. Lots of people are doing it every day. They are the people who have realised that working all the time addles the brain, just as playing all the time addles the brain. They are the people who have learned to play at their work and work at their play—if you see the rather subtle difference.

To find a balance in life you must pitch into life head first and go at it with all your energy. You must be interested in everybody and everything. Whatever you do must be regarded as important and done well.

A tall order? Maybe! But try to do some of it and see how much happier you are!

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

Harry

Tired of Trying

HARRY, who looks a very lovable little rascal in his photo, is now ill in bed with bronchitis. His mother is in sore grief for her husband, who has just died from a painful form of T.B., and she is left with five children. The eldest is a little girl aged twelve, and the others boys, aged nine, six, four and two years old.

She says in her sad letter telling us of her husband's death: "He was a soldier and did his bit, and it's hard to think I have had to lose him."

Harry's dad joined the Army in July, 1913, and was discharged six years ago. He received many slight wounds, and his wife attributes his sufferings before his death to the war. He received no pension, and whilst he was in the sanatorium ten shillings a week was deducted from her "relief," leaving her with twenty-six and sixpence on which to keep herself and the five kiddies and pay 9s. 4d. rent.

She was then visiting her husband twice a week and having to pay 4s. a week for coal, as Harry had to be kept warm. Her rent could not be met, and is now about £5 in arrears. The kiddies, too, need boots and clothing.

"I get tired of trying," says Harry's mother; "my circumstances are very poor and we are much in need of help."

The doctor tells us that Harry's mother is very industrious, and cared for her invalid husband and the children very well.

Her vicar writes: "In my opinion the case is a worthy one, and you will be doing a splendid service if you can invoke any help, which is sorely needed."

We place this widow of an ex-Service man, with her daughter and four little boys, in our readers' helpful hands, asking them to dig deeply into their pockets and send donations generously, earmarked "Harry."

These, and subscriptions intended for the general fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

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She made me look old"

"I thought I'd always look TIRED *Then I discovered this wonderful tip"*

"Ever since we were married I've had to do nearly all the housework myself. I even do nearly all our washing at home. Last winter, what with all the housework, I got tired out and run-down. And my looks showed it . . .

"I soon found even your husband isn't interested in you if you're tired. Thank goodness my friend Alice gave me this tip.

"The same age as me, she simply had the men at her feet. She made me look old and unattractive . . . Being married and having two children hadn't taken away a scrap of *her* sparkle and 'go.'

Alice's secret . . .

"She noticed how worn-out I looked. Then she told me how run-down she had been, after her illness. 'But doctor put me on Hall's Wine straightaway,' Alice said, 'to get back my strength. Now I never get tired out even after the hardest day. That's my secret . . .'

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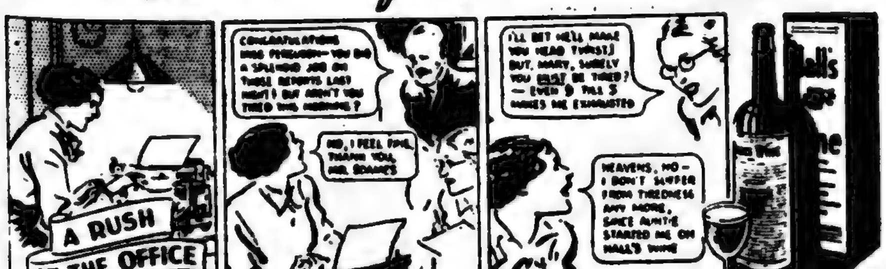
How different things are for this girl—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NO, I FEEL FINE, THANK YOU, MR. SOAMES
I'LL BET HE'LL MAKE YOU HEAD TYPIST! BUT, MARY, SURELY YOU MUST BE TIRED? — EVEN 9 TILL 5 MAKES ME EXHAUSTED
HEAVENS, NO — I DON'T SUFFER FROM TIREDNESS ANY MORE, SINCE AUNTIE STARTED ME ON HALL'S WINE
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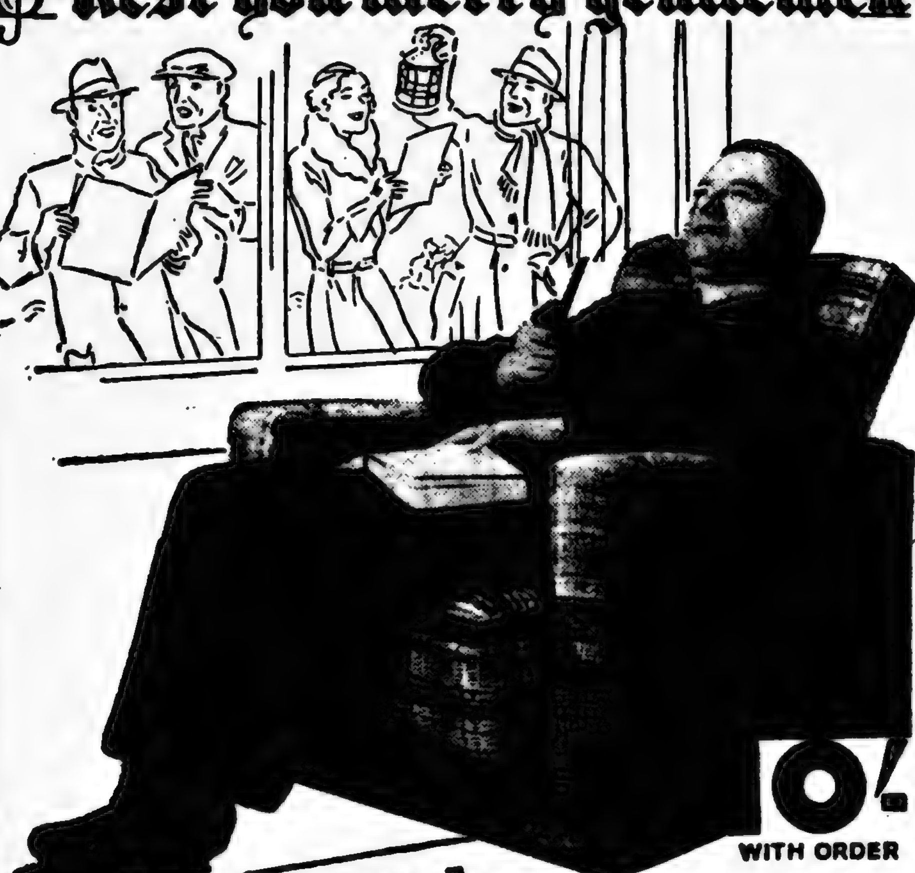

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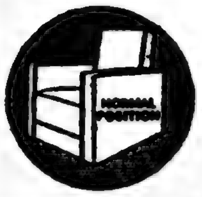

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The wife who objects to—

Playing Cards for Money

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

probed by

PHILIP INMAN

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THERE is nothing more tantalising in life than to come up against a human weathercock. The person I mean changes his mind with every wind of opinion that blows. Devoid of every principle, he will say and do anything to suit the whim of the hour. It is impossible to have any respect for a fellow of that sort.

In refreshing contrast is the man with a will of his own. He believes a thing to be right and nothing will shake him from it. He may suffer calumny, injustice, even hardship, but to him "right is right and wrong is no man's right." His life is based upon principle, not expediency.

Here is one Problem of Principle which has been sent to me by a young married woman:

"During the winter evenings my husband and I usually have one night during the week when my sister and her fiancé or my hubby's sister and her husband visit us, and on these occasions we usually have a game of cards. Although we play for very low stakes, and the losses and winnings are therefore very small, I don't like it.

"When our visitors have gone, I have remonstrated with my husband, but he calls me a spoil-sport. The fact is—and I have been perfectly frank about it—that I am a poor loser, and if I win I feel uncomfortable and would rather return the money to the losers.

"Although this has been going on for two seasons, and I have tried my very best to overcome it, I still can't bring myself to be like my husband, an exceptionally good loser. I would much prefer to be out of it, and just sit and read while they play, but I have to join in.

"My husband and I are exceedingly happy, and the only arguments we have are on this score, which he says is behaving foolishly, as there is always more interest when there are stakes to play for, however small."

NOW, in married life there must sometimes be differences of opinion. Two people can seldom be expected to have identical likes and dislikes. But, as I have so often pointed out, every successful marriage is based upon the maxim—"Give and Take."

There are some who may feel that my correspondent is making a mountain out of a molehill. They would say that she ought to give in to her husband on a matter of this kind.

Let me remind such folk that, although it has gone very much against the grain, she has already done so for two seasons. In honesty to herself she cannot "show love for the thing she positively hates." What, then, will happen if her husband persists? Well, it has already led to arguments. The trouble must be stopped before it results in more serious consequences.

If I were in this wife's place, here is the line I would adopt: I would say to my husband in quite a kindly and tactful way, "I cannot bring myself to play cards for money, however small the stakes. It may sound stupid and spoil-sportish on my side, but you would, I know, rather that I should be frank and honest about the whole position. You would surely prefer that I should be happy than miserable. I will do anything else you like and join with you in any other pursuit, but from this one thing I asked to be excused."

I contend that is not an unreasonable attitude to adopt. And, after all, in these days there are so many ways in which a pleasant evening can be spent. I hope that the husband of my correspondent will respect her point of view, even if he can't appreciate it, and that as a result the tiny "rift in the lute" will disappear.

Then I have in front of me a letter in which the principle of Sunday trading is involved. This is what it says:

"WE have a small general shop in a new district, and are finding it hard to make a living, although my husband is a hard-working, energetic man and a good salesman. One of our difficulties is due to the fact that he is a Methodist local preacher, so does not believe in Sunday trading.

"The other shops in the district either open on Sundays or sell at the back-door. This has lost us a lot of custom, as the local people say, 'We shall take our money in the week to where they will oblige us on Sundays.' And they carry out the threat in spite of knowing that it is a matter of principle with us.

"What are we to do? We cannot give up our religion, and yet we must earn a living. I may add that my husband is nearly forty-three years old."

☆ ☆ ☆

What this country and the world needs to-day is far more men of this calibre. There are too many folk who place pocket before principle. And life is infinitely poorer as a result. I should have thought that there were people in that neighbourhood who would appreciate this man's character and give him their custom. But apparently that is not the case. And, as his wife says, they have got to live. What, then, can be done?

I take it for granted that their shop is clean and attractive, and that the prices they charge will compare favourably with other tradesmen. That being so, there are only two things which can be done.

The first is to secure patronage from those who share his views and ideals. Surely the people amongst whom he works as a local preacher will give him their custom? He would be quite justified, in my opinion, in bringing the facts to their notice.

That is a practical way by which they could continue their business. If, for any reason, that is not feasible, then some other method must be adopted. Is it possible for him to dispose of his shop and take a new one in a different locality? There are still many places where Sunday trading is not the practice, and he would therefore be on the same footing as other shopkeepers.

Should both these suggestions fail, then another idea occurs to me. My correspondent tells me that her husband is a good salesman. Can he not find a position, say, as a commercial traveller, where these gifts of his could be utilised and where he would simply be employed during six days of the week?

The old proverb says, "Where there's a will there's a way." This man, by his attitude, has shown the strength of his will. I believe in one of the directions I have mentioned he will find a way.

And here is another problem where a principle is involved:

"Here I am," says my correspondent, "a young man of twenty-four. Four years ago everything was flourishing with me. I was employed by a firm of electrical engineers, and I was engaged to a splendid girl, whom a little later I married. Then came the blow.

"Suddenly and without warning my firm shut up shop, and at the age of twenty-one I found myself unemployed. After a long period of hardship and difficulty, at last I found a job, but from the beginning in my new place things did not go right. All sorts of obstacles seemed to be put in my path. As an electrician I had to attend to the main switches. But I discovered that somebody else was tampering with them. Then I found that various materials, such as wire and globes, disappeared, and, of course, I was expected to account for them.

"Then I was let into the secret. One of my workmates told me that if I wanted to keep my job I must look after the chief engineer. 'Looking after,' I discovered, meant giving him presents and treating him at the local public-house. As a total abstainer I refused to go against my principles, and I have now lost my job. I am absolutely downhearted to think that my work counts for nothing unless backed up by bribes and booze."

WHAT steps should this young man take? I suppose he has no definite proof of the accusations he makes? He says, "One of his workmates told him." That is merely hearsay evidence. But it appears likely that others must have suffered in the same way. If that is so, is it not possible for all who have been victimised to get together and make a united protest?

It seems to me that it would be useless for him to do so alone. The chief engineer could always make the excuse that he had dismissed my correspondent on other grounds. But he could scarcely say that if others confirmed that they had received similar treatment.

I am sure that the head of the firm would not allow such practices to continue. No successful establishment can be built up on "bribes and booze," for the quality of work very largely depends on the character of the workmen.

If, however, it is not possible to act on this advice, then this young man can only look for another job. I know, in these days, that this must sound like cold comfort, but he is not the only one who has suffered for his principles. And though a clear conscience does not bring in a livelihood, it is a prize that is well worth preserving. I can only hope that some firm will employ this young man. He deserves it.

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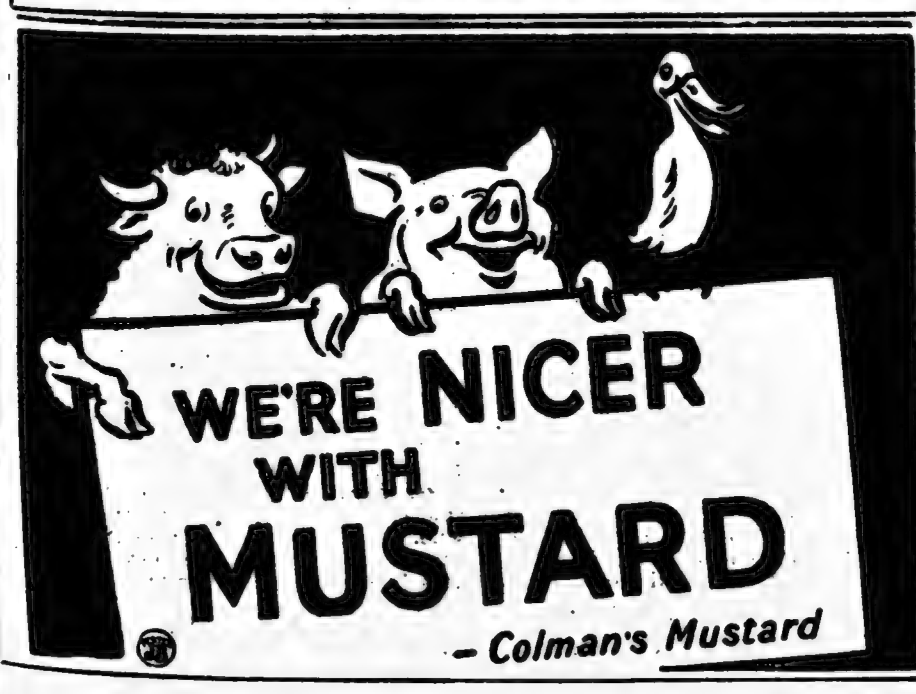

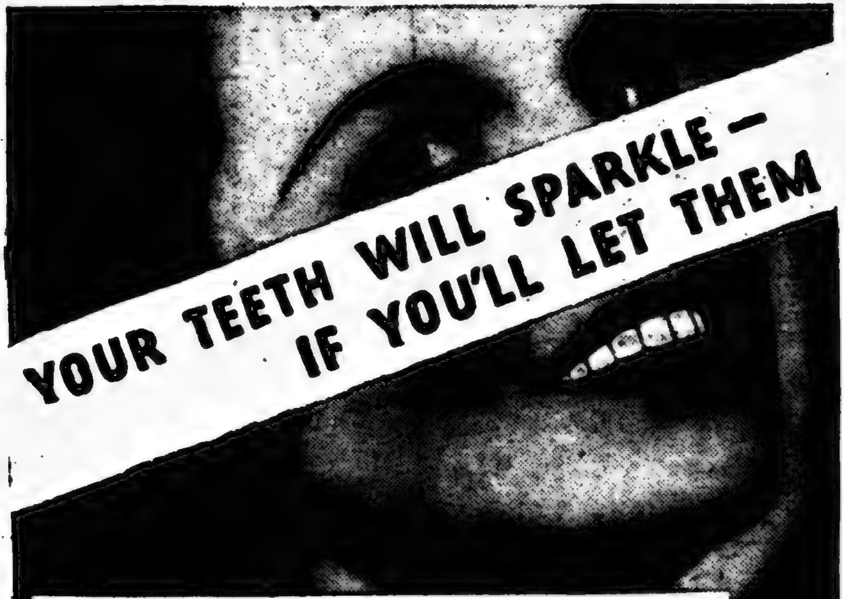
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Fifty million pounds were spent on its construction and the frequency standardisation of fifty cycles: over 400 unnecessary power stations are being closed down: concentrated supply with a minimum of waste is being achieved.

The Grid is more than an impressive masterpiece of engineering. It was not built for show. Its 4,000 miles of cables and its 26,000 pylons were not erected just for the fun of boiling a Yarmouth tea-kettle from a London dynamo. The Grid—a culmination of twenty years' thought—has come into being for the purpose of giving the people of this country cheap electricity.

And the Grid has done its part: so much so that for ten years it is not allowed to show a profit in order to make electricity so cheap that everyone can afford it.

The Grid is now supplying electricity to authorised distributors at from .35 to .4 of a penny—at a little more than a farthing to a little under a halfpenny—per unit. It is not *going* to do it: it is doing it. It has been doing it in some areas for nearly two years.

What is the result—*to the public?*

Take two adjoining London boroughs, Fulham and Chelsea, for example. Fulham, supplied by its Borough Council, pays 3d. per unit for light and ½d. per unit for heating and cooking with a minimum of 150 units. Chelsea, supplied by a company, pays 5d. per unit for light and 1½d. per unit for heating and cooking.

Mysteries . . .

Possibly the new merger of six big London electric supply companies will in due course remove such discrepancies in the Metropolis.

Meanwhile the case quoted will serve as an instance of what is happening all over Britain.

There are now about 700 such distributing concerns in this country. Nearly all of them have separate rates for lighting and heating and cooking: many of them have a further rate for water heating: the majority also offer a "flat rate," so that, by paying an annual fixed charge, it is possible for the consumer to pay a reduced price for all units used.

As power is supplied to nearly all these concerns by the Grid at a more or less equal price, and as, presumably, one method of fixing the "flat rate" is as good as another, there should be very little difference in the rates.

But no such state of affairs exists. Between them the distributors have about a score of different methods for determining the "flat rate." Some base it upon a percentage of the rateable value of the house (anything from 10 per cent. to 25 per cent.), others upon the floor area, others a percentage of the rental, still others upon the total candlepower of the lamps used: so much per room: so much per lighting point.

And, of course, the price per room, point, square foot, or whatever it is, varies from district to district: even as the price of the unit itself is rarely the same in adjacent districts, towns or, in some cases even, *opposite sides of a road.* Why?

With electricity available at a standard price the only variance in costs to consumers should depend upon the costs of re-transmission.

A glance at the following list of recent figures will give a fairly true picture of the position all over England:

Town.	Company or Corporation.	Light. d.	Heat and Cooking. d.
Newmarket ...	Co. ...	10	6
Bury St. Edmunds	Corp. ...	5½	2
Macclesfield ...	Co. ...	5½	2½
Stockport ...	Corp. ...	4½	1½
Shoreham ...	Co. ...	7	3½
Worthing ...	Corp. ...	5½	1
Lytham St. Annes	— ...	6	1
Preston	Corp. ...	4¾	1½
Dundee	Corp. ...	4½	(or 2s. per quarter for each 100 sq. ft., then all units at ½d.)
Perth	Corp. ...	2½	¾

Now, in the past, when distributors were generating their own supplies—many of them under conditions far from ideal on account of erratic loads and partially idle machinery—one could understand certain discrepancies in price.

But to-day all their electricity is generated for them and handed over by the Grid—on tap at the ends of their cables—to pass on to the consumers.

In some cases, even when their own plants are amongst those selected to feed the Grid, *their output is, theoretically, bought, pooled with other supplies, and handed back to them—at .35 to .4 of a penny per unit.*

Admittedly, every borough council or company has a vast, and in some cases expensive, network of wiring to maintain, also a personnel. But they all had that before.

Where, then, is that difference in price going?

The Grid prices are controlled. Why is there no control over the distributors' charges?

Presumably the only check on price is the fear of making electricity too dear to buy.

A good start

There is no getting away from the fact that every concern is now in a position to sell cheaper electricity—unless it has been selling at a loss before. And we can assume with safety that councils, operating on ratepayers' money, do not run at a loss. Similarly, we know that a company, with what is virtually a monopoly, would do no such foolish thing.

Before the Grid came into operation the discrepancies in price were outstanding. Now that certain up-to-date, go-ahead distributing concerns have taken advantage of the reduced costs, and reduced their rates, the differences are shown up more than ever.

As proof of what can be done, the London County Council and other housing undertakings are finding it not only possible, but profitable, to wire each little tenement flat on the all-electric principle—light, kettle, iron, two-kilowatt fire, ten-gallon wash-boiler, cooker with grill, oven and two hot plates—including meter rent, from 1s. per week and electricity at ½d. per unit.

The Grid is carrying cheap electricity to everybody, So why doesn't everybody get cheap electricity?

Another example by which other undertakings may profit is that of Sheffield, whose new tariff has considerably reduced power charges—the running charge for domestic consumers, for instance, having fallen from the already low figure of ½d. to ¼d. per unit.

The Grid tariff has a sound basis. It is the result of mass production. Its further success will depend upon increased demand.

Expecting too much

Electric light is more expensive than electric power, because electric lamps keep expensive machinery running during the hours when the power demand is low—in off-load periods. Water-heating current is cheap—or should be—because extra loads are desirable at night, for the hours when the machinery is running unprofitably.

The ideal—an all-electric England—would mean that the 700 distributors were all demanding from the Grid a more or less even load over a twenty-four-hour period.

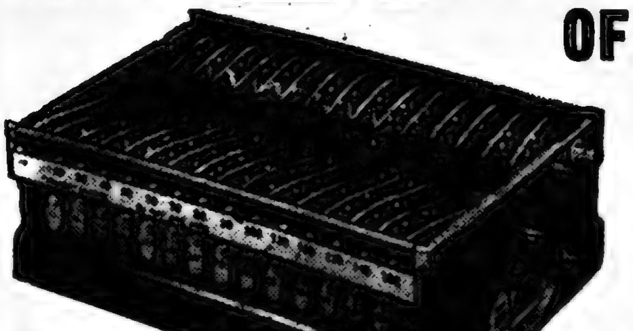
Under such conditions all generating machinery would be running to capacity with no waste.

Every new consumer, every increase in consumption, is a step nearer to cheaper electricity for everybody.

The cheap electricity from the Grid was meant to benefit the consumer—not the middleman. And it is through the co-operation of the consumers that the Grid will eventually fulfil its national aim. The consumers must be allowed to co-operate. *They cannot be expected to co-operate while being overcharged.*

The Grid has been in general operation for nearly a year now. What are the distributors doing?

HERE'S 20 YEARS' SUPPLY OF H.T. !



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GREAT NEWS FOR BATTERY SET OWNERS

NEVER RUNS DOWN

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SAVES ITS COST IN A YEAR OR SO

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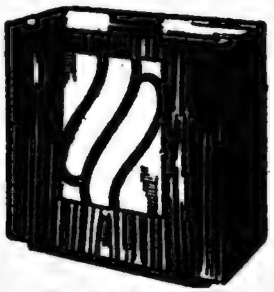
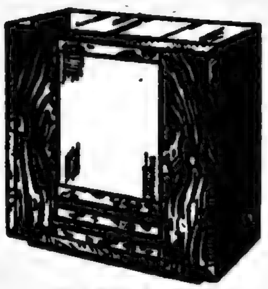
MILNES H.T. SUPPLY UNIT

Greatly improves tone, volume and range of all battery sets. Fitted in a few minutes in place of dry battery. Recharges automatically from L.T. accumulator and keeps itself constantly at full voltage. Just turn the switch, that's all. No replacements. No carrying to charge. No mains needed. No sulphation or corrosion. Cannot be harmed by dead-shorting. Not a lead-acid accumulator. Not a Leclanche battery. A nickel-cadmium, indestructible accumulator and the perfect solution for all H.T. problems. Ask your radio dealer to demonstrate it on your own set, or post the coupon to-day for big FREE illustrated book.



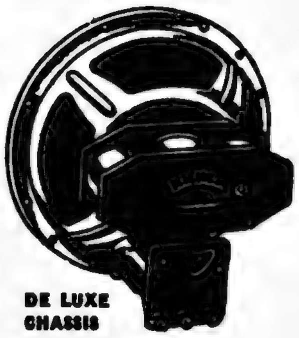
STANDARD CABINET



DE LUXE CABINET

MILNES UNIVERSAL PM. MC. SPEAKER

FOR TRUE - TONE REPRODUCTION ON ALL SETS



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A remarkably fine moving coil speaker and all that could be desired for domestic use. Gives all the volume required for any home. Expensive speakers of three times its cost would prove no more satisfying under normal domestic conditions. Works well with ½ watt input and will handle up to 5 watts with ease. Its extremely wide and well-balanced response range makes twin speakers a needless luxury. Universal Transformer gives perfect matching to any output valve or set. Standard Chassis 32/6. De Luxe Chassis 42/6. Standard Cabinet 47/6. De Luxe Cabinet 67/6. Hire Purchase terms from 3/8 monthly.

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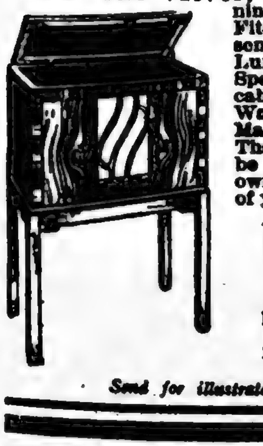
THE FINEST BATTERY-SET EVER MADE!

MILNES 5-VALVE BATTERY SUPER HET

Brings in practically every European station. The sharpest, simplest tuning ever. Five valves, eight stages, nine tuned circuits. Fitted with super-sensitive Milnes De Luxe Moving Coil Speaker. Handsome cabinet in Figured Walnut and Macassar Ebony. The set you will be content to own for the rest of your life.



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MILNES RADIO CO., LTD., CHURCH STREET,
BINGLEY, YORKS.

Please send Free particulars of Milnes Unit/Milnes Super Het/Milnes PM. MC. Speakers. No obligation.

Name ....

Street ....

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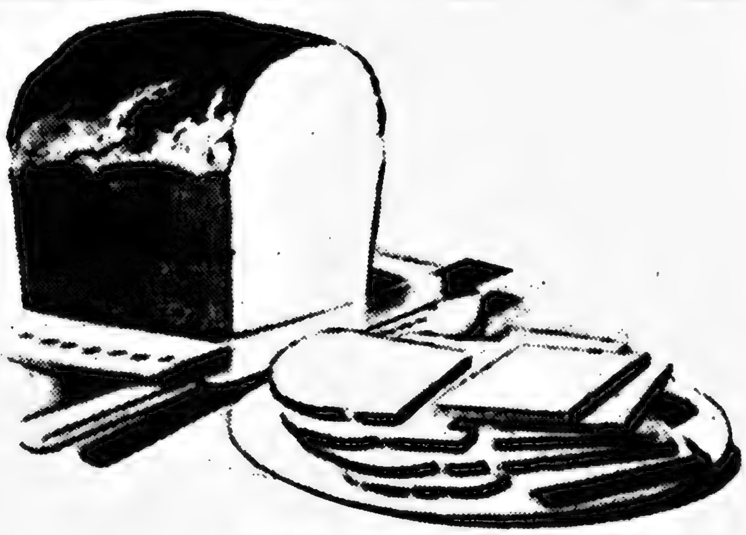
PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Stick Coupon to flap of Envelope to prevent loss

Keir Dawson—Bradford



You get more nourishment from a slice of BREAD than from any other food at an equal cost. Think of this at meal-times–particularly at breakfast. Toasted, BREAD is as delicious as any cooked cereal–and *much cheaper*. It tastes good, does you good and saves you money.

Eat an *extra* slice of

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at every meal

ISSUED BY THE MILLERS MUTUAL ASSOCIATION

C.F.H. 103

Stop that COUGH with

VENOS

BRAND

Lightning COUGH CURE

Every man or woman who has a Cough or suffers from Asthma, Bronchitis, 'Flu Symptoms, etc., is invited to accept a 2-DAY TEST of Venos *Lightning* Cough Cure. Obtain a bottle at once and take as directed for 2 days. If the results are not ENTIRELY SATISFACTORY, return the empty carton to the Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester and your money will be refunded without the slightest hesitation. From all chemists.

11½d. & 1/3 LARGE FAMILY SIZE 3/-

Why *My* Skin NEVER SHINES

Let the rain fall, let the wind blow, I never worry. I know that the Mousse of Cream in Poudre Tokalon makes it stay on in all kinds of weather. My own skin is greasy, yet Poudre Tokalon clings four times as long as ordinary powder. It is not affected by perspiration. Prevents enlarged pores.

No matter what you do, Poudre Tokalon is the one face powder that will give you a marvellously beautiful natural complexion, day or night, absolutely without shine. 6d. and 1/- a box.

Kay reveals a Beauty Secret
I'M TERRIFIED OF CATCHING THE THREADS OF THESE STOCKINGS—MY HANDS GET SO ROUGH IN WINTER. I DO ENVY YOURS, KAY. THEY'RE AS SMOOTH AS SILK.
BUT ENID, DEAR, THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NO REASON WHY YOUR HANDS SHOULD BE ROUGH. I CAN SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE THEM SMOOTH— IF YOU LIKE.
OH KAY. YOU'RE AN ANGEL.
OH BUT KAY, DOES IT COST A LOT?
ALMOST NOTHING! "VASELINE" PETROLEUM JELLY! A 4½d JAR LASTS FOR MONTHS. YOU ONLY RUB IN A LITTLE EVERY NIGHT AT BEDTIME.
NEXT WEEK . . .
LOOK, KAY, I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE THE DIFFERENCE "VASELINE" JELLY CAN MAKE TO ONE'S HANDS. JUST LOOK AT MINE NOW. REALLY SMOOTH— WHITER TOO.

Trade **Vaseline** Mark
Petroleum Jelly

"Vaseline" Jelly also shuts out infection from cuts, burns and abrasions. Doctors agree it is a perfect protection. Apply it after cleansing the injury. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Rd., Willesden, London, N.W.10.

This MAN upset the WORLD—

Tom Mooney says "Good-bye" to his wife at the gates of the jail after his final trial.

"TOM MOONEY may be released before many weeks have passed. . . ."

To many British people this message from America may mean little. So short is public memory and so far away San Francisco Penitentiary, in which he has languished for eighteen years for a crime which he is said never to have committed, that it is excusable for them to ask: "Who is Tom Mooney?"

Forgotten, for the most part, are the demonstrations in British streets, the scattering of pamphlets from the gallery of our House of Commons, the wordy battles fought over such side-issues as whether the imprisoned man's aged mother should be admitted to this country or not, the hundreds of meetings all over the kingdom, and all the other manifestations on British soil of a world-wide fight for one man's liberty that is without precedent in history.

Over the civilised world as a whole no fewer than 15,000 protest meetings have been held and £300,000 subscribed and spent to secure Tom Mooney's freedom. There have been outbursts in twenty-three different Parliaments, strikes in thirty-one different countries.

And yet the opening of the prison gates for Tom Mooney will have a sad significance for him.

He will look in vain for the aged mother who organised all this, who kept a Tom Mooney Release Headquarters open in San Francisco all through eighteen years, and who gave her every waking hour so that she might see her son a free man once again.

"Lion Hearted Mary," as they called her everywhere, died two months ago, and although her body was carried to the gates of the jail, her son was unable to see it.

Think what you will of the guilt or innocence of Tom Mooney, hold what view you like as to whether or not the obstinacy of this old woman merely served to stiffen the resistance of the authorities, there is no doubt she has proved a mother in ten million.

She shrieked, "Oh, Tom; my poor Tom!" as any other mother would, when he was sentenced to death early in 1917 on the allegation that he threw a dynamite-bomb at San Francisco's "Preparedness Day" procession in June of the previous year, killing ten people and injuring forty. But in that moment of collapse she became a woman of action.

Fighting at the time

The next day she addressed five huge protest meetings. She kept that up for month after month.

She made herself a rallying post for the whole working population of America, which threatened a general strike just when a nation that had plunged headlong into the world-war needed their best endeavours. And so she drove President Wilson to write to the Governor of California suggesting that Mooney's sentence should be suspended pending his retrial on less important indictments.

But the authorities moved first. They commuted the sentence to imprisonment for life, and so cooled down the national fever.

But they didn't cool Mary Mooney, then approaching her seventieth year.

Soon she had prepared a complete "explanation"—it was an explanation to her own mind, at least—of how the bomb had been thrown by German agents. Her story was backed by scores of witnesses. It named national figures in Germany as having been behind the scenes of the conspiracy. A leading Chicago detective said of her that she crowded more brilliant detective work into a month than a paid "sleuth" carried out in a lifetime.

Next she started a probe into the private lives of the seventy people who had given evidence against her son, utterly discrediting more than fifty of them, and getting signed recantations from the only three people who had said they had seen her boy at the point where the bomb was thrown—a prostitute, the prostitute's mother and a tramp respectively.

She appeared in fifty-nine cities over the whole face of the American Continent in four and a half months, fighting, fighting all the time.

Then she staggered all America by producing statements from nine of the ten jurors who still survived, and the High Court judge himself, Judge A. Griffin, to the effect that they now believed Tom innocent. And when Griffin was asked whether he really believed Mooney to be innocent, he said: "Certainly I do. I'm not going to be a Pontius Pilate."

When the State of California decided to do nothing in face of all that, Mrs. Mooney organised a complete boycott on the part of America's working-men athletes of the Olympic Games held in California. They held "Tom Mooney street runs" instead. They are still held. They might go on to keep alive his name long after his trial has been forgotten.

Five Governors of California in turn Mrs. Mooney pestered with her attentions. All the time she walked about the country sashed in a red-and-white banner emblazoned "My Son is Innocent." Every few months she turned up at the White House. Armies of women, frenzied more by the mother-love she showed than by any political beliefs, moved more by their own human instincts than anything they knew of the case, were charged by the police.

England said "No!"

One day she was disguised, moving about the underworld of Sacramento to find out what she could against the character of a witness at the trial. The next day she was walking the hundred miles to San Francisco, the focus of all eyes, on foot.

She tried to visit every civilised country in turn; and did, indeed, secure admission to quite a dozen, Germany and France among them. Twice she was refused permission to land in England, and stormy scenes in our House of Commons resulted.

Three years ago, a bent old woman of eighty or more, she got her way. She addressed many meetings here in defence of her son. Triumph seemed very near to her, once—all due to enlisting the aid of Mayor Walker of New York, who is now living in retirement in this country.

When Mayor Walker decided to help her get a new trial for her son, he did it in true Mayor Walker style. He travelled the three thousand miles to San Francisco at such speed that it became noteworthy if only for the hustle of it alone. The last few miles to the Governor's residence he did in a Black Maria, surrounded by policemen who fired revolvers in the air.

Mayor Walker's political opponents accused him of exploiting for political purposes the grief of this poor old woman. But in any case his showmanship brought about the desired result, and her gratitude towards him ever after knew no bounds.

She had to make one last appearance before the Republican Convention at Chicago before the retrial could be ordered. She was waiting to be taken through the streets to the meeting-place when she was struck blind!

She fell on her knees and prayed: "Oh, God, give me back my sight, so that I can make my last effort for Tom."

Doctors who were rushed to her side to examine her said it was only a temporary seizure, caused by excitement, and so it proved. Within a few weeks her sight was restored, and by then she knew that her son was to have another trial.

It was an extraordinary trial, with the District Attorney, Mr. Brady, and his assistant, Mr. Murphy, saying that a new prosecutor would have to be found as they both believed in the innocence of Tom Mooney.

And so a new prosecution was chosen.

The result of the trial was an acquittal. Tom Mooney was found not guilty. His mother collapsed in a storm of tears. The crowd outside went mad with delight, screaming "We want Mooney!"

Hours passed without a sign of his appearance as a free man. Then it became known that he had already been taken back to prison.

Will he be freed?

He had been acquitted on the murder charge—yes. But as the other indictments hadn't been brought up against him, and the maximum sentence on those indictments was imprisonment for life, he had to go back to life imprisonment as though nothing had happened.

The trial—that mother's victory. . . . It had all been a farce after all.

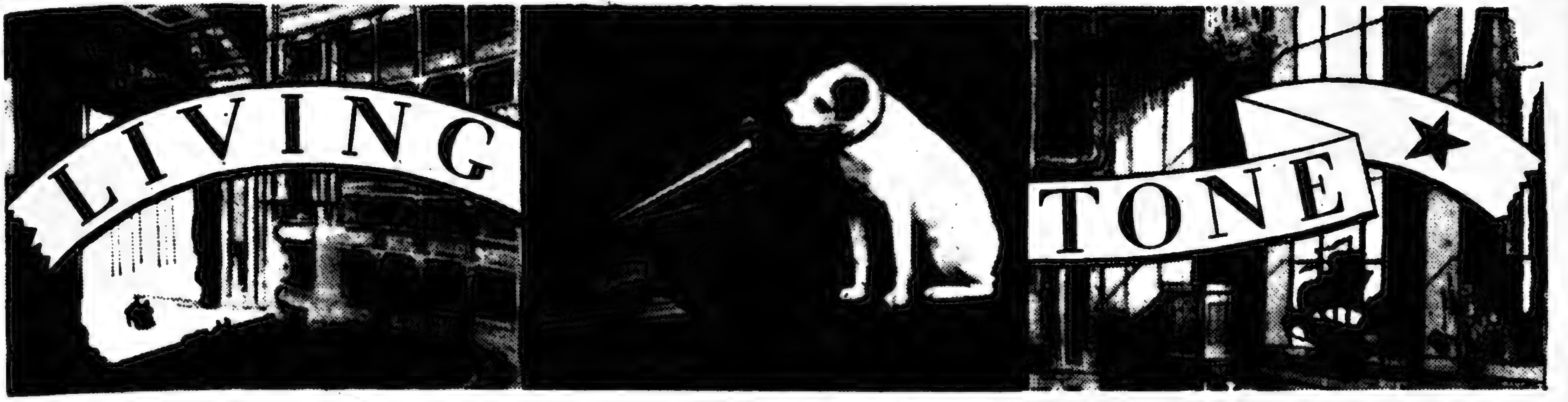
Well, the fight went on. But the limelight of drama never fell on her again.

It became more of a lawyers' battle. They sought writs of *habeas corpus* in this court and that, trying every possible expedient to get the authorities to "produce the body."

Upton Sinclair promised to free Mooney if elected to the Governorship of California—and then lost his election battle.

But a new spirit is abroad throughout the State. People of every kind of political persuasion want the Mooney question settled once and for all. Only legal technicalities are in the way of Tom's release, and they are saying that a technicality shouldn't stand in the way of the wishes of a whole State.

So may end at last this eighteen years' struggle in which the whole world has been compelled to be more than a spectator.



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE" 540A Superhet Radiogram

with Quiet Automatic Volume Control to prevent fading

Here is the great "His Master's Voice" 540A, all-electric Radiogram—two splendid instruments, combined in one beautiful piece of furniture. Do you live in a district where fading is prevalent? No matter! The 540A is fitted with Quiet Automatic Volume Control, to counter fading in such districts as yours, *and it will give you silent tuning between stations!*

Yours for 5/- a week. Where in the whole world of radio is there an instrument that can give you so much at this low price? The pick of the broadcast programmes with the true-to-life reproduction that only "His Master's Voice" can give, and the joy of choosing your own programmes of Recorded Music. "His Master's Voice" artists such as Gigli, Menuhin, Gracie Fields, Jack Hulbert, Peter Dawson and hundreds of others to perform for you as often as you wish. The world's greatest artists always at your call!

You must have Good Radio this Christmas
Here is the very entertainment to have in your home for Christmas. Send the coupon below to-day and get the full specification. Ask your dealer for a demonstration.

THE SUPERHET 540A RADIOGRAM
22 Gns. AC only. Model Five-Forty, without QAVC, 20 Gns. AC. 21 Gns. DC. Any of these models, small deposit and £1 a month.

OR WITH AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGE
Model Five-Four-Two. The same instrument as the 20 Gn. Five-Forty, but fitted with automatic record-changing mechanism to play eight 10 in. or 12 in. records without attention. 27 Gns. or small deposit and 27/6 a month. AC only. (Prices do not apply in I.F.S.)

To the Gramophone Co. Ltd., (106I) Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. Please send me complete illustrated catalogue of the full range of "His Master's Voice" models.

NAME ....

ADDRESS 24/11/34

Please write clearly in ink in BLOCK LETTERS *and post in an unsealed envelope, using ½d. stamp.*

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE" RADIO

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull." They are all guaranteed. The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 31.

Gloria Stuart, star of Universal's picture, "The Invisible Man"

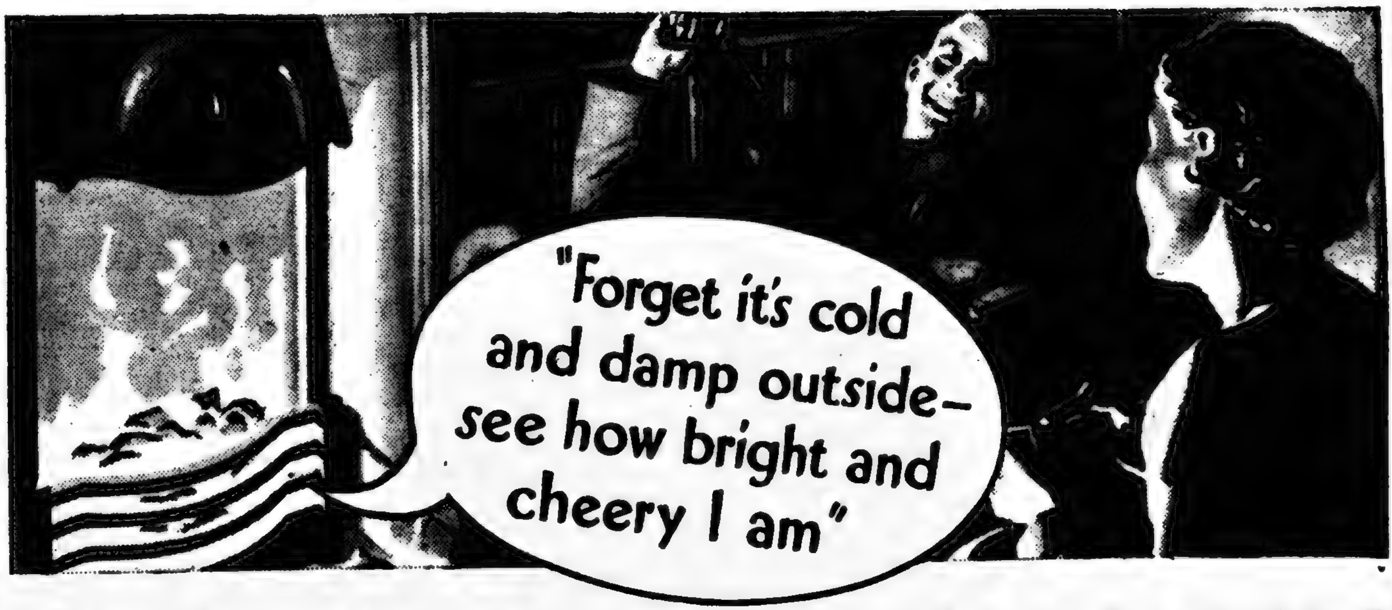
Don't envy my hair—use

Icilma

SHAMPOO

3D

WITH TONING RINSE


"Forget it's cold and damp outside—see how bright and cheery I am"

"Nothing cleans grates so *easily and quickly*"

says Mrs. Chalkley of 98 Terrace Road, London

"I PRIDE myself on my bright fires. My husband says it's not the same house if there's not a good fire. But it's surprising how much cosier any fire looks when the hearth's clean and the grate is black and shining. Anyone can keep grates smart with Zebo. It's hardly any trouble. My 'regular' clean doesn't take long—and any stains made in between vanish like magic with a touch of Zebo. Just sprinkle a drop on the brush, rub it on—then polish. That's all you have to do. The result is a shining black grate that looks as bright as a new pin—making the whole room look cheerful—a real credit to you!"

TO BRIGHTEN GRATES USE

THE MODERN LIQUID GRATE POLISH
— *also* ZEBRA *in paste or packets*

ZEBO

Backache

banished by Kruschen Salts after years of suffering. He declares: "I would not have thought it possible."

If you have ever suffered badly with backache, you will read the following letter with deep understanding. You will know just what the writer means when he says: "My back was full of aches and pains." You will recognise that lowered condition of health when he felt his work was "beating" him more every week. You will appreciate, too, the gratitude which prompted him to write this heartfelt letter:—

"My age is 50. My work is hot, hard and heavy. Up till recently I felt my work beating me more every week, and this has been going on (to be truthful) for years. My back was full of aches and pains, and it was often a hard task to bath after my shift was finished, and on two occasions I could not get off my hands and knees. I suppose I have taken Kruschen Salts for about four months. I would not have thought it possible, and would not have believed its effects if another had told me it was his experience. In my case your Kruschen advertisement is 100 per cent. truth, and I feel I have to thank you for my daily bread and good health."

G. M., Watford, Herts.

The six salts in Kruschen coax your kidneys back to healthy normal action, so that not a particle of poisonous waste matter remains unexpelled. You experience joyous relief from those old dragging pains.

Tasteless in Tea.

Every Chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/- and 1/9 bottles. A 1/9 bottle lasts three months—a farthing a day for health and happiness.

How Neglect leads to

SEPTIC

Poisoning

Septic germs can enter the smallest break in the skin and set up virulent infection. The surest, swiftest way to banish Bacterial poison is to apply Germolene Brand Aseptic Ointment to every cut or scratch. Whether the trouble is slight or serious, the penetrating action is the same: soothing, cleansing, and healing. The treatment which cures ulcers, eczema, deep burns and scalds, etc., is perfect for everyday use: healing small injuries at a touch! Every germ is killed, all impurities expelled.

Neglect can bring tragic penalties. Have Germolene in the home. Without it you risk endless pain and trouble.

Obtainable at all chemists: 1/3, 3/- and 12/- a tin and 4/6 a tube.

Don't Wait—You May Be Too Late!

One-Minute Goldfields DRAMA

—AND THE FIVE YEARS' FIGHT BEHIND IT

ONE minute was enough in the House of Commons the other day to announce the settlement of the famous Lena Goldfields dispute that has paralysed trade relations between this country and Soviet Russia.

But what a drama lay behind that one minute—a drama that has been fought out for five long years.

It entered a critical stage two months ago, when a typically British business man said quietly: "See me settle the whole thing in six weeks."

The quarrel was so big and of such long standing that it might have been regarded as a mere bravado if it had not been known that Major F. W. D. Gwynne, famous in the City of London, was not given to talking that way.

For see what was at stake—the great Lena Goldfields of Siberia, which may one day prove to be the richest in the world.

"Six weeks," repeated Major Gwynne as he sailed for Russia to meet the Soviet Central Concessions Committee face to face and prove that no international trade dispute is as bad as it seems.

And in six weeks and a few days he was back in England with his mission successful—an event of international importance.

Soviet Russia will work the mines under the agreement reached, a disappointing thing to shareholders who believed that under British supervision they would one day yield millions of pounds of profit every year

But the Soviet at least agrees to pay the company £3,000,000 by way of compensation for losing the concession, spread over the next twenty years. And the British holders of £750,000 worth of ten-year notes will be paid in full. So will creditors for a further £1,250,000. Then there will be enough left over to pay the ordinary shareholders a composition of about 4s. in the pound.

As hopes had sunk almost to zero, it will at least have an effect on the Christmas dinners of all who had faith and kept their shares. They will want to raise a glass to their own obstinacy—and to Major Gwynne.

Nor will Russia think she has got the worst of the bargain. Already she is getting more gold out of the Siberian mines every year than is yielded by the United States of America and Canada combined, and, believing that the South African mines which supply half of the world's present-day requirements will be running "dry" in about fifty years' time, she is setting about developing the Lena goldfields in the belief that she will one day be the biggest gold-yielding nation in the world.

A corner of the Lena Goldfields

He settled it—Major Gwynne

Yes, the issues behind the Lena goldfields were very immense. It is amazing how little the fact was realised in this country. People here don't even comprehend the scale of the mines themselves, so unaccustomed are we in this country to size and distance.

There are, in fact, three main properties and several smaller ones, distributed many thousands of miles apart over the bleak, icy face of Siberia.

One alone covers an area four times bigger than Wales, and far more mountainous and desolate. An even more important one is situated in country so vast and unrelieved by human habitations that the Soviet Government itself can only describe its whereabouts by saying that it lies 1,100 miles north-east of a town not as big as Northampton.

In countryside where the wolves howl at nights, where one of the biggest rivers in the world, 2,700 miles long, laps along to a delta that is frozen the whole year round, where the children of one-time Czarist prisoners who endured the tortures of Siberia tramp in search of alms in the knowledge that if they are refused help at one house they may have to walk a hundred miles to the next, the Lena goldfields are to be found.

☆ ☆ ☆

There is so much ice on the river, so much rock bestrewn on the plains, such tortuous tracks through the mountains, such a lack of roads, that transport is fraught with greater difficulties than in almost any other part of the world.

One day one of the mines needed a 17-feet dredge—no more cumbersome an appliance than thousands of messenger boys have watched working in the streets of London. But when it arrived the feat was hailed as a miracle of transport.

No less than £12,000,000 was invested in these lonely mines when the Great War broke out, much of it British. Then came the Russian revolution. The mines were seized by the State.

In 1923 British business men, seeing the immense possibilities in them, began negotiations aimed at working them as a concession, and in 1925, having obtained the right to work one group for thirty years and another for fifty years, the Lena Goldfields Co., Ltd., began operations.

In 1926 they made profits of £62,000; in 1927, £84,000; in 1928, £177,000. More and more gold was turned out of the friendly earth as new and better appliances were brought over the tortuous tracks of Siberia. In the next year they were expecting a profit of £450,000, and might have achieved it—might, in fact, have gone on to the £1,000,000 a year profit they expected to reach before many years had passed.

And then they were told to go.

Since then Lena Goldfields Co., Ltd., has been an honest gold-mining company that has been virtually without a goldmine. Even its books for the years prior to December 31, 1928, have been kept in the hands of the Soviet, so that when the company met for its last annual meeting it had to present the accounts December, 1928!

☆ ☆ ☆

Dozens of efforts were made to secure arbitration in the first year after the break—all of them unsuccessful.

Then when an arbitration court was arranged for September, 1930, the Soviet failed to enter an appearance. And when the court awarded £12,965,000 against the Russian Government, all to be paid in sterling, and with interest fixed at 12 per cent. per year from the date of the award, all Russia laughed.

The Soviet Government *did* at length make an offer of £800,000. It even increased it to £1,000,000. Beyond that, no.

It was estimated that British working men were losing £17,000,000 a year in wages because of the breaking off of Anglo-Russian trade relations—the most tragic feature in the whole business.

Then Major Gwynne entered the picture. He came back from Russia early this year with the news that only half a million pounds stood between the two sides. Then, without divulging what the British and Soviet offers respectively were, he said: "Give me six weeks," and went out again.

His success was great news for the shareholders of the company, who have to ratify the agreement within six weeks, and undoubtedly will.

But what will count much more to Major Gwynne is that his achievement is a great work for Anglo-Russian friendship. And for British working men as well.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Jumpers Have It

STAY-AT-HOME punters do not back to the same extent over the obstacles as on the Flat, but I know from my post-bag that most of them like a flutter or two a week, and for their benefit I suggest the following six as horses to follow: Over fences: Castle Irwell, Yellow Chance, Tusmore. Hurdlers: Quicksilver, Gay Light, Latoi.

I can also recommend the two-a-day Code selections. They invariably pay their way over the sticks.

Apropos the Manchester November Handicap, the last big race of the Flat season, I note that Free Fare, Achtenan and Jesmond Dene, my early selections, have all accepted.

Jesmond Dene may be the "pea," but I hope to code the winner.

Laserian and Playe Up may be the best for the Saturday "double" at Manchester.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, November 22, to Wednesday, November 28.

A	Q	C	93	B	94	M	P	U	X	Z	R	98	T	F	O
K	H	J	I	95	E	D	V	Y	97	L	W	N	96	G	S

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below.

95Y98JQ would read BUNCH.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KJ2WK would read AOCRA.

Royal Wedding Pictures

All the very latest and most fascinating pre-event pictures of the Royal Wedding—pages of them—and every one a gem printed in glowing photogravure—will be found in the current issue of *Weekly Illustrated*, the great national picture paper.

IT'S EASY TO WIN A BULMER'S SOLID SILVER CIDER TANKARD

25
MORE
FREE
see below

Since country cider came to town, it's banished many an anxious frown. For Bulmer's sparkling ——— they say will send rheumatic pains away. But please be careful what you're sold, and ——————— you're told, for only cider that is GOOD, and furthermore matured in wood, can prove to ——————— you and me a perfect sovereign remedy. And isn't ——— the best excuse, for drinking deep this apple-juice.

Complete this rhyme and win a tankard.

BULMER'S

WOODPECKER CIDER

10½D. PER FLAGON

(In England and Wales only, 1/- in Scotland).

25 SILVER CIDER TANKARDS FREE!

Write on a postcard what you consider are the best words to complete this advertisement. Send to H. P. Bulmer & Co., Ltd., Dept. C.9, Hereford, before Nov. 27. A solid silver Cider Tankard will be awarded to each of the 25 best entries in the opinion of Mr. Bulmer, whose decision is final. Results published in this paper on Dec. 8, 1934.

royds 456

"Harlene" SOAPLESS BRUSHLESS SHAVING CREAM

SAVES TROUBLE—because it does away with Soap, Brush and Shaving Pot, and renders it unnecessary to shave twice a day as some men are forced to do! **SAVES TIME**—because it enables you to shave in 5 minutes instead of 15 minutes—saving 60 HOURS a year! What a boon to busy men!

SAVES RAZOR BLADES—because the hair is cut more easily and the keen edge of the blade lasts longer. That's another expense cut down! **SAVES THE SKIN**—because the creamy base is a skin food. It keeps your face satiny, soft and youthful.

From all Chemists and Stores, 6d. and 1/- per tube.

'HARLENE' HAIR CREAM

is the latest and best Hair Toilet Aid for men. It gives an air of distinction and a sleekness and polish which is eminently natural and sets the hair without the least semblance of hardness.

HARLENE HAIR CREAM is sold by all Chemists and Stores, price 7½d.; 1/1½ and 2/- per bottle.

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Send this coupon with 3d. stamps and your name and address for Free 5-day Tube of "Harlene" Soapless, Brushless Shaving Cream and a Sample Bottle of "Harlene" Hair Cream to **EDWARDS HARLENE Ltd. (H.S.800), 20/26, LAMB'S CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.**

(Stamp envelope with 1½d. stamp.)

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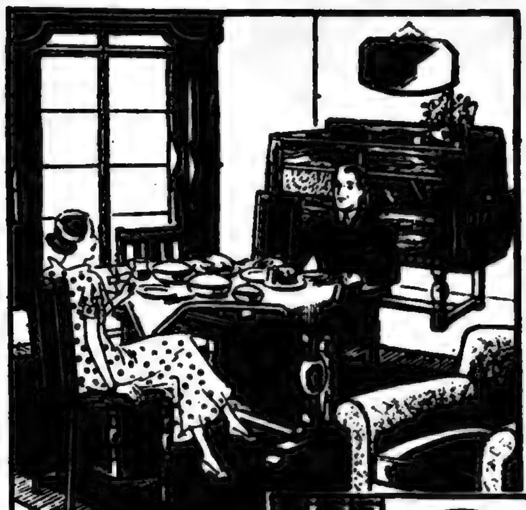
YOU ARE SURE TO DINE WELL, REST WELL, AND SLEEP WELL, IN JAY'S BRIGHTER ROOMS



These brighter rooms recently featured in Jay's advertisements have brought hundreds of purchasers to our 150 branches. Jay's specialise in furniture especially designed for the modern type of house now being erected throughout the country.

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For example:
FREE WITH A £10 ORDER—A 12-piece Canteen of Cutlery or a Tea Service for Six persons.
FREE WITH A £15 ORDER—Pair of good quality Woollen Blankets, or a Box Carpet Sweeper.
Hundreds of other Free Gifts are shown in Jay's Gift Book varying in proportion to amount of order.

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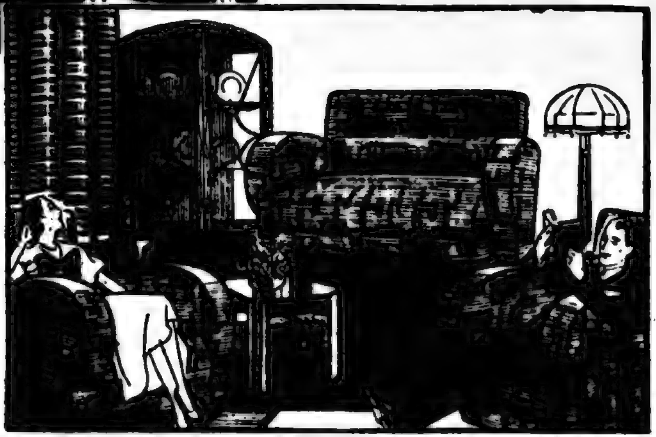

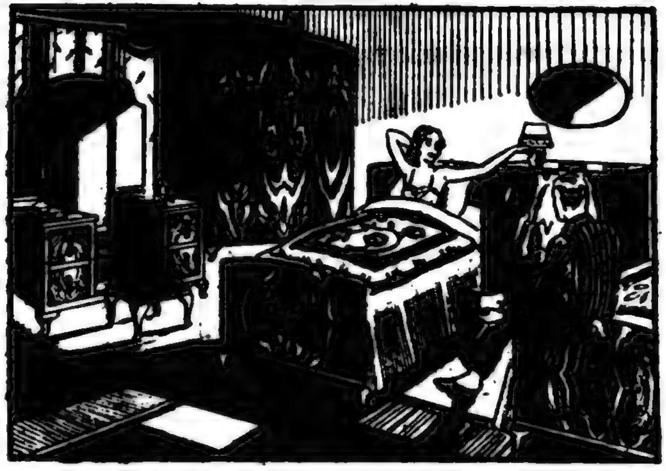

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In beautifully figured Oak, comprising 4 ft. Sideboard, Refectory Dining Table with pull-out leaves, extending to 5 ft.; 4 small chairs to match, with lift-out seats in Rexine or Tapestry.

13½ GNS. or 2/- weekly.

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In Tapestry. The patent springing to seats and backs gives a degree of comfort never before achieved in suites at this price.

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The "SUNSHINE" bedroom suite

In choice grain Walnut comprising 4 ft. 'Robe with full-length mirror inside door, fitted shelf for hats; rods and sliding hooks. Dressing Chest has large triple cheval mirrors and four useful drawers. Dwarf Gent's 'Robe to match. Amazing value.

15½ GNS. or 2/- weekly.

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Glasgow 148/152 West Nile St., C.2
Gloucester 99 Northgate Street
Halifax 46/48 Northgate
Hastings 3 York Buildings
Huddersfield 2 Queen Street
Hull 81 Prospect Street
Hull 85/87 Wright Street
Ipswich 27 Westgate Street
Keighley 89 Low Street
Leeds 6 Lower Briggate
Leeds 85 New Briggate
Leicester 6 Haymarket
Maidstone 3 The Broadway
Manchester 28 & 30 Oldham Street
Newcastle 55/57 Northumberland St
Newport Mon. 78 High Street
Northampton 23 Gold Street
Norwich 31 St. Stephens Street
Nottingham 24/26 Derby Road
Plymouth 7/9 The Octagon, Union St
Portsmouth 219/223 Commercial Rd
Reading 47 Minster Street
Rochdale 8/10 Baillie Street
Rotherham 41/47 Effingham Square
Scarborough 6 Aberdeen Walk
Sheffield 5 Bank Street
Sheffield 42/44 London Rd (The Moor)
Shrewsbury 67 Mardol
Southampton 43/45 Bernard Street
Stoke-on-Trent 44 High Street
Swansea 34 High Street
Swansea 230 Oxford Street
Taunton 59 East Street
Walsall 37 Digbeth
Warrington 51/53 Bridge Street
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Beauty's Self

And Sweet and Twenty,
Blood full rich and
Health in plenty;
Lips and Cheeks
of Nature's Shade
That need no artificial aid.
Bright, vivacious, happy, gay,
Her sparkling eyes
enhance the day!
Her Health, her smiles,
her merry trills,
Her Beauty comes from

Beecham's
Sold Everywhere PILLS

Experts agree — *better smokes with A.G.*

Tobacco rolled in this *super-thin*, pure A.G. Paper smokes true to flavour—that's why tobacco blenders use only A.G. for testing blends.
A.G.'s roll better by hand or machine because they're extra crisp and strong.
A.G.'s are slower burning — your cigarettes last longer, you save more.
Insist on A.G.'s. They cost no more and you are *sure* of getting the best.

Start now! *A.G.'s fit all machines and give best results.*

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COLDS VANISH

AMAZING RELIEF Use just one touch of Nostroline brand nasal remedy. Clears head, stops nasal discharge, ends congestion, soreness, deafness, & head noises. IN 30 SECONDS

NO FLU NO CATARRH

Safe even for baby 1/3 all Chemists.

NOSTROLINE

Free Sample from "Nostroline" J 81 Clifton, Bristol.

They know it all at—

The NATION'S *Bookshop*

Here are Government pigeon-holes that do not collect cobwebs! Scene at the retail counter of H.M. Stationery Office at the issue of a new report

YOU are puzzled about how to get rid of that green-fly on your rose bushes? You are considering the merchant marine as a career for your son? You want to know . . .

There is one place where you would perhaps least of all expect to find an answer to a host of your problems, and yet you are almost certain to find it at H.M. Stationery Office.

There, where they have probably the largest and most varied stock of books and pamphlets in the world, and all published by the Government, the assistants possess an encyclopaedic knowledge and, whatever your query, can place their hand within a minute or two upon the publication which contains the answer.

Not everyone realises that the Government is in business as a large-scale publisher, printer and bookseller, but such is the case. The Stationery Office, which does all the publishing for Parliament and for the various Departments of State, sells direct to the general public, through its five bookshops, located in London, Manchester, Edinburgh, Cardiff and Belfast.

An hour spent in one of these shops will reveal the extraordinary scope of the subjects treated in Government publications, as well as the variety of questions which daily are put up to the encyclopaedic assistants.

An unemployed man steps in and wants to know just what are his justifiable claims for relief, under the Unemployment Benefit Act. He is handed a copy of the latest amendments to the Act, and departs. His particular purchase consists of a leaflet.

The next customer may be a doctor, who wants that monumental work, "A System of Bacteriology," in nine volumes, written by various experts and published by the Stationery Office on behalf of the Medical Research Council.

That amateur gardener, anxious to get rid of green-fly, needs to spend only half a minute in our national bookshop, and out he goes with a 1d. leaflet on the subject, which describes the pest and its depredations and tells him the best way to tackle it.

Or perhaps, while he is there, he may decide to provide against all the other plagues which beset the garden, and take away with him "Insect Pests of Farm and Horticultural Crops," compiled by the Ministry of Agriculture.

Tours, weddings . .

A car draws up outside the shop, and out step an American tourist and his wife. They are desirous of planning a tour of Britain's great historical monuments. All they have to do is to make their wants known, and the assistant will provide them with a series of guides—well and succinctly written—covering the palaces, castles and ancient ruins of England, Scotland and Wales. They range all the way from the Tower of London and Hampton Court to the ancient ruins of Skara Brae, in the Orkney Islands in the far North.

Hardly is the tourist disposed of when a bashful but happy young couple enter. They have heard somewhere that the hours when weddings may be celebrated in church have been extended. With a copy of the amendment to the Act, they depart, full of plans for the great day.

And here are that father and mother who are considering the merchant marine as a career for their boy. They walk away with a copy of "The Merchant Navy: Navigating Officers"—No. 8 of the Choice of Careers Series, issued by the Ministry of Labour. Other items in this series include "Surveying, Land and Estate Agency," and "Clerical and Secretarial Work for Women." They cost only 3d. each.

An art student, with broad-brimmed hat and portfolio of drawings under his arm, enters in search of a cheap and comprehensive handbook on Illustration and Design. This is easy—his need is satisfied in a matter of seconds.

Vast activities

Sometimes, it is true, the desired publication is "out of stock." And no wonder. For the Stationery Office was responsible for 6,000 different publications in the financial year 1932-1933 alone And then there are the thousands published in previous years. It is impossible, for reasons of space, to stock everything. But the assistant can get anything in a day or two.

Six thousand publications in one year—this will give a notion of the vast publishing activities of the Stationery Office, which, by the way, also owns two extensive printing plants and employs about 1,800 persons.

Strange are the requests which these Government bookshops sometimes encounter.

There is, of course, the customer who comes in for some stationery. When told they stock none, he inevitably replies, "Well, why do you call yourself the Stationery Office?"

As a matter of fact, the Stationery Office does stock stationery, and huge stores of it. But it is only to supply Government offices, and not the private customer. Government departments order all their materials from the Stationery Office—all the way from pencils to the very latest types of adding machines.

It is hard indeed to catch them napping.

A man walks in and tells them his garden shed is infested by rats, and what's he to do about it? He is promptly handed a copy of "Rats, and How to Exterminate Them."

Old folk seek a copy of the Old Age Pensions Act; and youngsters with a bent for mechanics cherish the new pamphlet on automatic telephones with a number of alluring illustrations and two folding diagrams.

You want to send a parcel to Moscow? The latest regulations were published last month. You are going to Hong-Kong on business? Buy "China: Notes on Some Aspects of Life in China for the Information of Business Visitors," which tells you, not only about business customs, but also all about Chinese etiquette, so that you won't make any social "breaks" when meeting important customers.

Greatest stock

As you depart with your volume of hints on China, you may bump into a studious botanist who is all of a tremble to obtain information regarding the giant lobelias of East Africa. He gets Bulletin No. 6 of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, which has a chapter dealing with these exotic blooms.

* * *

No, it is difficult indeed to catch them tripping—those walking founts of knowledge who tend your wishes at the Government bookshops—the bookshops which sell only the books they themselves publish, and have the greatest and most varied stock in the land.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

THE SELBY TIMES AND HOWDENSHIRE AND GOOLE ADVERTISER:—"The beauties of the Court of Louis-Quinze, to heighten the brilliance of their COMPLICATIONS, gummed pieces of black taffeta on their cheeks."

YORKSHIRE OBSERVER:—". . . after completing fifty years' service in the DYING industry."

BARNSLEY CHRONICLE:—"Legs, loins and shoulders, 8d. per lb., neck 6d., BEAST 5d."

MERTHYR EXPRESS:—"When he was on duty he saw a BUSH approach."

LORETTO CHURCH MAGAZINE:—"COKE and hot chocolate were served."

THE PERTHSHIRE CONSTITUTIONAL AND JOURNAL:—"SCONES of indescribable grandeur follow in rapid succession as Villa marches through Mexico."

THE SUFFOLK AND ESSEX FREE PRESS:—"The National Union of Agricultural Workers has submitted a DAFT scheme of insurance."

THE STAR:—"Coloured twisted silk COLDS for tying round the waist."

"THAT NEW GOALIE'S A GREAT FIND" . . . "So's this BONDMAN"

BONDMAN TOBACCO pleases all the crowds. Its freshness is applauded by all seasoned pipe-smokers. Every ounce of **Bondman Tobacco** is packed in a Vacuum Tin—the only first-class protection against damp, dryness and staleness. Ask your tobacconist for **Bondman** to-day.

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10d. PER OZ.

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BRANCH OF COPE BROS & Co.

RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA

11½d. PER OZ.

PACKED IN VACUUM TINS

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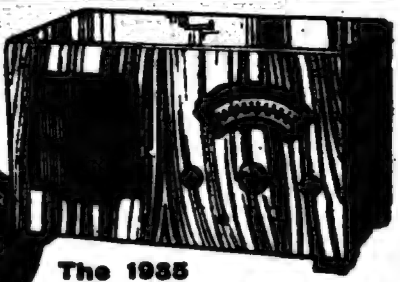
(24)

Peto-Scott 1935 Guaranteed RADIO From FACTORY to FIRESIDE

SAVES YOU MIDDLEMAN'S PROFITS. Our specialised experience in Radio begins from the pioneer days—way back in 1919—and this is your guarantee of satisfaction. Each customer has Peto-Scott's personal assurance of satisfaction and strict privacy.

1935 PETO-SCOTT BATTERY 3

A miracle of value in 1935 Radio guaranteed by Peto-Scott, combining Tone, Volume and Range equalling sets of more than double the price, marvellous all-round performance and absolute reliability. Peto-Scott 1935 type Moving Coil Speaker. Metal Chassis. New detector reaction circuit, quality and super-power output. New type Air-Cored Coils and slow-motion illuminated Full-Vision tuning. 3-Selectivity taps. Pick-up sockets. Automatic Grid Bias. Low H.T. consumption. Complete with British valves of guaranteed life and Oldham Long-life 120-volt H.T. and 2-volt L.T. batteries, full aerial equipment. Comes to you in a beautiful Walnut Consolette Cabinet, as illustrated. Price complete, ready to play. Cash or C.O.D., Carriage Paid £4.19.6.



YOURS FOR 5/- DOWN

and 18 monthly payments of 6/-

● Send for Lists of Peto-Scott 1935 Guaranteed radio—De luxe models for Battery and All Mains.

PETO-SCOTT Co., Ltd. (Est. 1919) 77, J.B.6, CITY RD., LONDON, E.C.1.

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The 1935 PETO-SCOTT S.G. Battery 3

GIVES A BIGGER CHOICE OF FOREIGN STATIONS with amazing perfection of tone and volume. Incorporates Peto-Scott 1935 Moving-Coil Speaker. SCREENED COILS, high efficiency S.G., Detector and super power output valves. Low H.T. consumption. Full-Vision scale. Modern Walnut Consolette as illustrated. British Valves of guaranteed life. Ready to play. Yours for 5/- down and 18 monthly payments of 7/6. Cash or C.O.D. Carriage Paid, £6.6.0.

STOP SCALP STARVATION

If you ignore the DANGER SIGNALS
You'll go BALD and look OLD

You're not bound to go bald because your hair has started to fall out or is getting thin on top. These are dangerous symptoms, of course. But do you realise their full significance?

They are sure signs of scalp starvation. Stop that and you start healthy hair growth.

Scalp starvation can only be stopped by giving the scalp its natural nourishment. Silvikrin supplies that nourishment, in the form of natural hair food of high concentration. This food is easily assimilated by the scalp because it is of the same organic structure as the raw material the human system itself supplies for the normal growth of healthy hair.

This has been scientifically proved since the scientific formula for Silvikrin has been definitely established. Silvikrin is the result of prolonged research into the laws which govern the growth of hair. That research was made by a very famous biologist—Dr. Weidner. Dr. Weidner has never permitted any unfounded claims to be made for Silvikrin. He has always insisted that it should be judged by results. That these results have been convincing is not due to any mysterious qualities of Silvikrin. They have all been due to the fact that Silvikrin works along Nature's lines and produces natural results.

Fill in and post the coupon. It will bring you a free sample of a Silvikrin preparation. Also a booklet explaining Dr. Weidner's remarkable discovery and giving useful advice about hair culture generally.

Silvikrin

NATURAL HAIR CULTURE

Goes to the Root of Hair Trouble

SCIENTIFIC OPINION

Before being offered to the public Silvikrin was submitted to rigorous and exacting tests in Hospitals and Universities all over the world. The results obtained were so dramatic that they caused something of a sensation in scientific circles.

PUBLIC OPINION

Silvikrin's most convincing advertisements are the thousands of people who unhesitatingly admit that they owe the health, abundance and beauty of their hair to Silvikrin—and to Silvikrin alone.

Silvikrin Laboratories
145 Sydney Road, King's Parade, London, N.10.

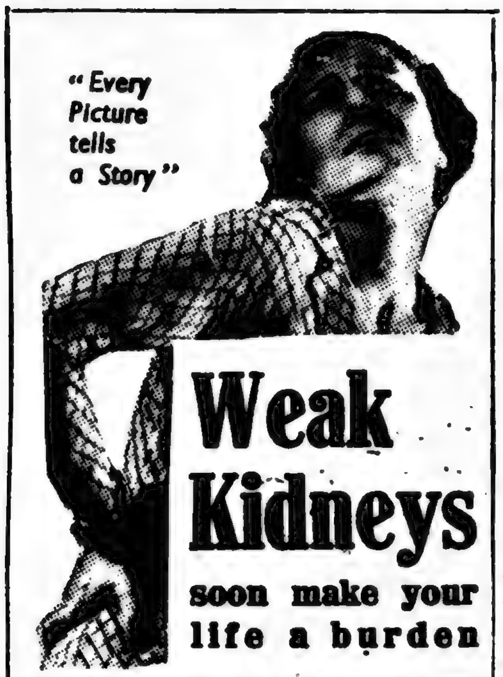
Please send me
1. Free sample of a Silvikrin Preparation.
2. Hair Culture Booklet. J.B. 469

Name ....

Address ....

S-21-d ....

Post in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp: BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE!


"Every Picture tells a Story"

Weak Kidneys

soon make your life a burden

HAVE YOU STABBING PAINS in the small of the back? Are you afraid to bend or straighten afterwards? Is the urine disordered? Do you rise during the night? Are you rheumatic, especially in damp weather?

If you must answer "Yes" to these questions you have reason to suspect kidney weakness, but don't become alarmed. The danger of kidney weakness lies in neglect; each day's delay permits an accumulation of excess uric acid and other impurities which healthy kidneys would have filtered away.

Strengthen the weak spots with Doans Backache Kidney Pills. You will be delighted at the difference healthy kidneys will make to your life.

"Ill for Eighteen Months"

On 24th June, 1913, Mrs. A. Egan, 3, Dublin Cottages, River, Dover, said:—"I had such terrible pains in my back and loins that I was bent almost double. My right arm was stiff and sore with rheumatism. I could not raise it to my head. Bladder action was irregular and the excretions were unnatural and caused pain.

Naturally, I tried all kinds of treatment, but I seemed to make no progress.

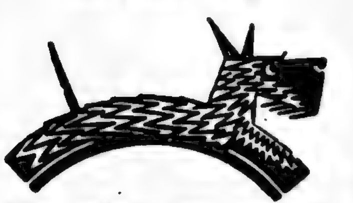
I had been ill for eighteen months when I tried Doans Backache Kidney Pills. They brought about a wonderful improvement and now I feel as well as ever. I always strongly recommend Doans Pills."

On 24th August, 1934, Mrs. Egan said:—"Thanks to Doans Pills, I still keep very well indeed. (Signed) A. Egan."

1/3, 3/-, 5/-. Insist upon

Doans BRAND Backache Kidney Pills

A FREE TASTE for your dog!



Like you — dogs want a change of diet!

Try **CREMMA** cakes

Free Sample from Dept. J.B.2,
John Wright (London) Ltd.,
100 Bermondsey Wall, S.E.16

The HARDEST LETTER I ever had to write

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

MY next-door neighbour was a widow with one son, and when he left school I secured him a position in a mill in which I had a partnership. His mother had no desire for him to enter the mill, though she reluctantly consented at my persuasion.

He had not worked many hours when his overalls were caught by a belt, he was whirled round the shaft and mangled in the machinery.

Writing to inform his mother of her son's death was doubly hard, because in persuading her against her will I felt partly responsible for his death.—*J. S., Newcastle.*

Sunshine

"Certainly," we said, when asked to adopt him, for we'd no little ones of our own.

He was sunshine; always ready for fun; getting us up in mornings, following at night to sleep in our room. He aged, ceased to care for shopping jaunts; the newspaper lay where it fell; he began to bump doors, ignore meals.

Then, with a lump in my throat, I wrote the letter. The vet. came, and sent Tim painlessly to the Elysian fields where, I feel sure, he thinks of us, and understands.—*"Dick," Co. Durham.*

Dread News

With busy fingers knitting little garments, my sister often said: "Won't Bill be glad if it's a son."

Because she couldn't write, consequent on her ordeal, I wrote to the trenches, telling him the child had only lived ten minutes.

It was the hardest letter I ever wrote, but he never read it, for next morning the buff envelope came with dread news which we dared not divulge for some days, fearing the double shock might lead to her completing the triangle of death.——*"Ailsa," Nottingham.*

His Life

Though over seventy years of age he remained our organist. But his fingers trembled, eyes were dim, he'd pause occasionally during a hymn.

At the call of the committee, I'd to write suggesting he retire, thanking him for long years of voluntary service, hinting our appreciation would be shown in tangible form.

Later, he buttonholed me. "I know I'm old," he said, "but it hurts to be asked to give up. They might have waited; the organ was my life."

Ere the year closed, he was dead. Many, like myself, felt the letter had hastened his end.—*R. W., Midlands.*

Nine Years Lost

The little demon of jealousy danced on my machine as I tapped the scathing message I didn't want to see her again.

A friend had told me, truthfully, he'd seen my fiancée in a theatre-box with another man. Nine years later, she and I met casually.

Then widowed, she said: "I'd never have married him if you hadn't sent that letter."

Though I'm her "second"—I stand first in her affection, as indeed she does in mine.—*"Frank," Notts.*

Last Straw

My small but select private school was doing extremely well, and my old friend was most anxious that I should take his son under my tutorship. The boy proved to be dishonest, impertinent and utterly unworthy of his fine parents.

Loth to break faith with my friend, I endured much from the boy until one evening when he was discovered hidden in the local "tuck-shop." He openly confessed that his intention was to burgle the shop, but gave no manifestations of remorse.

My letter, asking his parents to fetch him away, was the hardest I ever had to write.—*"School Ma'am," Handsworth.*

Nearly Sacked

One of many applicants for a job in a shipping office, my qualifications were excellent, with but one exception. A knowledge of the French language was desirable.

I got the job by asserting that I knew that language, whereas actually I understood but a few phrases I had picked up in France. One day I was asked to reply to a letter from a French firm . . . it was the hardest letter I ever had to write.

The boss caught me copying the definitions from a French dictionary. He nearly gave me the sack; but my general efficiency saved me.—*"C. B.," Hockley.*

Defeated

To save the expense of lawyers' fees my friend was offered £50 in settlement of an amount due. As his friend and legal representative, I advised him to take the case the full length, and I agreed to take up the matter for him free of cost.

The case duly came before the court, where, to my chagrin, everything went against him.

My own defeat was bad enough, but to write the letter informing my friend of the court's decision was the hardest task ever set me. He relied on my advice, and it cost him £50.—*"Law Agent," Hamilton.*

Hospital Drama

A hospital nurse, I sat at the bedside of a woman who had been severely injured whilst motoring with her husband. Too weak to write to "hubby" herself, she dictated her letter to me.

It was a brave and loving epistle, in which she strived to show that she attached no blame to him for the accident.

I hope that his spirit peeped over my shoulder, for the knowledge that her husband had been killed—a sad fact she had not been told—made her letter so hard to write.—*"E. H.," S. Wales.*

Twice Sorry

Knowing my aunt was lonely, we asked her to visit us for a week or two. But weeks lengthened into months, and as the youngsters couldn't have their fun because of her hatred of noise, it was hinted that perhaps she might like to go home.

After she'd departed, I wrote regretting we couldn't have her again. She was hurt, but hardly showed it. The fact that she omitted us from her will made me doubly sorry for the hardest letter I ever wrote.—*Mrs. M. A., Glasgow.*

Deceived

My old bedridden lady friend asked me to call and see why her secretary-daughter in London wasn't writing so often.

I found a red-lipped brazen woman who earned her living dishonourably. She told me "her old woman could wait."

It was the hardest letter I ever wrote to that old lady, because I painted her girl in glowing colours in her "secretarial" position, saying that she would soon visit her dear old mother. But God called the old lady to rest before then, her daughter's name on her lips and a smile on her face.—*"Sympathiser," Staffs.*

Tragic End

It was in March, 1919, at the little Rhineland town. My pal and I had been in France since 1915, and exceedingly fortunate to get through unscathed.

On the first morning that my pal got back off his first leave "après la guerre," he went on guard. The following morning he was accidentally shot by a guard.

Three years of war service and then to go under like that. . . . I wrote and tried to sympathise with his people.—*F. N.-L., Lee.*

* * *

Never shall I forget sitting down to write the letter of resignation of my R.A.F. Commission "on grounds of ill-health," for it spelled for me the end of all my hopes and ambition.—*A. J., Purley.*

As manager of a colliery for seventeen years, the hardest letter I've had to write has just been handed to 237 miners, telling them that the seam has run out, and that they will not be further required.—*"Colliery Manager," North England.*

My young nephew incurred a serious accident while motoring. The shock to the system unhinged his mind, and he was removed to a mental hospital. To inform his widowed mother of her son's plight was the hardest task to which I have ever set a pen.—*F. J., Southall.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, November 27.

My Strangest Experience

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches Played on November 24

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) EVERTON v. Manchester C.
(2) GRIMSBY v. Stoke.
**(3) HUDDERSFIELD v. Middlesbrough.
*(4) LEICESTER v. Leeds.
(5) PRESTON v. Birmingham.
(6) SUNDERLAND v. W.B. Albion.
*(7) HOTSPUR v. Wednesday.
(8) WOLVES v. Blackburn.
(9) VILLA v. Portsmouth.
(10) Chelsea v. ARSENAL.
(11) DERBY v. Liverpool.

SECOND DIVISION.

*(1) MANCHESTER U. v. Forest.
(2) Notts v. NEWCASTLE.
(3) OLDHAM v. Bradford.
**(4) PORT VALE v. Hull.
(5) SHEFFIELD U. v. Blackpool.
(6) SOUTHAMPTON v. Norwich.
(7) SWANSEA v. Brentford.
(8) Barnsley v. Bury.
**(9) BOLTON v. Plymouth.
(10) BRADFORD C. v. West Ham.
(11) BURNLEY v Fulham.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) Luton v. Millwall.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) HAMILTON v. St. Johnstone.
(2) HIBERNIAN v. Falkirk.
(3) Kilmarnock v. Clyde.
*(4) PARTICK v. St. Mirren.
(5) Queen's Park v. RANGERS.
(6) ABERDEEN v Hearts.
(7) ALBION v. Queen of South.
(8) Ayr v. MOTHERWELL.
*(9) CELTIC v. Dundee.
(10) Dunfermline v. AIRDRIE.

ENGLISH CUP.—Round 1.

(1) Ashford v. CLAPTON ORIENT.
(2) SWINDON v. Newport.
(3) Southport v. N. BRIGHTON.
*(4) BRISTOL R. v. Harwich and Parkstone.
(5) SOUTHEND v. Golder's Green.
(6) DULWICH HAMLET v. Torquay.
(7) Bedford Town v. DARTFORD.
(8) CHARLTON v. Exeter.
(9) WATFORD v. Corinthians.
(10) GUILDFORD v. Bath.
(11) Yeovil v. C. PALACE.
*(12) BRIGHTON v. Folkestone or Margate.
(13) ALDERSHOT v. Boscombe.
(14) WIMBLEDON v. Leyton.
(15) BRISTOL C. v. Gillingham.
(16) Q.P. RANGERS v. Walthamstow.
(17) Barry v. Northampton
(18) Cardiff v. READING.
(19) CARLISLE v. Wigan.
(20) Mansfield v. Accrington
(21) WORKINGTON v. B'ham Cor. Trams.
**(22) WREXHAM v Rochdale.
(23) DONCASTER v. Barrow.
(24) Burton v. YORK CITY.
**(25) TRANMERE v. Stalybridge.
(26) Gateshead v. DARLINGTON.
(27) Shildon Colliery v. LINCOLN.
(28) Blyth Spartans v. STOCKPORT.
(29) CREWE v. Walsall.
**(30) COVENTRY v Scunthorpe.
(31) DARWEN v. Boston United.
(32) ROTHERHAM v Spennymoor.
*(33) HALIFAX v. Hartlepools.
**(34) CHESTER v. Dinnington.

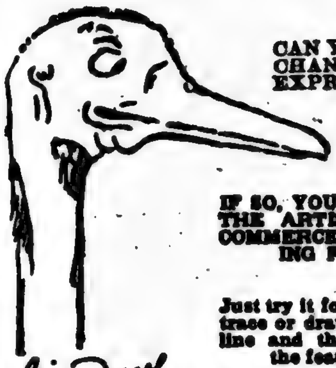
SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—3 (*H*); Div. II.—2 (*A*); Scottish League—4 (*H*); English Cup—1 (*A*) would indicate Huddersfield, Newcastle, Partick and Clapton Orient.

A VOCATIONAL TRAINING FROM THIS COLLEGE IS A CAREER—A SUCCESSFUL PROGRESSIVE CAREER

We have ourselves enjoyed over 30 years of unbroken progress. Why? Because of the success of our students. There is no other reason. SUCCESS BREEDS SUCCESS. LINK UP WITH US.


CAN YOU CHANGE MY EXPRESSION !

IF SO, YOU MAY BE THE ARTIST THAT COMMERCE IS WAITING FOR.

Just try it for yourself, trace or draw the outline and then put in the features.

Jim Duck

There are hundreds of openings in connection with Humorous Papers, Advertisement Drawing, Posters, Calendars, Catalogues, Textile Designs, Book Illustrations, etc.

60% of Commercial Art Work is done by "Free Lance Artists" who do their work at home and sell it to the highest bidders. Many Commercial Artists draw "retaining fees" from various sources, others prefer to work full-time employment or partnership arrangement. We teach you not only how to draw what is wanted, but how to make buyers want what you draw. Many of our students who originally took up Commercial Art as a hobby have since turned it into a full-time paying profession with studio and staff of assistant artists; there is no limit to the possibilities. Let us send full particulars for a FREE TRIAL and details of our course for your inspection. You will be under no obligation whatever.

Jim Duck Art Dept. 31.

LET ME BE YOUR FATHER

Unless you are in touch with all branches of industry you cannot see the possibilities of employment, but with our gigantic organisation we are in touch with every sphere of activity and we know that in many trades and professions there are more vacancies than there are trained men to fill them.

J. H. Bennett

We do not profess to act as an employment agency, but we certainly are in a position to give fatherly advice on all careers and the possibility of employment therein.

Also ask for our NEW BOOK (FREE OF CHARGE) THE HUMAN MACHINE—Secrets of Success.

We teach by post in all parts of the world and specialise in all examinations.

- Accountancy Examinations
- Advertising and Sales Management
- A.M.I. Fire E. Examination
- Applied Mechanics
- Army Certificates
- Auctioneers and Estate Agents
- Aviation Engineering
- Banking
- Boilers
- Book-keeping, Accountancy and Modern Business Methods
- B.Sc. (Eng.)
- B.Sc. (Estate Management)
- Building, Architecture and Clerk of Works
- Civil Engineering
- Civil Service
- All Commercial Subjects
- Commercial Art
- Concrete and Structural Engineering
- Draughtsmanship. All branches
- Engineering. All branches, subjects and examinations
- General Education
- G.P.O. Eng. Dept.
- Heating and Ventilating
- Industrial Chemistry
- Insurance
- Mathematics
- Matriculation
- Metallurgy
- Mining, all subjects
- Mining, Electrical Engineering
- Motor Engineering
- Motor Trade
- Municipal & County Engineers
- Naval Architecture
- Pattern Making
- Police, Special Course
- Preceptors, College of
- Pumps & Pumping Machinery
- Radio Service Engineering
- Road-making and Maintenance
- Salesmanship
- Sanitation
- Secretarial Exams.
- Shipbuilding
- Shorthand (Pitman's)
- Structural Engineering
- Surveying
- Teachers of Handicrafts
- Telephony and Telegraphy
- Transport Inst. Exams.
- Weights & Measures Inspector
- Welding
- Wireless Telegraphy & Telephony
- Works Managers

IF YOU DO NOT SEE YOUR OWN REQUIREMENTS ABOVE, WRITE TO US ON ANY SUBJECT. IT COSTS NOTHING TO ENQUIRE.

STUDY AT HOME U IN YOUR SPARE TIME

CAN HAVE A COLLEGE TRAINING IN ALMOST ANY CAREER FOR A FEW SHILLINGS MONTHLY

MATRICULATION

There are many ways of commencing a career, but Matriculation is the jumping-off board for all the best ones.

CIVIL SERVICE

Suitable to both sexes. Ages 15½ to 24.

G.P.O. ENG. DEPT., CUSTOMS AND EXCISE, INSP. OF TAXES, ETC. NO EXPERIENCE REQUIRED. OPEN EXAMS.

We prepare candidates for all

INSTITUTE EXAMS

TECHNICAL, INSURANCE, COMMERCIAL, GENERAL, POLICE, Etc., Etc.

ENGINEERS ALL BRANCHES.

There are examinations which are open and suitable to you, others which are not. Get our advice before deciding.

The Commercial Side of

THE MOTOR TRADE

offers exceptional opportunities for young men of good education.

IT IS THE PERSONAL TOUCH WHICH COUNTS IN POSTAL TUITION

Note Address carefully: **DEPT. 31, THE BENNETT COLLEGE LTD., SHEFFIELD.**

MADE FOR YOUR KIND OF HARD WORK

In field or farm, garage or garden, Hard-az-ian trousers are made to take rough treatment—and not show it. If YOUR job is tough on trousers, give Hard-az-ian the chance of showing their worth. They're wonders for wear! DOUBLE strength cloth, twisted in every strand. DOUBLE brace buttons. DOUBLE warp and weft pockets. Barred and lock-stitched where the strain comes.

HARD·AZ·IAN TROUSERS REGD.

10/6

In 3 shades and 24 fittings

Breeches 12/11

Obtainable everywhere—if in difficulty, write to

37, Durward St., London, E.1

MORE SCRAPS OF EVIDENCE

"For months I suffered with severe Eczema but after the second bottle of "Clarkes" I was cured."

Mr. T. L. Vaughan, 38, Gerald Street, Wrexham.

"After curing me I have no hesitation in recommending "Clarkes Blood Mixture" to all suffering from skin troubles."

Mr. A. Knight, 45, Charles Lane, St. John's Wood, N.W.

The Blood is the Stream of Life

More Scraps of Evidence that go to prove that the condition of the blood is of vital importance to all, and upon it depends health, vigour and the length of life.

Blood impurities lower vitality, damage the tissues and unless removed cause serious disease.

CLARKES BLOOD MIXTURE
CLARKES BLOOD MIXTURE

Every Scrap of Evidence proves that "Clarkes Blood Mixture" is unrivalled in the treatment of blood and skin complaints and that it restores health and vitality.

It is false economy to buy cheaper imitations when your health is at stake. Ask for **Clarkes Blood Mixture.**

LIQUID form. Of all Chemists and Stores. 3/- per bottle. Six times the quantity 12/-

"CLARKES" BRAND BLOOD PURIFYING MEDICINE "BLOOD MIXTURE"

TABLET form. 3/- per bottle. Be sure you get "Clarkes Blood Mixture."

If you have a COUGH You haven't tried

At all Chemists

MUSTEROLE BRAND

MUSTARD OINTMENT

Read the plain, straightforward Musterole Guarantee:

Ease in five minutes, and usually complete relief in five hours.

Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment is simply marvellous for coughs. It immediately relieves the tickling and tightness in the throat. It's the unique "deep healing" of this clean, stainless ointment which makes it so wonderfully effective. Better than a mustard plaster—it will not burn or blister. Don't suffer a day longer. Get a jar from your chemist to-day. Costs 2/6 but is very economical as, owing to its great penetrating power, you use very little at a time. Once you have tried it you will never be without it. It is a regular "family friend."

"I find your Musterole Brand Ointment the best thing I have ever used," says a Tottenham, N., user, "and I would not be without a jar of it in the house. The least cold or pain I get I rub it gently in, and it soothes the pain and coughing at once."

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE If after first few applications you are not completely satisfied, return what is left to Thos. Christy & Co., Ltd., 4, Old Swan Lane, E.C.4, and your money will be refunded.

Musterole brand mustard ointment gives *certain* relief in cases of CHEST COLDS, COUGHS, SORE THROAT, CONGESTION, MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM, PAINS IN BACK, STIFF MUSCLES, etc. Has saved thousands from PNEUMONIA after FLU and COLDS.

The EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

SAM (Dulwich).—"In France a big ship is used as a workhouse." A tramp steamer?

NEWLY-WED (Cardiff).—"My husband is a big bookworm." We hope he won't be henpecked.

PILLS (Avonmouth).—"When my wife starts to find fault I simply go to the club and play billiards." You take your cue.

NIL DESPERANDUM (Worthing).—"He hopes I don't, and I hope I do." Hoping against hope.

D. N. (St. Agnes).—"The majority of carpenters are poor mathematicians." But they are always polishing up their tables?

* * *

Grocer (Poplar). "Some people move their homes as soon as they owe money." They can't settle down or up.

* * *

B. D. (Chester).—"Why should not convicts have radios fitted in their cells, so they can listen in?" They do not get time for that.

W. K. (Iver).—"Hens are patient birds." It must be exasperating not to find things where they put them.

JOINER (Luton).—"My wife can hammer in nails like lightning." She never strikes twice in the same place?

C. D. (Bloomsbury).—"The trouble with most singers is that they can't breathe." The trouble is that they do.

A. G. (Perth).—"Yesterday my son asked me to loan him a fiver. What do you think he wanted it for?" Good.

B. R. (Grantham).—"Everybody is delighted to see a nice log fire on a really cold day." Except a coal merchant.

EX-LAG (Leeds).—"Prisoners greatly appreciate music provided by outside concert parties." It comes as a change from the warders continually rattling the keys.

TRAVELLER (Lewes).—"On the voyage home directly I caught sight of the lighthouse I knew exactly where we were." A flash of enlightenment.

ANGLER (Burnham).—"It requires skill and patience and is often dangerous to bring a fish to hand." Yes, a sardine-tin can give a nasty cut.

JIM (Lancaster).—"Although she has refused me twice, I feel sure that the third attempt will be lucky." Two negatives make you positive.

I. P. (Oxford).—"I gave my wife a cheque for £20 to-day, as she wants to buy her presents early this year." The first sign of Christmas?

P. N. (Goole).—"Eight of the beer bottles were empty and the other four contained sour ale." What a hopeless case.

BILL (Margate).—"At last I have secured a temporary job in an oyster bar, but am still keeping my eyes open." Looking for a fresh opening

FOND WIFE (Buxton).—"I always buy my husband a box of cigars after we have quarrelled." If every wife did that, it would put an end to quarrels.

G. H. (Whitby).—"My electricity has been turned off, and I haven't the faintest idea how I can pay the account." You're absolutely in the dark, in fact.

E. G. (Warwick).—"Many new cars are fitted with two horns capable of being sounded together." Just to make up for time lost during the silent periods!

* * *

Mabel (Carshalton).—"I can't decide whether to change the colour of my winter coat this year or not." You don't know whether to make it do, or dye.

* * *

STEEPLEJACK (London).—"I'm giving up my work to take a position in a zoo." You will be a very useful fellow to have around when the giraffe develops mumps.

FED-UP (Bristol).—"My landlord is going to raise my rent next quarter." Wouldn't it be better if he helped you to raise last quarter's?

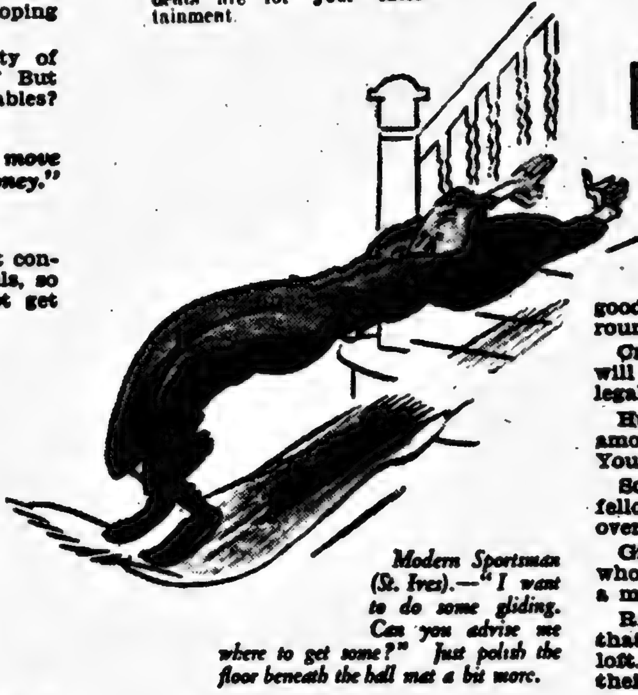
T. Y. (Wanstead).—"Things look dark for youngsters starting business." Especially if they are starting as kinema attendants.

P. T. (Hayes).—"I would like to tell you about the way my friend Horatio entertained his guests by playing cards." How he held the bridge party.

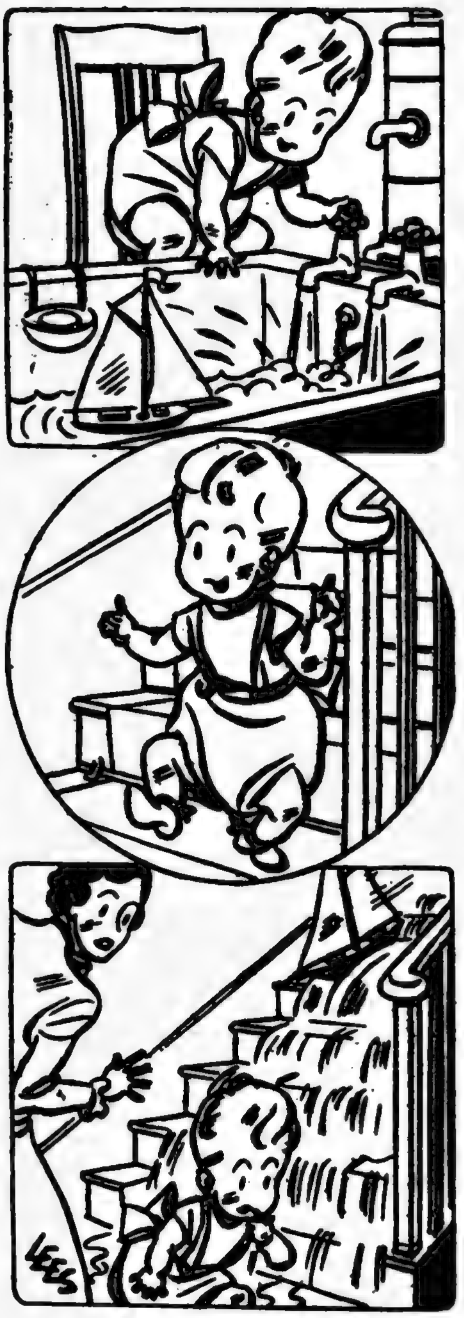
ARTIST (Chelsea).—"When I paint large landscapes I consider it a good plan to put them in a room with the doors and windows open for a week to let them dry." You like to air your views.

G. S. (Newcastle).—"An engineer has invented a new tool which can drive rivets through steel without the necessity of drilling holes." We understand the idea came to him while fitting studs into his dress shirt.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.



Modern Sportsman (St. Ives).—"I want to do some gliding. Can you advise me where to get some?" Just polish the floor beneath the hall mat a bit more.



The KID

CHEMIST (Blackburn).—"I improved my business by adding a photographic department." A developing business.

A. G. J. (Mayfair).—"Night-clubs are too overheated for people to feel gay." It's only the temperature that has a high old time.

GOLFER (Bedford).—"I recently began playing on a new golf course, and have just become accustomed to it." You have dug yourself in, as it were?

R. J. (Bootle).—"My fiancée suffers from her feet when dancing." And from yours?

GLUTTON (Thirsk).—"I like a good square meal in the evening." It rounds off the day.

CHEERFUL (Malton).—"Where there's a will there's a way." Known only to the legal profession.

HUBBY (Bromley).—"I can eat any amount of my wife's pastry, it is so light." You're heavy on it then.

SCRUM (Bath).—"What sport can a fellow take to when his Rugby days are over?" He should be fond of the Turf.

GLADYS (Brighton).—"Give me a man who is tall and handsome." We don't run a matrimonial agency.

R. M. J. (Sudbury).—"The hiding-place that appeals most to small boys is a hay loft." And the one that appeals least is their father's knee.

J. R. (Preston).—"Some people take a very distorted view of things." And paste them in albums.

* * *

J. T. (Putney).—"He is a bad lot, but I believe six months in prison would have a good effect upon him." Given time, he will become a better man.

* * *

H. L. (Barnes).—"A critic says that some people eat continuously in the theatre just like cattle." We've heard them champing in their stalls.

F. H. (Bolton).—"A Yukon octogenarian has just died after seeing his fiftieth bear." He couldn't have seen it quickly enough.

GROCER (Chelmsford).—"I even had a customer complain yesterday that there were not enough sardines in a tin." Probably an ex-Underground porter.

J. M. (Glasgow).—"One thing only can prevent my having a grandstand seat at the forthcoming royal marriage." That's the ticket!

MATER (Sevenoaks).—"My son works very hard at school. He always comes home with a lot of books under his arm." But it is what he carried under his cap that counts.

P. B (Chelsea).—"After I had finished my lecture, the audience continued clapping their hands and stamping their feet for at least five minutes." Perhaps it was a cold night.

F. D. (Frome).—"Every man regrets what he does in the heat of the moment." And yet we have never seen a blacksmith look sorrowfully at the shoe he has just forged.

A. S. (Warwick).—"A Midlands man recently appeared before the local magistrate for the thirtieth time this year." It is denied, however, that he was let off lightly on the ground that he was a regular customer.

R. C. M. (Darlington).—"The day will come when everybody over sixty-five will have a pension." Meanwhile, the day has come when anybody of any age can have £2 a week for life and £1,500 cash as pocket-money. See *Bullets* Record Christmas Offer on page 47.

R. P. (Ingatestone).—"Now is the time to work out how much seed you will require for your vegetable garden during 1935." Yes, but how do we know how many chickens our neighbour intends to keep next year?

* * *

Proud Parent (Rochester).—"I seriously think my son will go down in history." Never mind, he might do better in geography, maths., etc.

* * *

M. L. (Highgate).—"A juvenile football match was attended by thousands of boy spectators." The awed referee coul imagine what a menacing roar will bur from the throats of such a crowd in a few years when their voices have broken.

W. R. (Edinburgh).—"With the latest patent driers used in hairdressing establishments, the customer can cut off the heat if it becomes unbearable." Yes, but apparently nothing can be done about talkative barbers.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

AMAZING RADIO OFFER
Of the famous PYE 6-stage 5 valve P/AC RECEIVER, Super-Het and completely self-contained.
OUR PRICE £10 : 10 : 0
PLUG IN—THAT'S ALL!
Listed at 15 Gns.
Or 15 equal payments of 15/- MONTHLY
17 only of these fine sets used only for demonstration and as new!
CANNOT BE REPEATED AT THIS PRICE
● Beautiful Walnut Case. ● Tone Control and A.V.C. ● Genuine 1934 Models up to August, 1934. ● Full Guarantee of Satisfaction or money refunded in full.
Send for full particulars to:—
BON MARCHE, BRIXTON, S.W.9
"South London's Leading Department Store"

FOR COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, SORE THROAT, CATARRH.
TAKE PEPS BRAND Breatheable Tablets

Send for List of OFFICIAL ENTRIES
NOVEMBER HANDICAP
LONG ODDS quoted for every Horse.
Daily Letter Commissions accepted from 1/- up to any amount in accordance with rules. Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than set time of any race will be on at FULL STARTING PRICE or Tote Returns as desired.
Registered Letters must be posted overnight.
ALL THE 6 LEAGUES TO CHOOSE FROM
CHALLENGER FOOTBALL LISTS
FIXED PRICES ONLY.
NOTHING BARRED NOTHING STARRED
£1,000 FREE
Every Week for 12 Results.
Please send Future Events Price List, and particulars of £1,000 FREE.
Name ....
(I am over 21 years.)
Address ....
Town.......................County.......................
DAVID COPE & ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD.
BATH STREET GLASGOW C.2

Fruit to you
but a STAIN
to your teeth

7 kinds of stains discolour teeth
COLGATE'S REMOVES ALL SEVEN

Would you believe that such a simple thing as a grape could put a stain on your teeth? Yet, grapes do. And so does every other kind of food that you eat, and everything that you drink and smoke, too. All told, *seven kinds* of stains menace your teeth every day.

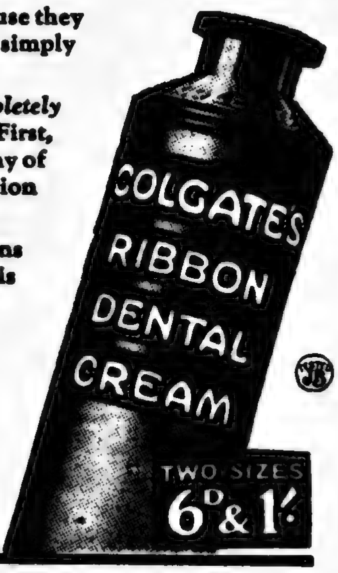
Most toothpastes fail to remove all 7 stains—because they have only one cleansing action. And *all* stains simply will not yield to any one action.

Colgate's cleans teeth beautifully, brilliantly, *completely* —because Colgate's has *two* cleansing actions. First, an emulsive action that loosens, washes away many of the stains. Second, a safe, gentle *polishing* action that promptly rubs away whatever stains are left.

What a difference those TWO cleansing actions can make in the appearance of teeth. See this difference reflected in your own mirror.

THE 7 CAUSES OF STAINS THAT DISCOLOUR TEETH

1. Starchy foods.
2. Sugar foods.
3. Protein foods.
4. Fatty foods.
5. Minerals.
6. Fruits.
7. Beverages—and tobacco.



TWO SIZES
6D & 1/-

"AGEING" AT FORTY
DREAD OF MIDDLE AGE.

When a woman has passed the fortieth milestone she begins to realise that she is no longer young.

At this critical age she usually experiences disturbances of health that cause her anxiety. She finds that she has not got the vitality she had; she tires easily and often gets depressed; feverish flushes, headaches and backaches assail her.

These troubles signify that the blood has become weak. To restore vitality you must enrich your blood, and to do this there is nothing quite like Dr. Williams Pink Pills. These pills are peculiarly suitable for women of middle age, because they actually create new, rich blood, which revitalises the whole system and gives a new lease of life. Take advantage now of the wonderful health-help of

DR. WILLIAMS brand PINK PILLS

1s. 3d. a box

(Triple size 3s. 0d.)

BEFORE BREAKFAST

Get the Mackenzie daily health habit. Keep a bottle in your Bathroom. Use on rising and at bedtime and keep FIT.

Price 1'6

Also in handbag size, with screw top, 1'3.
Sold everywhere.

& BEFORE BED

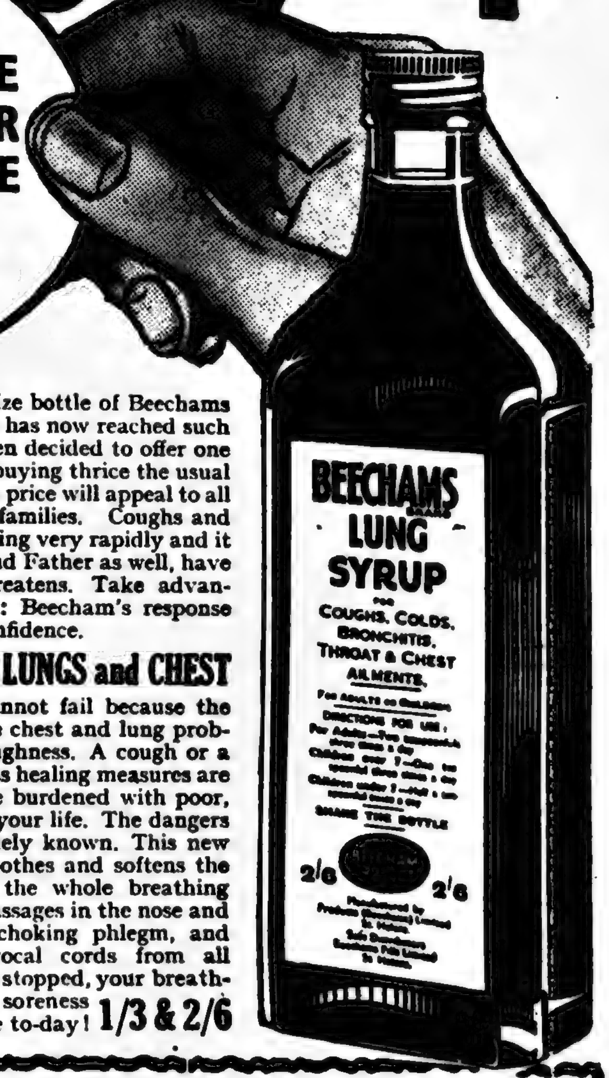
For
Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, Headache, etc

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

The only way your body can clean out Acids and Poisonous wastes from your blood is through nine million tiny Kidney tubes or filters, but be careful! Don't use drastic irritating drugs. If Kidney and Bladder troubles make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Acidity, Neuralgia or Rheumatic Pains, Lumbago, or Loss of Energy, don't waste a minute. Try the Doctor's prescription CYSTEX (Siss-tex). Starts work in 15 minutes. Soothes and tones raw, irritated tissues, Guaranteed to cure or money back. Only 3/- at Boots and all chemists.

Big New Family Size
Beechams Brand
Lung Syrup

CONTAINS
3 TIMES THE
QUANTITY FOR
ONLY TWICE
THE PRICE
2/6



The demand for a larger size bottle of Beechams Lung Syrup for family use has now reached such proportions that it has been decided to offer one at once. The economy of buying thrice the usual quantity for only twice the price will appeal to all Mothers of small or large families. Coughs and colds have a way of spreading very rapidly and it is essential that Mother, and Father as well, have sufficient when danger threatens. Take advantage of this splendid offer: Beecham's response to public loyalty and confidence.

LATEST and BEST FOR LUNGS and CHEST

Beechams Lung Syrup cannot fail because the ingredients meet and solve chest and lung problems with scientific thoroughness. A cough or a cold is a warning that unless healing measures are taken at once you may be burdened with poor, weak lungs for the rest of your life. The dangers of chest weakness are widely known. This new and marvellous remedy soothes and softens the raw, inflamed tissues of the whole breathing system. It clears the air passages in the nose and throat: it disperses the choking phlegm, and preserves the delicate vocal cords from all danger. Your coughing is stopped, your breathing is freed, your throat soreness banished. Get your bottle to-day! **1/3 & 2/6**

There's nothing to touch it for—

COUGHS, WHOOPING COUGH, SORE THROAT BRONCHITIS, CATARRH and LUNG TROUBLES

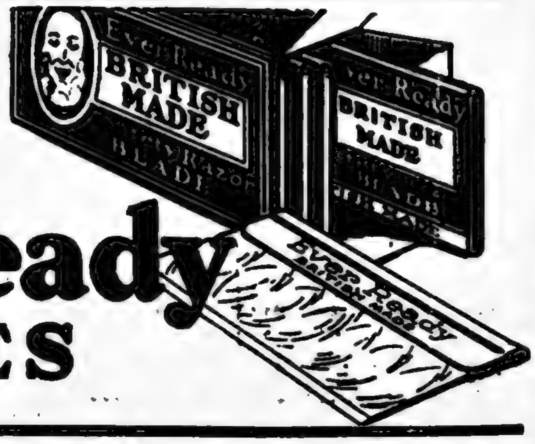
---

25 Solid Silver Cider TANKARDS FREE!

Complete the missing words on page 37.

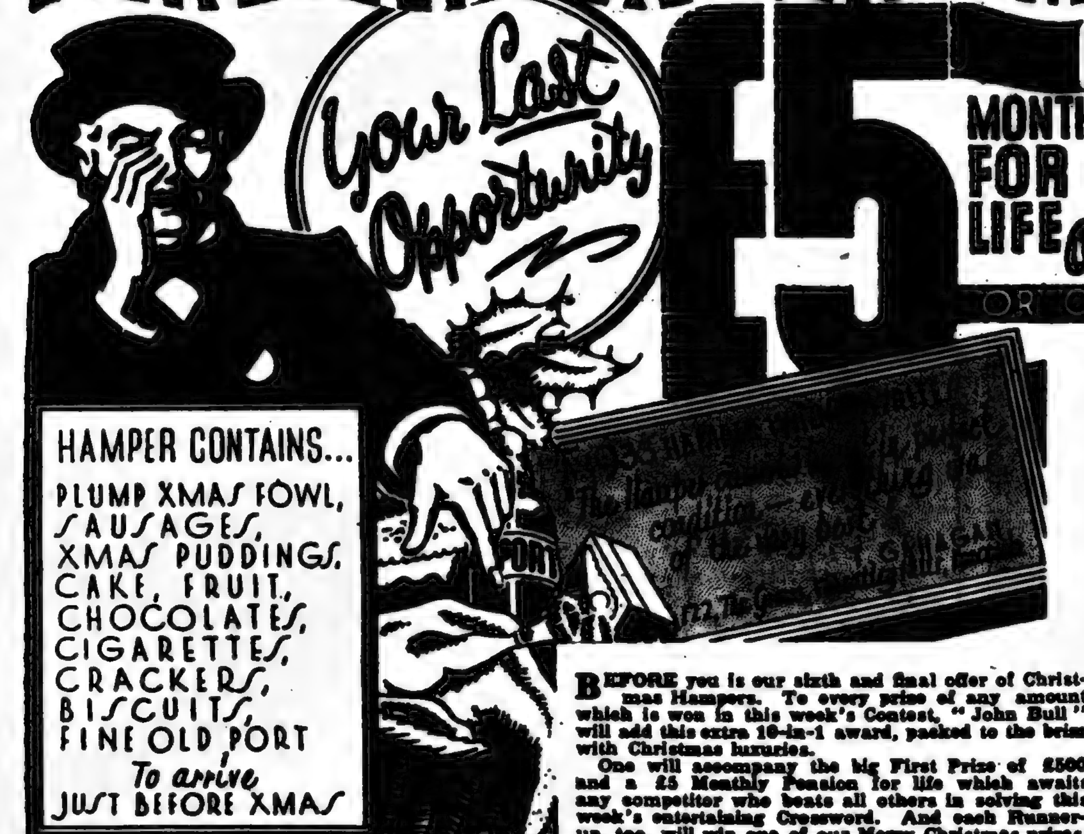
Turn to the Bulmer Cider advt. on page 37. Then simply fill in what you consider are the best missing words and send the complete advt. on a postcard to H. P. Bulmer and Co., Ltd. (Dept. C9), Hereford. For the best replies 25 solid silver Tankards will be distributed free. Entries must be sent in by November 27. See page 37.

The Master
Blade of
the World



Ever-Ready
BLADES

WIN A FINE X-WORD HAMPER FOR XMAS



HAMPER CONTAINS...
PLUMP XMAS FOWL,
SAUSAGES,
XMAS PUDDINGS,
CAKE, FRUIT,
CHOCOLATES,
CIGARETTES,
CRACKERS,
BISCUITS,
FINE OLD PORT
To arrive
JUST BEFORE XMAS

GIANT PENSION FORTUNE OFFER

£5 MONTHLY FOR LIFE and £500

OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £850

£100 Between all Runners-up

£100 Extra between Runners-up from whom we receive two 6d entries in same envelope

285

BEFORE you is our sixth and final offer of Christmas Hampers. To every prize of any amount which is won in this week's Contest, "John Bull" will add this extra 10-in-1 award, packed to the brim with Christmas luxuries.

One will accompany the big First Prize of £500 and a £5 Monthly Pension for life which awaits any competitor who beats all others in solving this week's entertaining Crossword. And each Runner-up, too, will win one of our Merry Christmas prizes, as well as cash for Christmas presents.

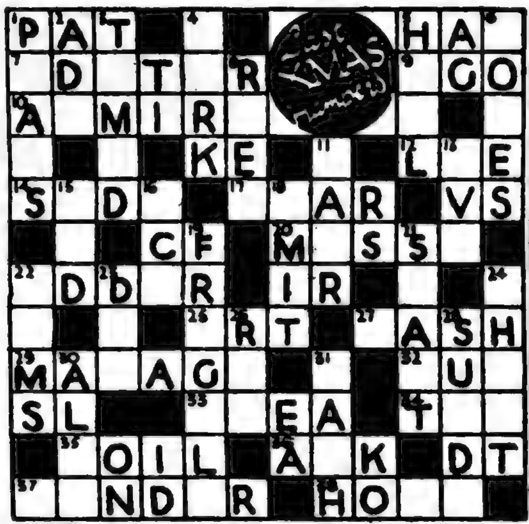
Though time is short, do not be satisfied with hurried consideration of the words with which you fill the squares. Be fair to yourself and think out each Clue carefully, making sure that your entry is posted in time to reach us by noon Thursday, November 29.

Remember—it's now or never for a Crossword Christmas!

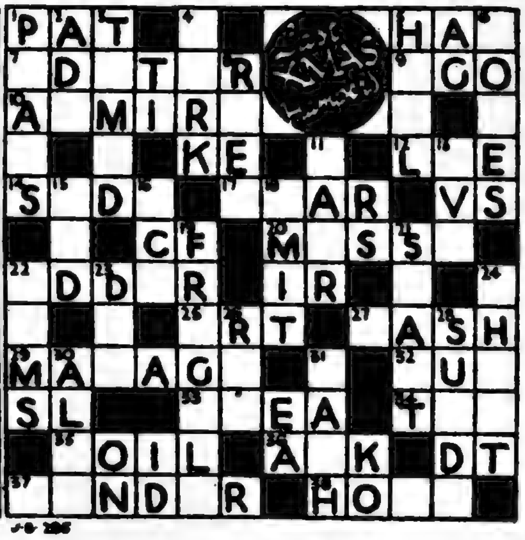
ADDRESS ENTRY:

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 285,
57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (COMP.)

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 285—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, NOV. 29, 1934



J-B 285



J-B 285

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value......... No..............
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED ....

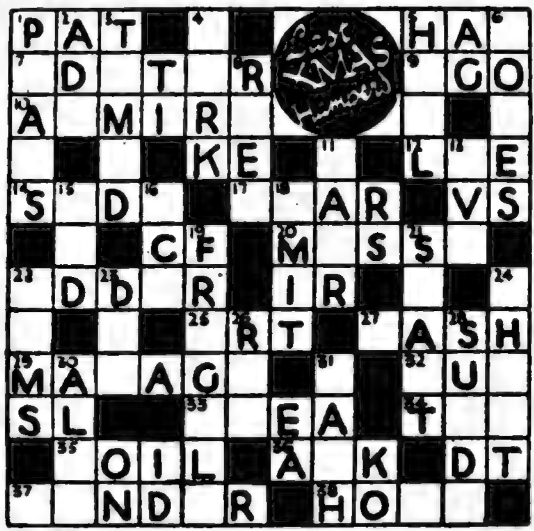
ADDRESS ....

....

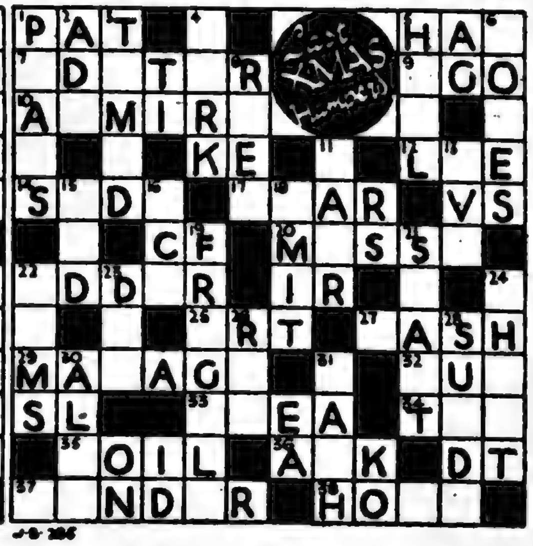
CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 285—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, NOV. 29, 1934



J-B 285



J-B 285

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value......... No..............
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

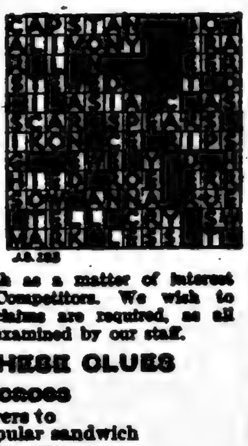
ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED ....

ADDRESS ....

....

SOLUTION OF "JOHN BULL" X-WORD No. 283.



J.B. 283

Winners in Crossword No. 282 appear on page 5. Winners in Crossword No. 283 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 283 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required, as all entries are carefully examined by our staff.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Irishman answers to
5. It makes a popular sandwich
7. Every paper has one
9. Time that has gone
10. Show admiration
12. Angler can tell a good one
14. Often goes with Scotch
17. Both beloved and costly
20. How young girl's sometimes addressed
22. English viper
25. Painting is one
27. Chemist will supply medicine for this
29. Control
32. Regret
33. A notion
34. Cup of this is refreshing
35. Where bulbs are planted
36. Inquire
37. Big planes' efficiency should make you do this
38. New golfer takes longest over

DOWN

1. Biggest ones are generally hardest to reach
2. Tot up
3. Racing greyhound is usually this
4. Much of this goes into lino
5. The lighter it is, the worse for the burglar
6. Queen has much influence on these
8. It grows in a marshy place
11. Little worries may cause to fall out
13. It clings to old garden wall
15. Such furniture is often seen at auctions
16. Usually wins the trick
18. Give off
19. Delicate and easily broken
21. Chilblains do this as soon as winter comes
22. Jobs are needed—not these
23. Is described by "big noise"
24. Should not be gambled with
26. Colour signifying danger
28. Soft skin used for gloves and shoes
30. In addition to
31. Most boys like cutting this

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE, for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed to reach us not later than NOON Thursday, November 29.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free-weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, December 13, 1934. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, December 18, 1934, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £850 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

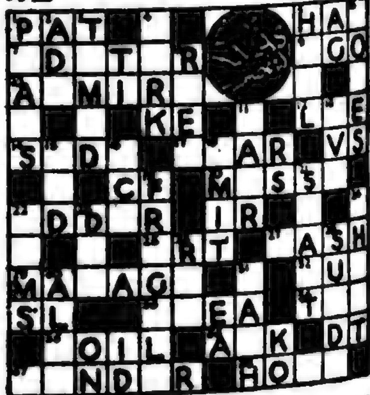
"John Bull" will pay a L
Pension of £5 a month and £50
(or a lump sum of £850) for a
correct solution on one squa
of the puzzle below. Failing a
correct solution the prize will b
awarded to the reader whose entry
is the nearest correct solution.
An additional £100 will be divided
between those competitors wh
enter squares containing one erro
only, or only one error more tha
the winning solution. An extr
Bonus of £100 will be divided
between Runners-up from whom
we have received two sixpenny
coupons in the same envelope.
A GIANT HAMPER will b
added to every winner's prize.
Solution of puzzle will be published
in "John Bull" on sale Thursday,
December 6, and winner in "John
Bull" on sale Thursday, December 13.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week
Puzzle are only to be used for keeping cop
of your solutions.

J-B 285

J-B 285



J-B 285

J-B 285

£6 WEEKLY FOR LIFE & £1,000—XMAS RECORD NEXT WEEK

BRITISH MUSEUM

New
2-Way Treatment
reveals
HIDDEN
SKIN BEAUTY

You can
now *shed*
Wrinkles—Blemishes

Whether you are young or old, the skin you see when you look at yourself in the mirror is not your true skin. It is an outer layer of *dead* skin that masks and hides soft and beautiful new skin underneath. By means of the new and amazing "2-Way" Tokalon Treatment, you can now quickly rid yourself of outer layer dead skin with all of its wrinkles and other blemishes—see your skin become clear, smooth, lovely—young again—in less than a month. Applied at night; (1) Tokalon Biocel Skinfood softens and removes outer layer dead skin—nourishes, reveals and glorifies the new skin underneath. Applied in the morning; (2) Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood Non-Greasy cleanses and closes enlarged pores, banishes blackheads, eradicates oiliness, corrects dryness, holds powder all day and makes it entirely invisible. The new "2-Way" Tokalon Treatment is guaranteed—success in every case or money refunded.

FREE: By arrangement with the manufacturers, any reader of this paper may now obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing the new Tokalon Skinfood creams (rose for the evening, white for the day). It contains also trial packets of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 422), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

They're the blades for us menfolk

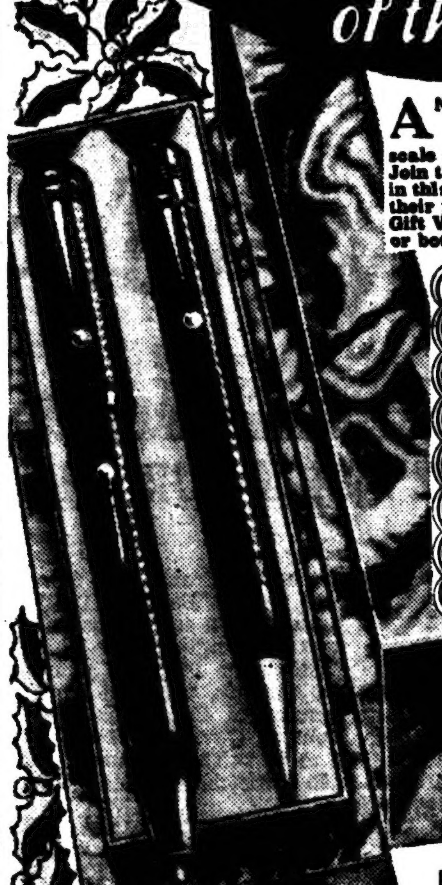
For downy cheeks or barb wire beards—STEAD blades give perfectly smooth, clean shaves without any fuss. Of best Sheffield Steel, they give many more shaves per blade. In handy wallets of 7 Blades—a blade for every day of the week.

STEAD BLADES

7 for 6d

Boots, Taylors' Drug Stores, W. H. Smith & Son's Bookstalls and most dealers sell them.

JOHN BULL'S
Xmas Gift to You
The Gift Sensation of the Year



AN overwhelming success! The response to "John Bull's" Great Xmas Gift to its readers—offered this year on a more lavish and more magnificent scale than ever before—has broken all previous records. Join the eager thousands who are solving the gift problem in this grand and practical way and also putting money in their pockets! A Free 2/9 Gift Voucher and a Free 7/6 Gift Voucher—which will you have? You can have one or both—choose now.

John Bull
XMAS GIFT VOUCHER
VALUE 2/9
This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/9 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until December 31, 1934.
No. A/52,338
5/6 for 2/9

FREE 2/9 GIFT VOUCHER

5/6 WRITING SET FOR 2/9. This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/9 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 5/6 Writing Set. The handsome chasing of the Pen, black vulcanite, latest lever self-filling device and 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, all indicate the outstanding quality of this set. Written two-year guarantee with each pen. The "Everpointed" Pencil fitted with propel, repel and expel movement, rubber, pocket clip, and extra leads, matches the pen to perfection. A handsome Presentation Case gives the finishing touch.

BRITISH MADE

FREE 7/6 GIFT VOUCHER

12/6 WRITING SET FOR 5/-. This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 7/6 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 12/6 Writing Set de Luxe. Handsomely finished to choice in glossy black or mottled art shades and beautifully streamlined, this Set is indeed a luxurious gift. An inlaid, rolled-gold band encircles the pen and a sunk lever self-filling device and pocket clip to match accentuate the lustrous finish. The 14-carat solid gold nib has a costly iridium tip of velvety smoothness. Written five-year guarantee with each pen. The handsome "Everpointed" Pencil to match has rubber, pocket clip and extra leads, and is fitted with non-overturnable propel, repel, expel movement. Both Pen and Pencil are made of entirely new material, guaranteed unbreakable. Contained in a handsome satin-lined Presentation Case, artistically covered in gold and black.

John Bull
XMAS GIFT VOUCHER
VALUE 7/6
This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 7/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set de Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid only until December 31, 1934.
No. B/52,338
12/6 for 5/-

EXTRA SURPRISE GIFT

An extra Surprise Gift for every recipient—look out for it! CASH YOUR GIFT VOUCHER AT ONCE. Accept this record Christmas Gift to-day. Money refunded if not delighted.

"John Bull's" Xmas Gift Coupon.

To "John Bull" Pen Dept., 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/9, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. I enclose P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 3/- in all.

or

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 7/6, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 5/-, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 5/3 in all.

(1) Fine. Medium. Broad. } Cross out grades of nib and colour of Set NOT required. { (2) Fine. Medium. Broad. Black or Mottled Art Shades

If you desire BOTH SETS send the two Vouchers and a Postal Order for 8/- only.

NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
....
Write clearly in Block Letters.

Cross Cheque/Postal Order /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull." J.B., 24/11/34.

SPECIAL OFFER—*All-Electric*
Vidor Radio
DELIVERED TO YOU FOR ONLY 3/6 DOWN

Amazing Performance

WORKS OFF ANY MAINS ANY VOLTAGE A.C. or D.C.

Compares with 16-guinea Super-heterodyne—but at half the price!

To-day Vidor make you a special offer such as has never before been made in the history of radio—to-day you may have the wonderful Vidor Universal Mains 4 Receiver in your own home, delivered on first payment of only 3/6. Think what this means—the most modern receiver, equal in performance to many expensive superheterodyne sets, equal in power, in selectivity, in purity, but at little more than half the cost and for a first payment of only 3/6.

Four valves plus barretter valve; works off ANY mains, ANY voltage 200/250 volts A.C. or D.C.—employs entirely new H.F. Pentode Valves and Power Pentode Output. Moving Coil Speaker. Clock-face Tuning. Lovely Walnut Cabinet.

NO ADJUSTMENTS TO MAKE .... *it is delivered to you* .... READY TO USE

GO TO YOUR NEAREST RADIO DEALER

OR POST COUPON

and ask how to obtain this set for only 3/6 down. Or fill in coupon for particulars.

To Advtg. Dept.,
VIDOR, LTD.,
ERITH, KENT
How can I obtain a Vidor Set for only 3/6 down?
NAME
....
ADDRESS
....
.... J.B.1.

VIDOR RECEIVER

2d.
STOPS
COLDS & 'FLU

Relief for 2d.! It sounds too good to be true but it's a fact! Beechams Powders cost only 2d. each and are a marvellous prescription for Colds, 'Flu, Aches and Pains. They act like magic. Bring relief in record quick time. No home should be without them. Get some to-day. Pleasant to take. A priceless boon to all. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere.

Beechams Brand Powders

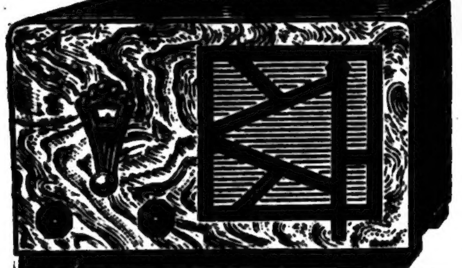
ACT LIKE MAGIC

Cartons of 8 powders 1/3
Single Powders 2d. each
A Beecham Product

LITTLE JACK HORNER
Sat in a corner
EATING HIS
NUTTALL'S MINTOES

PER QR 4d

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



Make sure of the best by having THE GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-VALVE Battery-driven self-contained Set—a triumph of Radio skill & enterprise, and unrivalled for dependability.

Every component the best of its class. Steel Chassis, British Valves, Illuminated Tuning Dial. Figured Walnut Cabinet 17 x 10 x 9in. IT HAS A SPECIAL COIL CIRCUIT USING IRON-CORED RADIO FREQUENCY COILS, AND PERMANENT MAGNET MOVING COIL LOUD SPEAKER OF ADVANCED DESIGN. H.T. Battery, Accumulator & Aerial Equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid £6.15.0 or 8/- monthly. Fullest Approval. NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS.

8/- NOW

Mr. E. M. R. of Toxteth, writes:—"I received the National 3-Valve Set in perfect condition, and, my word! what a wonderful Set at such a low price! She is well above my expectations."

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of latest designs for Mains or Batteries including Band Pass, Super-Het Sets, etc.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

NEURITIS

AND NERVOUS INDIGESTION

Mr. Barnett, 'Purveycot' Gravetts Lane, Worplesdon, near Guildford, writes:—"My wife was a chronic sufferer from Neuritis and Nervous Indigestion and before taking Vitadatio we spent pounds in various other things, but found that nothing answered the purpose so well as Vitadatio. I myself was discharged from the Army with nine wounds, and whenever I feel run down Vitadatio soon puts me right."

Vitadatio

SEND FOR FREE BOOK of TESTIMONIALS

The World-renowned Herbal Tonic and Blood purifier—invaluable for Blood Trouble, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints, Vitadatio has saved thousands of lives—it may save yours. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle (per post 6d. extra in U.K.). Special bottles for export only 21/- post free.

From VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

BULMER'S CIDER COMPETITION RESULT

The following 25 Competitors have each been awarded a SOLID SILVER CIDER TANKARD for their replies in the ninth Bulmer's Contest:—

Mrs. D. Boyle, 122, Earlsbrook Rd., Redhill, Surrey; A. Carthey, 308a, Torquay Rd., Preston, Paignton; A. Crowe, 18, Oakfield Rd., Middlesbro'; Ivor P. Evans, 13, Cartland Rd., King's Heath, Birmingham; H. M. Geldard, The Union Society, Cambridge; J. H. S. Hallewell, 14, London Rd., Gloucester; W. Harrison, No. 2 Flat, "Fire Station," Beckenham, Kent; Mrs. A. Keppey, 35, Arnold Gardens, Palmer's Green, N.13; Mrs. F. Law, Hampton Cottage, Wolverhampton Rd., Penkridge, Staffs; Mrs. M. Laing, 1, Blackmore Rd., Malvern; I. Lea, "Kingsley," Prestwood Rd., Wednesfield, Staffs; E. R. Lewis, 57, Lyndhurst Rd., Bowes Park, N.22; P. H. Lockyer, "George Inn," Newcastle, Staffs; Mrs. J. Mack, 380, Mortlake Rd., Ilford, Essex; L. Mayer, "Trevessa," St. Anthony's Drive, Westlands, Newcastle, Staffs; A. J. Mountford, 18, Breton Rd., Rochester, Kent; A. Nicholson, 18, Melbourne Crescent, Monkseaton, Northumb.; L. Ridge, 25, Kempston Rd., Bedford; Mr. W. B. Ruffell, "Maydene," Mayfield Avenue, Parkstone, Dorset; D. M. Trump, 27, Vicarage Rd., Chelmsford; Mrs. Ina Wake, 13, Geneva Drive, Darlington; Miss Ursula Wayne, 15, Park Mansions, South Lambeth Rd., S.W.8; G. E. Wood, Houseboat Seagull, Portchester, Fareham, Hants; A. F. Woodward, 160, Lambfield, Theale, Reading, Berks; Mr. E. T. Young, 8, Warriston Gardens, Edinburgh.

SEE PAGE 37 FOR ANOTHER BULMER CONTEST.

NEEDLESS SUFFERING!

Suffer no longer the torture of Rheumatism. Attack the trouble at its source; URACE brand TABLETS give prompt relief. 1/3 & 3/-. From your Chemist

FREE SAMPLE from NEWBERY & PHILLIPS, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1.

URACE

BRAND TABLETS FOR RHEUMATISM

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle with Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Lady's or Gent's with Accessories, Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 monthly No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', and Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models

5/2 NOW

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

RHEUMATISM

RELIEF OR

WE BEAR COST OF TRIAL

This famous 88 years old remedy gives such wonderful relief from pain that the proprietors of Eade's Pills rely entirely on SUCCESS for their profits. They offer to refund the full price of your first bottle of Eade's Pills (see details below) unless you are satisfied they are relieving you, no matter how badly you have been suffering from rheumatism, rheumatic gout, gout, sciatica or lumbago! Eade's Pills contain nothing but pure vegetable remedies. Get the habit of taking an Eade's Pill every week-end. They are the finest regular medicine you can take to keep you fit. **1/3 and 3/- a bottle.**

MONEY RETURNED

Unless you are delighted with the result, return the empty bottle and its original wrapper to George Eade, Ltd. (K.2.), 232, Goswell Road, London, E.C.1, and YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED IN FULL.

REMARKABLE TESTIMONY

18.9.34. Paddington, W.2.

The Pills are all you claim. My toe has ceased to burn as it did, the Sciatica has practically disappeared. This after about a fortnight. I still have stiffness in the calf, but that is a thousand times easier than it was. I can walk now.

GEORGE F. BEDINGHAM.

FREE BOOK AND SAMPLE

WRITE for Free Booklet on the treatment and diet for rheumatism, also free sample of Eade's Anodyne, which is marvellously effective for use in conjunction with Eade's Pills. All post free on application to the above address.

EADE'S PILLS

From all Chemists. Refuse all Substitutes.

PASTILLE WEATHER *with a vengeance!*

Prevent Bad Throats by sucking a Pastille!

Raw wintry winds with an icy edge to them, driving rain, and thick choking fogs—these are the things that endanger your throat. That's the time, too, when an 'Allenburys' Pastille helps you face the elements without a fear for your throat. *Try a tin to-day*—they've a wonderfully pleasant flavour!

Take care of your Throat—take

Allenburys *Glycerine & Black Currant* **PASTILLES**

From all chemists in 2 oz. & 4 oz. tins. 8d & 1/3.

PILES ENDED WITHOUT SURGERY

OUR FREE OFFER

With the Magic Brand Three-Fold Treatment no case is too stubborn or too long-standing to be completely and permanently cured. The easy application and wonderful powers of absorption of the Magic Three-Fold Treatment are amazing. It soothes and relieves immediately after the first application, and effects a cure in the shortest possible time. Read what our cured patients say:—

Mr. P. H., of Cardiff, writes:—"I suffered for two years and spent pounds trying to get ease, with no result. Now, within three weeks of using the Magic Pile Cure, all pain and swelling has gone. I consider the treatment worth its weight in gold."

Mrs. F., of Kingston, says:—"The Magic Pile Cure has worked wonders with me. After suffering for six months I am now quite cured."

With the Magic Pile Cure there is no painful or dangerous operation to be faced; no harmful drugs to undermine the system; nothing to interfere with the daily routine. Just a soothing, healing remedy, easily applied, and affording relief with the first application. Try this treatment at our expense. Write to-day and a complete 5/- Treatment will be sent FREE, post paid, in plain cover.

MAGIC LABORATORIES, M.N.24, NEW COURT, FARRINGDON ST., LONDON, E.C.4.

LAST DAYS

OF "BULLETS" RECORD XMAS OFFER...

ENTER BY SAT. DEC. I

BE QUICK FOR THAT WIRE ON FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14!

THE finest array of cash and Christmas Feasts ever seen is finally announced in these pages. Be quick for your place in the long list of winners!

By writing a few words on one of the coupons provided on the opposite page, you may be bringing JOHN BULL's thrilling First Prize telegram to your door on Friday, December 14. And your colossal reward for the best *Bullet* will be independence for life, provided by an immediate fortune of £1,500 cash and a solid Life Pension of £2 a week!

This Monster Christmas First is supported by 20 big Christmas Shopping cheques, all to be in their winners' hands by Thursday, December 20. A last huge batch of 1,000 Christmas Feasts has been ordered for those who submit the next best *Bullets*.

In addition to this fine array of Christmas fare, there are unlimited Surprise Gifts as well, one for each competitor who qualifies as instructed with Gift Coupon on the next page. Be quick with your entry, for this contest closes Saturday, December 1.

"EXAMPLES" AND COUPONS WILL BE FOUND ON OPPOSITE PAGE.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 959

FIRST PRIZE OF £500 PLUS RADIO GRAMOPHONE

H. SCHOLES, 78, Heys Road, Prestwich, Lancs.

Example:—BEFORE CHRISTMAS

Bullet:—POLITENESS "TOUCHES ITS PEAK."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Miss L. JARVIS, Westlands, Bryn Road, Shrewsbury.

Example: Hope

Bullet: "Bigger" Word Than Hopelessness.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mrs. L. STANSFIELD, Gt. Bromley Cross Inn, Ardleigh, Essex.

Example: Held Up

Bullet: *Kill-joy's* Hands—Britain "Surrenders."

OTHER PRIZES:

£15: E. COCKER, 11, Farley Road, Derby.
The Outcast—Has Soul—Have Heart!

£10: B. DAVIES, 22, Silver Street, Halifax.
Took His Breath Away—Wife—"Best Husband Breathing!"

£9: Mrs. F. M. ARCULUS, 90, Hillside Road, Streatham Hill, S.W.
Forbidden Fruit—Pedestrian, Between Two Beacons.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£8: A. C. NEIL, Varenna, Wynn Avenue, Old Colwyn, Denbighshire.
Hope—Wells Up—Downs Ills.

£7: T. DODD 27, Alkington Road, Whitchurch, Salop.
Carving His Name—Wiser Than Tattooing Hers.

£6: H TOMKINSON, "Glendower," Rope Lane, near Crewe.
Perfect Baby—Unborn—If Born, Unbearable.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£5: C. HARDING, 8, Sydenham Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Father's System — "Pillar" — Immediately Backed, "Ninepin"

15 OF £2 10s. EACH:

C. ANFIELD, 112, London Road, Spalding, Lincs.
Held Up—One's Head—One's Heeded.

F. A. BARNABY, 10, Sheffield Road, Southborough, Tunbridge Wells.
Britain's Programme — Becoming World's "Official Guide"?

F. BELL, 5, Moulton Road Cotts., Newmarket.
Father's System — Only Shortcoming—"Shirt's" Going.

J. BRODIE, 1, Millar Place, Stirling.
Heaven Knows—And Gives Mothers "Understanding."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

W. DEIGHTON, Cunningsburgh, Shetland.
Treasure Island—Fairy-tale—Treasure This Island!

S. FRANCIS, 275, Manchester Road, Manchester.
Jealous Woman—"Exploring," Discovered "Foreign Strand."

C. IVEY, 36, Pen-yr-Alley Avenue, Skewen.
Took His Breath Away—Mannequin—Then Wife's "Nudge."

H. B. LOCKWOOD, 46, Somerset Road, Huddersfield.
Carving His Name—Scientist Interpreting Nature's "Writing."

J. MONTEITH, 1, Broompark Drive, Glasgow.
Hope—My *One*-word "Winner."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

C. NICHOLLS, 4, Calverhall, Whitchurch, Salop.
Took His Breath Away—And Band's, Grandpa's Polka.

A. ROBINSON, 28, Ryde Street, Hull.
Tap Didn't Stop — "Running," Dad "Attacked."

R. SCOTT, 39, Rydall Terrace, Leeds.
Words Are Cheap, So—"Weigh" The Man, Elector!

K. SEMMENS, 8, Spencer Street, Norwich.
Jealous Woman—"Stalks" Husband—"Kills" Love.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

V. C. WHEELER, 17, High Town Road, Maidenhead, Berks.
Perfect Baby—Marred, If Others Barred.

J. D. WILLIAMS, 104, Monthermer Road, Cardiff.
I Hate—Flattery—Photographer Evidently Knew!

Each of the above winners will also receive a Millionaire's Hamper in good time for Christmas.

A list of 200 Christmas Cake and 300 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 958 will be displayed in the window of Mr. T. Brookes, 32, New Park Road, Salford, Lancs.

COLOSSAL FORTUNE *plus* PENSION XMAS-BOX AND LAST

£1,500 *Cash plus* £2 WEEKLY FOR LIFE

1,000 XMAS FEASTS

1,000 FINAL XMAS FEASTS

100 GIANT HAMPERS
200 FINE TURKEYS
300 BIG XMAS CAKES
400 PLUMP SURREY FOWLS
Put Xmas Address on your Coupon

20 BIG XMAS SHOPPING CHEQUES

£100	£50	£25	£20	£15	£10
£9.10s.	£9	£8.10s.	£8	£7.10s.	£7
£6.10s.	£6	£5.10s.	£5	4 of £4	

2,000 RED SEAL "TARGETS" . . . . 10,000 "TARGET" PRIZES

FREE XMAS SURPRISE GIFTS

Unique and useful "Bullets" Present, never distributed before, will arrive on Xmas Day for each entrant qualifying as instructed.

● ENCLOSE COUPON BELOW FOR YOUR XMAS SURPRISE . . .

MAKE UP YOUR "BULLETS" THUS!

As you will see from this week's list of winning efforts on the previous page, a *Bullet* simply consists of TWO, THREE or FOUR ordinary words, neatly fitted to an *Example*.

Read through the list of *Examples* provided for this Contest and jot down all ideas that they bring to your mind. With careful attention to phrasing and originality any of these ideas may be developed into a prize *Bullet*.

Suppose, for instance, one of your chosen *Examples* was HARD NUT TO CRACK. Against this you might well have jotted down the comment *Disarming—Friendly Spirit Lacking*. A few minutes spent in searching for neater phrasing and you could produce the finished *Bullet*, HARD NUT TO CRACK—DISARMAMENT—TRY AMITY'S "DOOR."

Spend an hour this evening with the *Examples* given below, and on Friday, December 14, that First Prize telegram may well make you independent for the rest of your life.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

NEXT YEAR
ALMOST
ON DUTY
GIANT OF FINANCE
MODERN ALADDIN
PUBLIC OPINION
GRASPING
DASTARDLY DEED
LIKE SAVAGES
WHAT HE LOST
FOR A FEW PENCE
DO IT NOW, OR
GENEROSITY
WEIRD AND WONDERFUL
SEEING THE MISTLETOE
BETTER COUNTRY
SPENDING MORE
SAID HER MOTHER TO ME
OUR LITTLE REGIMENT
READY FOR CHRISTMAS
HARD NUT TO CRACK
BETWEEN TWO FIRES
MAN WHO'S WAITING
AT BREAKING POINT
REAL SPORTSMAN
COOLED HIS ARDOUR
IF HITLER WERE MARRIED
I HEAR
TO, KEEP GOING
WITH A KISS
TINY MITE
UNPAID BILL
IGNORED
LAST TIME
PRISON
BY THE WAY
TOO FEW
PROUD OF HIS WORK
THE CHEAPEST
CAUGHT IN THE NET

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed " & Co."

LET HIM BRING YOU A SURPRISE ON DEC. 25

How to Secure your FREE SURPRISE GIFT TO ARRIVE BY POST ON XMAS MORNING

You have simply to enter 8 or more Bullets for Competition No. 962 (either on ordinary coupons or prize coupons) and ENCLOSE GIFT COUPON BELOW, duly completed clearly with name and full address in which your 8 Bullets are entered. You will thus receive by post on Christmas Day this unique and useful Bullets Gift ENTIRELY FREE.

FREE XMAS GIFT COUPON

☞ VALID ONLY UNTIL SAT., DEC. 1

N.B.—Unless this Gift Coupon is actually enclosed in same envelope as 8 or more "Bullets" entered in name and address below, it is valueless and cannot qualify you for a Christmas Gift.

I enclose .... (*fill in number of coupons, not less than 4*, each bearing 2 "*Bullets*" for Competition No. 962, all entered in name and address below. (*These may include Prize Coupons*).

Name..

Address in Full..

....

Should you wish to use Advertiser's coupon on back of this page, cut it out before completing your "Bullets" coupons, remembering that efforts can be entered on plain paper if desired.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(962) Closing SAT., Dec. 1.
P.O. No. ....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 46. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed ....
Address ....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(962) Closing SAT., Dec. 1.
P.O. No. ....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 46. With 2 Coupons Send P.O. for 1s.
Signed ....
Address ....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(962) Closing SAT., Dec. 1.
P.O. No. ....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 46. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed ....
Address ....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(962) Closing SAT., Dec. 1.
P.O. No. ....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 46. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed ....
Address ....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(962) Closing SAT., Dec. 1.
P.O. No. ....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 46. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d.
Signed ....
Address ....

☞ Address Entry: "Bullets", No. 962, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

ALMOND OIL

ZEE-KOL

TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Woman's Evidence that it

CREATES BEAUTY & PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in a few nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion.

Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL

cos's 4d. per lb.

ALMOND OIL

costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

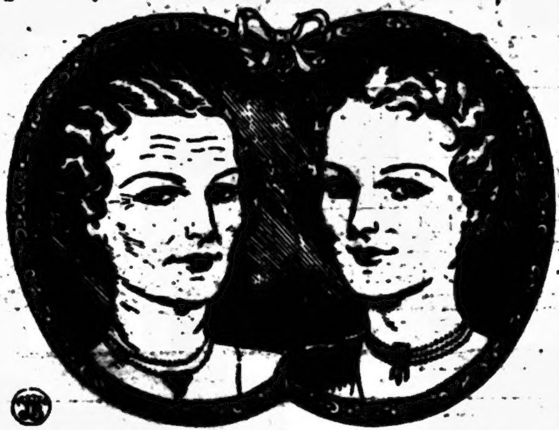
It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6D

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.
(Dept. 514), 40, Blenheim Road,
Upper Holloway, N.19.

Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When Washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.



I am getting older every day — my skin is all dried up and has no life at all, and I am getting more creases and wrinkles. The wrinkles must come from this very dryness.

How I have changed!—not a wrinkle!—that Zee-Kol Almond Oil soap is marvellous. Every crease and every wrinkle have disappeared. It must be the Almond Oil. I never knew soap could do this. All the soaps I have ever used have only dried my skin. The perfume is beautiful. I can smell the perfume all the time. I have no fear of my face looking old and creased now.

NO SOAP

SHAVEX

REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

NO BRUSH

Millions are now using Shavex all over the world. Beware of Imitations.

THROW AWAY YOUR SOAP AND BRUSH and USE THE UP-TO-DATE METHOD OF SHAVING
which takes a quarter of the time.

We guarantee that one can have a perfect shave in two minutes with Shavex.

SHAVEX is without doubt the most perfect way of Shaving that man can desire. What is more simple than just wetting the beard and smearing on a little Shavex—and then a perfect Shave.

If grass is laying down it is more difficult for the mower to cut than if it is standing up. It is the same with the beard and Shavex. SHAVEX gets between all the hairs and forces the beard to stand up and one can cut it so easily and get a perfect shave.

Always give Shavex a fair trial with a good razor Blade and there is none better than the Shavex Blade which is the most perfect Blade on the market. These blades originally 4d. each are now reduced to 2d.

Shavex contains Almond Oil, which is a fine skin food for the face. You shave in a quarter of the time that is taken by any other method, and you rub the rest of the Shavex into the skin — this takes away the wrinkles and keeps the face in a perfect condition. The Shavex Cream makes the bristles of the beard stand up when they are easily shaved with the razor. The ordinary creams and soaps flatten the beard and so it is impossible to get the perfect shave.

Throw away that old soap and brush. The soap that is full of alkaline and dries up the skin, and brings all the blood to the surface and makes the face feel as though it wants stretching. The skin after years is absolutely ruined.

With Shavex you can get a perfect shave in a quarter of the time. Your skin feels like satin; it takes away all the wrinkles. The Almond oil penetrates the pores of the skin and feeds it, and no after lotions are required; you will have the most perfect shave you have ever had in your life.

SHAVEX

is sold everywhere in 6d., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY for FREE Sample Tube of SHAVEX.

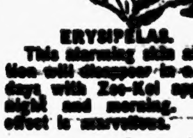
Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with a 2d. stamp to the SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., Ltd. (Dept. [illegible]), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

ABSCESSES.
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS.
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.



CORNS.
The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

SKIN DISEASES

Disappear in a Night

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

Many may promise a wonderful cure, but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of Imitations.

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying some of the big Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures, in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ZEE-KOL

The Wonder Skin Remedy

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K.18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19. At all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3, or a large tin 3/-.

BURNS.
Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

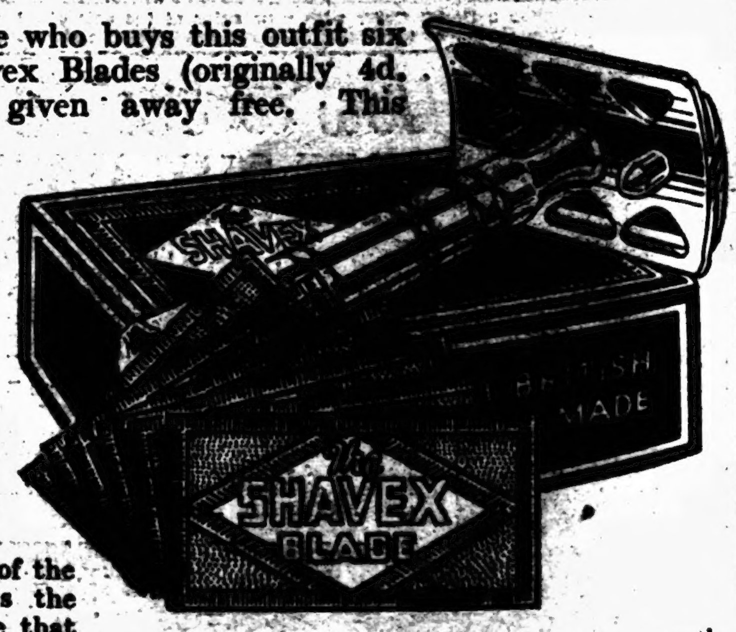
BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.
"I always had Blackheads and pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.
[illegible] rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

SIX 4D. BLADES GIVEN AWAY

To everyone who buys this outfit six Super Shavex Blades (originally 4d. each) are given away free. This is to make known these marvellous blades. They are the most perfect blades on the market and fit every razor. These blades glide over the skin with such wonderful ease and you cannot feel the keenness of the blade as it is the sharpest blade that has ever been put on the market, and your face will feel as smooth as satin.



We guarantee your money back if not satisfied, and your postage. This outfit contains a patent Shavex Razor which can be cleaned in a second, and the silver plating will last for years. It is the most marvellous outfit in the world for the price.

Sent Post Free for 1/- Postal Order.

WRITE TO THE

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., Ltd.
(Dept. J.B.), 40, Blenheim Road, Holloway, London, N.19

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